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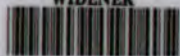
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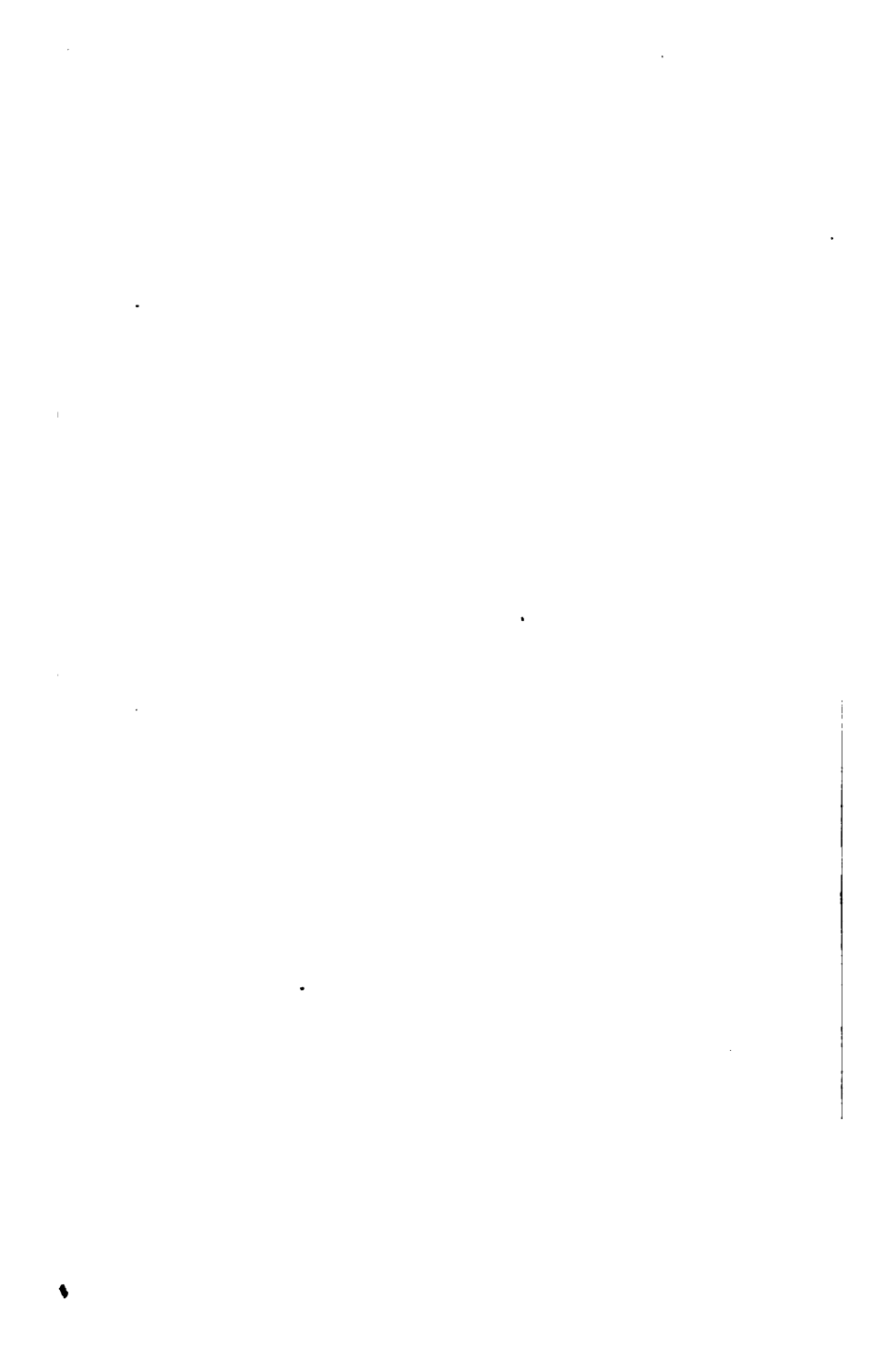


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THE END OF THE WORLD

LECTURES
FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY
REV. HUGH STOWE, M.A.

OF BRISTOL.

WITH
A
BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION,
BY

DR. JAMES H. STODOLSKY.

[A NEW EDITION.]

REPRINTED
PUBLISHED BY C. G. EVANS,
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1859



3.

LECTURES
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BY THE
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OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRST SERIES,
WITH A
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BY
Robert
DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

[AUTHORIZED EDITION.]

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CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a complaint, in England, that there are few great preachers now, belonging to the Established Church (Protestant Episcopalian) of that country. Dr. Trench, Dean of Westminster, Dr. Croly, the Rev. Henry Melville, the Rev. Daniel Moore, Dr. Hook, Dr. McNeile of Liverpool, Dr. Villiers, Bishop of Carlisle, Rev. F. D. Maurice, the Rev. Hugh Stowell of Manchester, and a few others appear to stand almost alone, in the Church of England, as eminent preachers,—as divines not only endowed with surpassing eloquence, but also as highly successful in their teaching. For to compose a good sermon and deliver it in an impressive manner constitutes one thing, and to plant conviction into the listeners' minds constitutes another. The mere elocutionary art, the literary power of composition, may be acquired by study and a quick intellect; but the fear and love of God, which breathes vitality into pulpit oratory, cannot be gained by any human effort.

At this moment, the most powerful, effective, and eloquent preachers in "the old country," are to be found out of the pale of the Established Church, and in the ranks of what is called Dissent. The Methodists, among whom, in the early and

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difficult days of that religious organization, anxiously labored such divines as Wesley, Whitefield, and Fletcher of Madeley, whose life and death are equally instructive, by the great lessons which they teach,—the Methodists, widely spread over all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, emphatically forming what may be called “The Poor Man’s Church,” have many very able and eloquent preachers, whose ministrations are in the highest degree edifying and instructive. There are numerous other religious persuasions, possessing teachers who, in the pulpit, are at once eloquent, earnest, and successful. The names of Dr. Raffles of Liverpool, the Rev. John Angel James of Birmingham, the Rev. Alexander Fletcher of London, and a long array of spiritual pastors, whose very lives may be said to preach, who shun notoriety, and labor only to gather their hearers into the fold of the Good Shepherd of souls, are known far and wide throughout the Christian world, not alone because of the genius of the men, but of the practical piety of the lessons which they teach.

Such men do not live and labor for distinction or emolument. They covet not worldly praise, but do their Master’s errand without ostentation. They do not seek to attract public attention by eccentricity of manner or of language. They devote themselves to the mission which they undertake, and heed not what reproach worldly minds may cast upon their labors. There are thousands of able, earnest, eloquent preachers, all over the world, for missionary zeal has scattered them widely among all nations, carrying with them good tidings of great joy which the Gospel reveals, who are content to let their years glide on in obscurity, confident that such is God’s good will, and that he has placed them, in his omniscient providence, precisely where they can do most good. The self-devotion of the humbler ministers of religion—we speak not of the magnates who fill large churches in great cities—

is very wonderful to the merely secular mind, which recognizes glory and honor only in high position and worldly wealth, and does not see that the noblest purpose to which the human mind can devote its energies is the advancement of true religion upon earth. So is it across the water, and so, we may say with all thankfulness, in this great country too, which competes, not unsuccessfully, with all other nations, in religious earnestness, in the production of biblical literature, in the spread of scriptural education, and in missionary enterprise. We must not forget, when we speak of the mother-country, that even yet Dr. Cooke, of Belfast, in Ireland, takes rank, far advanced though his years be, among the most eloquent and successful preachers of the age ; nor that Scotland, which so proudly cherishes the memory of Chalmers, still possesses Guthrie and Candlish. For obvious reasons, we do not single out, in this notice, the names of eminent American preachers.

The high character of the Preacher is sometimes thought too lightly of, or disregarded. Were a man to visit us, clothed with high powers, and bearing gracious promises from an earthly potentate, we would receive him with all due respect, pay him all usual honor, and be grateful for the boon he brought or promised. Far greater than an ambassador from any human power, is he who stands in the pulpit, to teach to man the saving truths revealed in the holy and inspired Word of God. In that pulpit he stands, only a human being like ourselves ; but his mission invests him with a dignity which, simply as a man, he would have no claim to. In the pulpit, teaching the lessons which the Gospel gives, the preacher really should be considered as the messenger, the servant, the orator of God himself. He has to *persuade*, as well as to *teach*. It is not enough that his own mind is filled with the glorious truths which he is commissioned to com-

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municate to all mankind ; but he has to imbue other minds with them also. Not enough that *he* feels—he must endeavor to impress the feeling into the heart, not alone the head, of every person who hears him. As the parable tells us, some of the seed may be choked up with thorns ; some may fall upon stony places, where, because they have no root, they wither away ; some may fall by the way-side, where the fowls come and devour them up ; some may fall into good ground, and bring forth fruit, some an hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold. He addresses his congregation, as a divine messenger, and the whole subtlety of his intellect, the depth of his information, the affluence of his language must be combined, with God's blessing, to make God's power, promises, justice, and mercy sink deeply and effectively into men's souls. He has not only to declare the Truth, but to bring his hearers to know and feel and practice it. The ministration in the pulpit is necessarily peculiar. If subtle argument alone could convert sinners, the process might as well be done in the preacher's library as in the pulpit. But more than human intellect is needed. Men of limited learning and small pretensions, of rude manners and rough appearance,—such as were many of those who did so much good to God's cause, under John Wesley ; men with worn garments and labor-hardened hands ; men who literally knew nothing of letters, save what the Book of books taught them, addressed multitudes upon the vital question of repentance and faith, and numbers were converted, who thereupon became, in turn, practical exemplifiers of the mercy of God. What caused this?—for a cause there must have been. Uncultured, unkempt, and apparently uncared for, these preachers were made strong, and convincing, and eloquent by the grace of God. It was the Saviour's command, to spread the Gospel, which they were carrying out, and *that* made them powerful ;

just as, at the feast of Pentecost, after the Crucifixion, the Holy Spirit miraculously descended upon the Apostles, filling their minds, and bestowing upon them the gift of speaking to all nations in their own numerous tongues. And thus, even in the present time, it cannot be too much to believe that the ministers who, by His gracious permission, preach the Word of God, are more or less filled with the Holy Ghost, when they exercise the pastoral office, and preach the glad tidings of Salvation. So certainly, also, as nature gives various faculties to various men, does she peculiarly fit the preacher for his particular duties. A man may be eloquent at the bar, in the legislature, in the lyceum, in the popular assembly, and yet wholly inadequate, by any human training, for what may to him seem to be the not difficult labor of preaching a sermon.

For this there must be a peculiar eloquence—a particular way of bringing home to the listeners' minds the great and sustaining truths of the Gospel.

To enter into the consciences of the congregation—to hold up, as it were, a mirror to each in which he could see the reflection of his own inner self—to pierce through the triple armor of indifference, contempt, and carelessness,—to awaken him to a conviction of his own insufficiency and his Saviour's great sacrifice,—this is the duty of the preacher, ordained by God to do His own work ; and no learning however deep, no intellect however powerful, no imagination however rich, no eloquence however thrilling, can do this work, unless there be sustaining sanction and inspiration from on high. The mysteries of science, the buried secrets of antiquity, the hoarded treasures of learning, the delicate wonders of art, the lustrous gems of poetry, the exquisite charms of music, can all be mastered by no very extraordinary efforts of the human intellect ; but to preach so that in his full security of self-pride or carelessness, the sinner's consciousness shall be awakened, so that

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he desires to enter upon the processes of Belief and Faith, which will save his soul alive, is not to be done, we believe, by any preacher, without special inspiration from God. To awaken the conscience and the consciousness of the sinner; to pierce through the mail of indifference, or disbelief, or coldness with which he has enveloped his heart; to compel him to hear and to believe; to show him how dark is his mind and how feeble are all human substitutes for a trusting faith; to point out the way and mode of a reconciliation with a Saviour, long suffering and slow to anger: these are what the preacher has to do. It is the sinner whom he has to call to repentance, and where he does this efficiently, as he often does, it is God's own will which gives him the ability to do it, God's own spirit which breathes a holy influence over the blessed work of faith, grace, and reconciliation.

What, in an ordinary place, and upon a merely worldly subject, would probably decidedly influence the mind of a large assembly, would possibly not succeed in the pulpit. For human intellect alone does little avail there. Rhetoric, imagination, poetry, metaphysics, and scholastic logic may avail in a secular arena, but a peculiar quality or form of mind is wanted in the pulpit. There, finely elaborated sentences have no weight, no force. There, simple and sublime truths and hopes of Revelation cannot be stated in language too plain. The ignorant as well as the highly educated are to be addressed at one and the same time, and the discourse must be adapted to each and to all. The preacher may bring to his work the resources of a richly-stored mind, but the great point is—to be plain and practical. It must be the pleading of a fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer with other sinners and sufferers,—the outpouring of a mind which has itself sorrowed over sin, and which, sanctified by Faith, has isolated itself from worldly am-

bition and desire, and dedicated itself to point out to others the path to Eternal Light.

Preaching may be said to reflect the spirit of the time and country. Here and in England, the style of composition will immediately show at what period a volume of sermons was written. Of late years, during which vital religion has been preached more than at any time since the ministration of John Wesley and George Whitefield, sermons contain comparatively few classical allusions, such as were formerly introduced to exhibit the erudition of the preacher. At a period when such a member of the English hierarchy as Dr. Tate, Bishop of London, preaches to a large congregation of omnibus-men, ostlers, stable-boys, conductors, drivers, horse-keepers, and so on, in an omnibus yard, in the city of London, we may easily predicate that far-fetched and high sounding allusions to classical literature and antiquarian lore will scarcely find favor with preacher or congregation. *That* pedantry has had its day. Instead of it, the preacher uses the plainest and most intelligible language. See, for example, the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon, one of the most popular preachers of the day; learn how extremely effective these discourses have been; and then satisfy yourself, by perusal, that his language is unadorned, plain, and even familiar.

It is deplorable, but probably inevitable under the existing circumstances of society, that there is a great want of church accommodation in great cities. When money has to be annually disbursed as rental for sittings in a place of religious worship, the amount, if the household be large, is prohibitory upon the great bulk of the working classes, who constitute the bone and sinew of the population. When thousands upon thousands of dollars are the stipendiary income of "popular preachers," and the place of worship often is a monetary investment on the part of its proprietors, pew-rents will be, as

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they generally are, enormous. We suspect that the People, emphatically so to be called, would be constant church-goers, if there were free church sittings for them. A hundred years ago, when Wesley and Whitefield were engaged on their mission of preaching the Gospel every where, the bulk of their congregations were the artisans, the mechanics, the laborers, the petty tradesmen, the small shop-keepers,—all who, in fact, in those days, were contemptuously designated “the lower classes,” yet are five-eighths of the general population.

Wherever there is an evil, Providence usually supplies a remedy. For example, the Lectures in this volume, which have been not only popular but beneficial, were delivered at Concert Hall, in Liverpool, (England,) to the working-classes of that great commercial and industrial town, who were unable to attend the churches, for want of means to pay for sittings. In point of fact, they are as much *sermons* as *lectures*, and were spoken by a clergyman. He delivered them on Sunday afternoons to persons of all religious denominations, and usually had from two to three thousand auditors, packed closely together, while hundreds have been compelled to go away, from want of even standing-places. This large congregation is chiefly composed of men,—with a slight sprinkling of women, in the proportion of five to the hundred : of artisans and skilled laborers, about 60 per cent ; of unskilled laborers, 15 per cent ; the remainder of young men in offices and shops.

Mr. H. Stowell Brown has won the confidence of his hearers—by his ability ; by the conformance of his practice to his teaching ; by the intelligible plainness and shrewdness of his language ; by his unmistakable sincerity and earnestness ; by his sacred calling, which gives him more influence than if he were simply a lay teacher ; and, in no small degree, by the well known fact that he himself has actually belonged to and

labored, with his own muscle and brain, among the very laboring classes whom he especially addresses.

Some biographical particulars respecting this devoted, able, and successful pastoral teacher will not be out of place here.

Hugh Stowell Brown is the minister of Myrtle street Baptist Chapel, Liverpool, and is not yet 36 years old. On August 10, 1823, he was born in Douglas, the capital of the Isle of Man, (where his father held ecclesiastical preferment, as a clergyman of the Established Church of England,) and is nephew of another celebrated Manx clergyman, the Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester.

Educated in Douglas, chiefly at the Grammar school there, young Brown was sent to England, at the age of 15, to learn the mystery of land-surveying. He devoted two years to the drudgery of this business, and then proceeded to Wolverton, one of the great stations of the London and North-western Railroad, situated between London and Birmingham, to learn engineering. In this occupation he continued until he was 21 years old. He actually drove a locomotive engine on the London and North-western Railroad for half a year. About this time, having reached the years of manhood, Mr. Brown resolved to carry out a purpose which had been brooding in his mind for some time. He determined to abandon the secular profession, which afforded him every prospect of advancement and emolument, and become a clergyman of the Church of England, even as his father and uncle were. He returned to his native town, and at King's College there, proceeded through the usual three years of study. Doubts as to whether the baptismal doctrines of the Church of England were in accordance with the Word of God arose in his mind, and the end was that he became a Baptist.

However, he did not abandon the desire and design of entering into the Ministry. He officiated, for some time, as

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a city missionary in Liverpool, and his zeal, piety, and impressive eloquence caused him to be frequently solicited to preach in Myrtle street Chapel, as occasional assistant to the late Rev. Mr. Lister, who had been its minister for nearly half a century. On the retirement of this venerable pastor, Mr. Brown was appointed to succeed him, and entered upon this charge, which he still holds, in January 1848, in his twenty-fifth year. Gradually he became one of the recognized leaders of the Baptist body in Liverpool, with local influence which each year increases.

By seceding from the Church of England, Mr. Brown displeased many of his relatives and friends, and was believed to have hereby seriously injured his temporal prospects. But he acted, as Christian men should act, "for conscience' sake;" he seriously deliberated before he decidedly acted, and the "still small voice" of his own heart breathed God's benison upon the deed.

Mr. Brown, besides possessing talents of no ordinary extent, is an accomplished scholar. For the most part he owes his acquisitions of learning to his own industry. He read a good deal, when he was working as an engineer, after the completion of his daily labor, and (what fixes information deeply within the mind,) he meditated upon what he had read. Resisting the usual temptations to waste his leisure time, he thus improved it. Nay, he taught himself, even while at work, for his first Greek exercises were written with a piece of chalk inside the fire box of a railway locomotive engine!

Six years ago, Mr. Brown, feeling that the People wanted instruction, commenced his Sunday afternoon lectures in Concert Hall, Liverpool. The *lecture*, he shrewdly thought, would allow him to treat of various classes of subjects which the *sermon* does not touch. His lectures extend over a large range of subjects, social and moral, as well as religious. He not

only alludes to, but freely discusses matters of daily occurrence. He hesitates not "to point a moral" from passing subjects. Thus there is a perpetually fresh interest in what he says. He speaks to the people as one of themselves—only, from his calling, from a higher level. He speaks to them in familiar language, using familiar illustrations. He does not scold, nor bully, nor affright them—as some preachers do. He brings his common sense to bear upon their common sense, and makes himself understood. He tells the truth, without exaggeration, and earnestly argues on it. He teaches a great class hitherto much neglected. He shows them that, even in this life, vice and immorality, sin and irreligion inevitably have penal consequences.

He is fond, too, of applying proverbs—a description of terse philosophy which the mass of the English people are familiar with, and, indeed, abundantly use, in their ordinary discourse, to illustrate their meaning. Some of the most striking of his Lectures have proverbs for their titles—such as "There's a good time coming,"—"Penny wise and pound foolish,"—"Cleanliness is next to Godliness,"—"A Friend in need is a Friend indeed,"—"The Road to Hell is paved with Good intentions,"—"Waste not, Want not,"—and "The Devil's meal is all Bran." One of the best Lectures in this volume had Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac" for its subject, and is, in fact, a discourse upon the "wise saws and modern instances" of that worldly wise production.

Other and graver topics are introduced, with equal skill and effect. One very touching Lecture, upon the Seventh Commandment, is said, and we can well believe it, to have created such a sensation in Liverpool that over 40,000 copies of it were sold, many of the purchasers being that unfortunate class who constitute "the Great Social Evil" of large populations. There are two addresses "On the Streets," full of argument

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based on observation, and, for earnest, common sense, practical statements, and clear reasoning, commend us to Mr. Brown's comments on the Lord's Prayer, the Golden Rule, Saturday Night, and the homilies against Cheating, under the quaint heading of "Stop Thief!" and against Drunkenness, under the title of "Five Shillings and Costs." Of this last, as many as 45,000 copies have been sold.

It may be enquired, What have been the results of this Lecturing? As many as from 2000 to 3000 working persons have been induced to spend their Sunday afternoons listening to the teaching of Mr. Brown,—many of whom, no doubt, would otherwise have yielded to the temptations which in large towns so abundantly beset the working classes to the injury of morals, health, and means. These Lectures, which are *religious* but not *sectarian*, have induced very many persons who heard them, to attend various places of worship; as might be expected, many have preferred placing themselves under Mr. Brown's stated ministrations in his own Church.

Having a high opinion of the literary merit, as well as of the religious and moral power of Mr. Brown's Lectures, I have not hesitated to comply with the request of the American publisher, to give such information relative to the author as personal and other knowledge enables me to communicate.

B. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

PHILADELPHIA, *June*, 1859.

LECTURE I.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

ONE of the highest honors conferred on man, perhaps the very highest, is, that he is enabled to hold communion with his God by prayer. Certainly the question may be asked, Why should we pray at all, seeing that God, if there be a God, must know all our words before we express them, and works all things according to the determinate counsel of his own will? But we do not pray in order to inform the Divine Being of our necessities and desires, yet we thus acknowledge our dependence upon him, and profess our trust in him. He has himself ordained this method of holding communication with him; and however men may choose to perplex themselves in reasoning upon the philosophical bearings of this subject, prayer seems to be almost an instinct of the human heart, a law of our nature, which, however it may be kept in abeyance under ordinary circumstances, often comes into striking operation in great emergencies, such as a terrific storm at sea, a severe illness, or the danger of losing a much-loved friend. On such occasions, men pray who never prayed before; and scepticism itself, in times of deep distress and fearful apprehension, often bends its

stubborn knees, and would fain take refuge beneath the shadow of God's throne.

In the exercise of this great privilege, we need instruction. We ought to know the character of Him to whom we pray; we ought to know the nature of those requests which it is right to offer at his footstool. In that form of supplication generally known as the Lord's Prayer, Jesus Christ has given us this instruction; and in offering the requests which that prayer contains, we may rest assured that we offer nothing unwise, nothing unacceptable. The King of Heaven has here given us, in his own handwriting, the very petition which we are to present at his throne, as expressive at once of our wants and of his will. This prayer is often uttered in a formal, and even in a superstitious spirit, as if in the mere words there were some mysterious charm; and it is frequently offered by persons who are perfectly sincere and earnest, but who are not at all aware of its great compass and marvellous amplitude of meaning. To understand this prayer in all its fullness, it must be carefully studied. It is so simple, that it may be intelligently offered by a child; it is so profound, that the wisest men have never exhausted its stores of meaning. I have no doubt that this justly venerated prayer is often presented by many of my hearers: I would fain hope that it is sometimes uttered by them all; and my object on this occasion is to rescue this glorious model of prayer from the formality and superstition which in many minds are associated with it, to explain it in as brief and intelligible a manner as I can, and to point out some of those less obvious but very valuable truths which the prayer

contains, but which, in consequence of your not having given much attention to the subject, may have escaped your observation. I invite you, therefore, to join with me, for a short time, in listening to the greatest of all instructors, as he teaches us how to pray. For this, it is worthy of notice, is what he teaches. He does not tell us *that* we ought to pray, or *why* we ought to pray; he does not urge us to engage in this work; no, he takes it for granted that we, as reasonable creatures, and not brute beasts, are quite sensible that prayer is a duty and a privilege; he takes it for granted that there is no unwillingness to pray: just as the Bible never enters into arguments to prove the existence of a God, because it assumes that no man will be such a fool as to doubt God's existence; so it is remarkable that Christ assumes a general, if not universal, conviction and sense of the reasonableness of prayer; he pays respect to the dignity of human nature by making this assumption, and therefore proceeds to tell us, not why we should pray, but in what manner this recognised duty should be performed, this acknowledged privilege exercised.

And first he tells us how we are to address God, "Our Father which art in heaven." See what light these words throw upon the character of the Divine Being. They tell us that he is not the angry, cruel, vindictive tyrant whom most of the heathens consider him to be; they tell us that this world and its inhabitants are not under the dominion of some cold, heartless, iron-bound necessity or fate, as many philosophers have taught; they tell us that while God is our Creator, our King, and our Judge, he is also our Friend, and more than our

Friend, our Father. It ought to be a source of unspeakable satisfaction to have from such an authority such a statement, as to the character of God, and his relationship to us. A thoughtful man may well be astonished as he reads these words, and finds that he, a poor, weak, ignorant, sinful creature, has a right to call the glorious Deity his Father. He will very naturally ask on what this right is founded; and the foundation of this right, I believe, you will find to be this, the fact that "God sent forth his Son" Jesus Christ for this purpose, amongst others, that, he taking our nature, and becoming one of us, we might through him "receive the adoption of sons." There are some who, leaving Christianity aside, venture to call God their father, because he created them, or because of man's mental and moral resemblance to God; but these seem to be very insufficient reasons, and the only satisfactory principle upon which I can venture to stand upon such intimate terms with the Divine Being, and upon which I can dare to call God my Father, is this: "Ye are all the children of God, through faith in Christ Jesus." It is through recognising him as "the Brightness of the Father's glory and the express Image of his Person," through recognising him as our elder brother, that we are enabled, without presumption, without impudence, to address God as our Father in heaven. Taught by Jesus Christ thus to think of God, let this endearing name assure us that we are the objects, not of his wrath, but of his love; that he pities us; that, like every other right-hearted father, he is willing to forgive his children when they express contrition for their sins; and that, like every other wise father, he will subject us

to such discipline and chastisement as will correct and improve us; for "he that spareth the rod, hateth his son, but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." And let this name of Father teach us the duty of confiding in God, of loving him, of obeying him. Moreover, it is to be observed that we are taught to call God *our* Father; Christ will not have us pray for ourselves alone. The plural pronoun runs through this prayer. It is not, Give *me* this day my daily bread, but, "Give *us* this day *our* daily bread;" it is not, Forgive *me* my trespasses, but "Forgive *us our* trespasses;" it is not, Lead *me* not into temptation, but, "Lead *us* not into temptation;" it is not, Deliver *me* from evil, but, "Deliver *us*." And so I am not to think of myself alone, but, when I pray for my daily bread, I am to pray as earnestly that every poor fellow-creature may have sufficient food; and when I pray that I may be forgiven, I am taught to pray with equal fervor for the forgiveness of others. There may be some one whom you despise, some one whom you hate; unless you cease to despise and hate him, you cannot pray this prayer, for the word *our* associates that man with you, compels you to pray for him, teaches you that it is no use praying for yourself, unless you are prepared to pray also for him; and so this plural pronoun is as a golden thread of charity and love, so closely woven with the prayer, that no man with hatred in his heart, no man who does not love his brother, and is not in charity with all men, can in sincerity offer up these supplications at the throne of God. Further, we address God as our Father who is in Heaven; and this allusion to Heaven is added probably to remind us of our Father's greatness

and glory, to check that too great familiarity which the word Father by itself might possibly encourage, to teach us that reverence as well as confidence should enter into the spirit of prayer; to remind us also that our Father, unlike all earthly parents, is infinite in his wisdom and his power; when we think of him as our Father, we know that he is willing to help us; when we think of him as our Father in heaven, we know that he is able to help us. And further, these words, "Our Father who art in Heaven," are suggestive of our future home, reminding us in our prosperity that this world is not our rest, assuring us in our adversity that "there remaineth a rest for the people of God."

The first petition which we are taught to offer to our Father in Heaven is, "Hallowed be thy name." The first petition which we in our selfishness would be likely to offer would be a prayer for some personal benefit, but our Great Instructor teaches us to seek first the glory of our God; "Hallowed be thy name"—thy name of God, thy name of Creator, King, Judge, but above all thy name of Father; let all men know and feel that thou art their Father. Somewhat similar to this is the next two-fold petition, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" still, you see, prayer for ourselves is kept back, and we are taught first to desire the welfare of the whole world. It is a mistake to suppose that the words, "Thy will be done," have special reference to a spirit of resignation in times of distress. They have this meaning, no doubt; and to utter these words sincerely, when we are in the midst of trouble, is one of the sublimest conquests that man can possibly

achieve. "Thy will be done" is a prayer for all the afflicted in mind, body, or estate. May they be enabled thus to pray, to feel that those troubles, which they have not brought upon themselves by their own misconduct, are the expression of their Father's will, are wisely ordained as a necessary part of their education, and will be overruled for their highest good. But these words, "Thy will be done," stand not by themselves; they form part of a sentence, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." And when we speak thus, we utter our desire that God may reign in all men's hearts, and that the whole world may know and do his will; and I think that we must be convinced that it never will be right with the world until this prayer is fully answered, until we have heaven, and not hell, upon earth. If there is ever to be universal freedom, universal justice, universal purity, universal civilization, universal peace, amongst the peoples of the world, to what are we to look for the production of such a change? I know of but one instrumentality by which it can ever be accomplished. If the work is done at all, it must be done by Christianity; it must be done through the universal dissemination, and universal acceptance, of those principles which are delivered to us in the Gospel; and we pray for the world's highest good, we pray for that which alone can deliver it from its ignorance, its miseries, and its wrongs, when we pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Thus far, then, we have prayed, not for ourselves, not for our own special advantage, but for the glory of our God, and the benefit of mankind at large; and the pre-

cedence given to this class of petitions is a stern rebuke to that selfishness which is apt to creep even into our religion. He who gave himself for the world's redemption teaches us first to pray for the world's enlightenment, conversion, improvement, and perfection; and then, having first learned to pray for all mankind, we are at liberty to ask blessings for ourselves, and to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." There is deep significance in this prayer. It teaches us to be moderate in our desires, to ask for bread, in which word are of course included all things necessary for our comfort—food, raiment, lodging, firing; but I should say that this word certainly excludes luxuries, excludes the desire for great wealth. And it is worthy of notice that the most covetous man does not venture to pray that God would render him rich. Men will pray for wisdom, for health, for the lives of those whom they love, for resignation, for patience, for deliverance from danger; but who ever heard of a man asking God for a fortune, praying that he might be worth £50,000? No! every one feels that such a prayer would be foolish and wrong, every one feels that daily bread is all that he has a right to ask for at the hands of God. But the prayer must not be so misunderstood as to be regarded in the light of a supplication which gives encouragement to idleness. An idler may pray his prayer from morning to night, and pray in vain. When we offer this prayer aright, we ask God for that bodily strength, that manual skill, that intellectual power, and that condition of trade and commerce, which shall enable us to earn our daily bread. This is not a prayer to be set free from the necessity of working, but a prayer

to be constantly enabled to work, and to have the constant opportunity of working. You see that this prayer is one especially adapted to the poor, at all events to the working-people; and from this we learn how much Christ considered the lot of the sons of toil. There are some, there are many, who you may say have no need to offer such a petition as this. Their daily bread has been provided, and, humanly speaking, it is safe. They have money that is well invested, so well that nothing short of national bankruptcy can ever reduce them to want; and is it not something rather absurd for a man worth £5000 a year, on the very best securities in land or in the funds, to ask day by day that God would give him his daily bread, seeing that God has given it him already? If the prayer were, Give *me* this day *my* daily bread, it would be scarcely the prayer for a rich man, although still it is not impossible for a rich man to come to poverty, and more wisdom is often required to keep money than to make it. But the rich man is taught that if his bread is safe he is to remember others. "Give *us* this day *our* daily bread." And though you may be in very good circumstances, well employed, in possession of money that you have saved, prepared for rainy days, yet if you have a heart at all you will pray this prayer, for there are thousands who are unable to procure their daily bread, who are struggling desperately for a bare subsistence; and there are not a few who until recently were surrounded by all the comforts of life, whose all has been suddenly swept away by the desolating tempest of commercial failure, and they have to consider how they are now to earn their daily bread; how now, no longer

young, no longer strong, they must nevertheless enter into competition with a more active generation, prepared to fight its way, and ready to encounter every difficulty. For all such distressed ones let us pray that God would, in the dispensations of his providence, open their way, and arrange for their subsistence and comfort. And therefore this is a prayer for the rich as well as for the poor—a prayer which the rich man can offer for others, if not for himself—a prayer which teaches us to think of the helpless, the unemployed, the distressed, and not only think of them, but to pity them, and help them according to our power. Thus the prayer, “Give us this day our daily bread,” is a very great and comprehensive petition. It teaches us that for all things we are dependent upon the bounty of our Heavenly Father; it teaches us to moderate our desires, and not to be in that haste to be rich which is the ruin of so many; it teaches us industriously to labor for our daily bread; and it teaches us to have compassion on all our penniless and starving brothers and sisters. The plural pronoun brings all such within the compass of this petition, “Give us this day our daily bread”—Give bread to-day, not to me only, but to all that are in want—to the widow, to the orphan, to the man who is willing to work, but can get nothing to do; Lord, have mercy upon them all, and make me to be merciful to them.

We are in the next place directed to pray for forgiveness—“Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.” You see that our Saviour takes it for granted that every man will be ready to admit that he has trespassed, that he has done wrong, that

he has sinned. He does not suppose that any one can be so ignorant and stupid as to consider himself faultless, and therefore he puts into every man's mouth these words—"Forgive us our trespasses." No sensible man needs to be argued with on this point; if he is accused of such or such a fault, he may refute the accusation, and prove himself, so far, innocent; but sinlessness he will never claim; a full justification of himself in all things he will never attempt. To feel, and to feel deeply, that I have done wrong is the first step in religion. Religion asks no man to prove himself innocent; on the contrary, it requires him to confess himself guilty. As to men who boast that their consciences are clear, and defy the whole world to prove that they have ever done wrong, we can only say that they are great simpletons. It is very probable that their consciences do not condemn them; but why? because they have no consciences at all; or because their consciences are so ignorant, so hardened, and so accustomed to what is wrong, that they cease to protest against wrong-doing. No human conscience that is in good working order is clear; and if you believe yourself sinless, allow me to say that you must be either an angel or an idiot. As to the nature and extent of any man's guilt, I have no right to pronounce judgment. I do not ask any one to confess to me; I should be very sorry to make my memory the receptacle of such nastiness as some men seem to take a pleasure in collecting. I only wish to convey to every man's conscience this truth, that he has done wrong, and that self-justification is impossible and absurd. And why should we be so anxious to make ourselves appear right-

eous, and to clothe, hide, or dissemble our faults? For again let me remind you that God does not ask us to prove our innocence, he would much rather that we acknowledged our guilt. He did not listen to that boasting Pharisee, who could say, "I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers;" but the Publican's confession and prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," was listened to with joy. "Forgive us our trespasses." When we utter these words we acknowledge that we have sinned, and we further acknowledge that we deserve to be punished for our sins, that there would be no injustice if we were condemned; and we make this additional confession, that we cannot ourselves render compensation for our sins. "Forgive us our trespasses," or, as we may read it, "Forgive us our debts." He who asks the forgiveness of his debts is supposed unable to pay them. And God does not ask us to pay him the debts which we have contracted. He is our greatest creditor, and our most merciful creditor likewise, inasmuch as all he asks of us is that we ask him to forgive us. And he would never have authorised his Son Jesus Christ to tell us this, if it were not his purpose to forgive. It is worthy of all attention, too, that he makes no exceptions, that he encourages every man to pray, Forgive me my trespasses, whatever those trespasses have been, however numerous, however atrocious, however long persisted in; the least guilty, and the most guilty, the youngest sinner, and the oldest, all are alike encouraged to present this prayer, with the assurance that God is willing to forgive them all. It is a great request; some may not feel it to be so; some sup-

pose that God, instead of forgiving them, ought to reward them ; that they are not in God's debt, but that God is in theirs ; but men who know themselves, and reflect upon their own character and conduct, and perceive the multitude of their offences, are fully conscious that they ask much when they pray, "Forgive us our trespasses." But let us not despair ; we have God's own authority for preferring this great request. It is not I, it is not any fallible man, who bids you pray on this wise ; it is He who can forgive, he to whom we are indebted, it is he himself who bids us thus confide in his love. And remember he is our Father ; and you know well enough that, of all the requests which your child can make, if there be one which you are ready to grant, it certainly is the request that you would forgive him the wrong which he confesses. In asking God to forgive us our trespasses, we are not like rebels asking their sovereign to pardon them, we are not like culprits beseeching their judge to cancel or to commute the sentence passed upon them, but rather are we like children who tearfully implore their father to forgive their disobedience. Yes ; we are appealing to a Father's heart, and we shall not appeal in vain. And we are encouraged to expect forgiveness, not only because we ask it of our Father, but also because our Father, not regardless of the claims of justice, has visited our sins upon his sinless Son, who became sin for us, endured the cross, despised the shame, that God might be just as well as merciful in forgiving us all trespasses.

But our Saviour has made this forgiveness conditional, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that

trespass against us." And he has most solemnly assured us that if we forgive not men their trespasses, neither will our Heavenly Father forgive us our trespasses. Is there, then, any one who has trespassed against you, any one who has slandered you, abused you, wronged you, assailed your character, defrauded you of your property, or in any other way injured you—remember, you pray to be forgiven as you forgive, and therefore forgiveness on your own part, full and free forgiveness of each and all that have injured you, is a necessary preliminary to your offering this prayer; first you must be in love and charity with all men. It is only fair, only reasonable, that we should be prepared to do for others what we ask God to do for us in this great matter of forgiveness. You say that it is very hard to forgive a man who has greatly wronged you, and that unless he makes some apology, some reparation, you won't forgive him. Well, Christ says nothing about apology and reparation here. He seems to require an unconditional forgiveness of those who trespass against us. It is hard, every one knows that it is hard, but every one also feels that it is a noble thing to do: and at all events, our own forgiveness is made to depend upon our extension of forgiveness to others.

And when we pray this prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses," and while we think of our own sins, and earnestly desire their pardon, let us particularly remember that the prayer is not, Forgive *me my* trespasses. Never let us forget the plural pronoun which is seen in all these petitions, which in the former supplication teaches us to pity and to pray for all the needy and distressed, and

which here teaches us to pray for all the guilty and depraved. Forgive us our sins, forgive me mine; but forgive all my brothers and sisters in this wide world, forgive them their sins too. As Christ has shaped this prayer, we cannot offer it intelligently and properly, without praying for the world's forgiveness, when praying for our own. I cannot ask God to pardon me, without at the same time asking him to pardon all thieves, murderers, profligates, prostitutes, drunkards, liars and slanderers, profane swearers, Sabbath-breakers, misers, extortioners, tyrants, and all other wrong-doers. Such is the true compass of this prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses," forgive us all, "as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Again, we are directed to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." A great deal might be said upon this clause, for its meaning is not quite so clear as that of the others: but in a brief address like this, a critical exposition is impossible, and, therefore, a very few observations must suffice. Temptation of some evil or other is unavoidable. When a lad goes into a mercantile house or into a shop, to learn a business, he must be exposed to temptation. Employers often err in suddenly reposing too much confidence in one who has never been tested, and whose principles have not yet been thoroughly established; but still, if confidence cannot be reposed in him, he cannot be of much service. It is not by being free from temptation, but by resisting temptation, that he can ever become valuable, or ever be fitted himself to engage in the arduous battle of life. "If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall

give you that which is your own?" Moreover, to expect that all this youth's companions in the place of business will be highly moral persons, is to expect too much. Almost of necessity, he will be thrown into the society of some whose companionship will not have a beneficial tendency, but very much the contrary. Further, every large town abounds with snares and traps, the existence of which we may deplore, but cannot prevent, although much may be done to diminish their number, and to moderate their tempting power. Still, through more or less of this fire of temptation all men must pass; and, depend upon it, such an ordeal is not only inevitable, it is useful. I do not think, then, that Jesus tells us to pray that we may never be exposed to any temptation to do wrong, for this, in such a world as ours, is impossible, and for creatures susceptible of moral discipline, such freedom from temptation is altogether undesirable; but Jesus here teaches us to be self-distrustful. Self-reliance is a virtue of a very high and valuable order, when any question involving intellectual ability and energy is before us; but in morals, self-reliance is dangerous. It is well that a man should feel confident that he can carry out such and such a commercial project, for his confidence will go a long way towards the accomplishment of his design; but little is to be hoped from the man who is confident that he can overcome any temptation. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." The spirit of this prayer is, that God would not allow us to be exposed to temptations greater than our strength; that he would adapt our strength to all the temptations that may assail us; and further, this prayer

evidently implies that we do not needlessly rush into temptation's way. If we pray, "Lead us not into temptation," we must not lead ourselves into temptation, a thing which multitudes are constantly doing. And, again, let us remember that we pray not for ourselves alone. There are many who are not exposed to very strong temptations—rich people, who are never tempted to act fraudulently; old people, who have lost the fire of youthful pleasures, and are not strongly tempted to fall into profligate habits; religious people, whose moral training has been carefully attended to, and who are repelled rather than attracted, disgusted rather than tempted, by the follies and vices of the world. But however superior such persons may be to the power of various temptations, this prayer teaches them not to forget those who are differently circumstanced and differently constituted, but to entreat that they may be preserved and kept through the power of God; that every brother, every sister, struggling with difficulty, and tempted to do wrong in order to surmount these difficulties, exposed to the seductions of pleasure, and conscious of only too much sympathy with evil, may be mercifully rescued from destruction, and be benefited through resisting, not destroyed through yielding to, the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

There is one other request which seems all-inclusive, "Deliver us from evil." This is a prayer which confesses that we cannot deliver ourselves from evil; and is there any wise man who thinks he can? From evil for which naturally you have no inclination, and to which nothing tempts you, perhaps you may deliver yourself;

and small thanks to you for delivering yourself from enemies that never attack you. But there are evils which do fasten themselves upon you. Sin assumes so many shapes that it can adapt itself to all tastes and temperaments; it can put on the appearance of an angel of light; it can argue most plausibly; it can throw dust into our eyes; it can take advantage of every weak point in our character; it can find in the proud heart some nook to nestle in; and therefore there is no man who is above the necessity for this prayer, "Deliver us from evil."

And now to God let us render all the praise, for his is "the kingdom," whose coming and whose establishment all good and earnest hearts are longing for and striving for; his is "the power" that can give us our daily bread, that can forgive us our trespasses, that can save us from the force of temptation, and deliver us from all evil; and his is "the glory" of all the happiness and all the goodness that we can ever hope or desire to enjoy. Nor is the "Amen" without its value; placed at the close of this or any other prayer, it signifies the sincerity of our supplication; the whole prayer is as it were gathered up into this one word—repeated in this one word—Amen! let it be so; let every thing be as we have asked—Amen! It is a solemn word; it may be regarded as our oath, by which we swear that what we have asked in prayer we do really and earnestly desire.

Thus I have attempted briefly to set forth the meaning of this prayer, in the hope that I may help some to offer it intelligently, devoutly, and with something like a just perception of its greatness; and if we pray after

this manner, carefully considering every clause, and weighing every word, we shall feel that, short and simple as it is, this prayer contains the germ of every thought and every feeling which our most enlarged desires, when purified from evil, can prompt us to offer at our Heavenly Father's throne.

LECTURE II.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

AMONGST the recorded discourses of that greatest and best of all teachers, Jesus Christ, there is one which he delivered to a large congregation assembled on a hill side, and which from this circumstance is generally called the Sermon on the Mount. That discourse contains many grand and wonderful sayings—none perhaps grander or more wonderful than this, “All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this,” says the Great Teacher, “is the law and the prophets.” This precept has by common consent been called “The Golden Rule;” and if the epithet *golden* is to be applied to anything, as expressive of value, excellence, and glory, there is no sentence that ever fell from the lips of men that can have a better claim, or indeed as good a claim, to this distinction, as that of which I am about to treat. For this rule I believe we stand indebted to Jesus Christ, and to Jesus Christ alone; although there are some who would rob him of the glory of it, and would have us believe that both Jews and heathens taught it long before Christ appeared in the world. But I believe that when we come to examine those Jewish and heathen

maxims, which are alleged to have anticipated Christ, we shall find that they are very different from that which we term "The Golden Rule." In some respects they resemble it, and resemble it so strongly, that at the first glance the Jewish and heathen rules and Christ's rule appear to be identical; but the difference between them is very great, and very worthy of notice. For what is the Jewish maxim for which some claim equality with this Golden rule? It is, I believe, to this effect, "Whatsoever is hateful to thyself, that do not to thy neighbor." And the heathen maxim supposed to correspond with Christ's royal law is this, "Do not to others what you are unwilling to suffer from others." In this Gibbon thought that he had discovered in heathen literature the identical Golden Rule; and therefore he sneers at Christians for attributing that rule to Christ, and giving him the honor of first publishing it to the world. The Jewish and the heathen maxims are substantially the same, and they amount to this, "Whatsoever evil ye would not that men should do to you, do ye not such evil to them." Is this equivalent to Christ's precept? By no means! it is only the negative side of Christ's precept. The Jews and heathens tell us not to do to others the wrong which we would deprecate if inflicted upon us by them; Christ teaches us to do that good to others which we would desire them to do to us. The Jews and heathens say, Don't be unjust or cruel to your neighbor, because you would not like him to be unjust or cruel to you; Christ says, Be as just and as kind as possible to your neighbor, for you would like him to be as just and kind as possible to you. In fact, the Jews and heathens only

tell us not to wrong others ; Christ tells us to benefit them to the utmost extent of our power. Are these maxims the same, then ? Most certainly not. The Jewish and heathen maxims are only the law of strict justice ; Christ's is the law of love. He took those views and precepts, and gave them a higher form, added to them quite another element ; and if they taught men to be just, he taught them to be generous as well. I admit that these maxims were good ; let us call them silver rules ; but between them and Christ's precept there is certainly all the difference that exists between silver and gold.

Now, many people take the silver rules of Jewish Rabbis and heathen philosophers, and strangely mistake them for the Golden Rule of Christ. They think that if they have done nobody any harm they have fulfilled this glorious precept : and so, because you have never quarreled with your neighbor, never struck him, never blackened his character, or defrauded him of his property, you suppose that you have done to him all things whatsoever you would that he should do to you ; whereas the fact only amounts to this, that you have abstained from doing to him what you would have him to abstain from doing to you. Now, not to injure your neighbor is one thing—to benefit him is quite another. But some people appear to overlook the positive character of Christ's command, and in a very unaccountable manner regard it as wholly negative ; almost every one in the most complacent temper tells you that to do as he would be done by is his rule, and he challenges you to prove that it is not his practice also. It would be a very easy matter—at all events, not so very difficult a matter—to observe the Golden Rule,

if all that is required were simply this, to do no man wrong; but the Golden Rule is not satisfied with this; the Golden Rule reaches a great deal further than this; the Golden Rule first asks you what are those things which you wish your neighbour *not* to do to you, and tells you *not* to do those things to him; and then the Golden Rule puts this question: What are those things which you wish your neighbor *would do* to you? and tells you to go and do those very things to him, if it is in your power to do so. The Golden Rule first says, You would not like your neighbor to defraud you, therefore you must not defraud him; the Golden Rule next says, You would like your neighbor to pity and to help you in your distress, therefore in his distress you must pity and help him. And if we consider this, the positive requirement of the Golden Rule, we shall perceive that many people who think that they observe it are altogether mistaken; it is the silver rule of justice, at the best, that they observe; the golden rule of generosity is far beyond their mark.

And if we are honest, I think we shall be obliged to say that the silver rule is the highest maxim that we have yet learned to honor. In fact, many persons will say, in plain terms, "If I am just, that's enough. If I do my neighbor no harm, what more can be required of me?" My friend, nothing more is required of you by the silver rules of Jewish Rabbis and heathen moralists; but if you mean to be a Christian, you must make up your mind, and open your heart for a great deal more. I admit that it is something, yea, that it is much, if a man come up to the standard of the silver rule—if a man

carefully abstain from inflicting upon others injury and injustice which he would not have inflicted upon himself. I am afraid that the majority of us have scarcely come up to this point yet; but we must aim at something higher than this; we are not perfect; we are not Christ-like; we are not Christians, unless not only strict justice, but also the most expansive generosity be firmly established in our hearts, and constantly shown forth in our conduct. A just man, who is nothing more than just, does not and cannot fulfil this right royal law; he pays every man his due, and pays punctually and in full; he is never guilty of slander; he bears in his heart no ill-will to any one; he does to no man what he would not have done to himself; but still he does not obey either the letter or the spirit of this command, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

This law can scarcely be misunderstood by any intelligent and conscientious man. Although Christ says, in unqualified terms, that we are to do to others *all things* that we would wish them to do to us, it is very plain that he can only mean *all things that are really right*. But this law, as it stands, with the unqualified "all things whatsoever," is liable to abuse on the part of the unconscientious. For instance, there stands a prisoner at the bar; he has been tried for wilful murder; the jury, after careful deliberation, have returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge is putting on the black cap, and about to pronounce sentence of death. "Stop!" says the prisoner, "your lordship professes to be a Christian, and to take the Golden Rule as your motto. Now, my

lord, if you were in my place in this dock, and I in yours upon that bench, you know very well that you would wish me to spare your life; therefore I ask you to spare mine—to do to others as you would they should do to you.” To this, his lordship might reply that he was not at liberty to act for himself; that, in fact, he was the representative of the whole nation in that act of passing sentence, and he might further say, “In hanging you, I am doing to others as I would they should do to me. I am doing, if not to you, to the people of this country, what I should wish them to do to me; I am ridding them of a dangerous character; I am consulting their safety, as I would wish them to consult mine.” If every scoundrel is to plead the Golden Rule in mitigation of the punishment of his guilt, then there is an end of all public justice. The magistrate has his duties to the people, as well as to the criminal; he must not wrong them, endanger them, out of pity for him; and as in administering the law, the magistrate is doing to the public and to the plaintiff what, if he were the plaintiff, he feels ought to be done to him, the magistrate, in sending a rogue to gaol, in transporting a burglar, and even in hanging a murderer, is doing, if not to the rogue, the burglar, and the murderer, to others, even to the nation, that justice which he would have done to himself; so that I am not at all sure that, even in sending a murderer to the gallows, both judge and jury are not most exactly fulfilling the Golden Rule. Take another case. A man is out of a situation, and wants to get into one. He comes to you, and asks you to give him a testimonial of character. You know that he is a worthless

fellow, intemperate, indolent, perhaps not particular to a shade about honesty ; but he reminds you of the Golden Rule ; he asks you to do to him as, if your circumstances were reversed, you would wish him to do to you. Now, if you refuse to give him a letter of introduction and recommendation ; or if, on giving him a letter, you told all the truth, he would probably complain that you have violated this great Christian law. But the fact is, that you have observed it, and that you would violate it if you did what he desires. You must consider not only the wishes of that good-for-nothing scapegrace, but also the rights of the person to whom he wants to be introduced. If that person introduced a man to you with a letter, asking employment for him, you would expect him to introduce a steady, honest man, or at all events to tell you all the truth about him ; and therefore you must do the same to your friend ; and, in refusing to give a letter of testimonial to a worthless man, or in warning your friend against him, you are fulfilling, not violating, the Golden Rule. The other day it was my lot, as it very often is, to be waited on by a scoundrel—a fellow whom I knew to be an impostor. He wanted me to help him ; and had the audacity to remind me that my Master had commanded me to do to others as I would be done by. Now, if I had complied with his request, I should have aided and abetted rascality ; I should have given him a lift in his predatory excursions, and should have helped him to rob others ; and therefore it was my duty, according to the Golden Rule, to show him the door, or rather, I think, I ought to have handed him over to the police. This would have been the right way

of fulfilling, in such a case, the law, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." I did not give him in charge; and therefore I have to confess that I did not act as a Christian ought to act; my Christian duty, in conformity with the Golden Rule, was most certainly to do all in my power to protect society from such a pest. Therefore the criminal, the idler, the impostor, in vain plead this law, as if it were in their favor. It is not a law that connives at iniquity. Its spirit is essentially this—that I am to do to others all those just and generous things which I would fairly and reasonably expect others to do to me. Men may wish us to do things that are wrong, and plead that, if we were in their circumstances, we should wish them to do wrong things for us; but the generosity of the Golden Rule must of course be restricted within the limits of justice. Consequently, if a man wishes you to bolster up his sinking credit, by false representations, and other underhand methods, well known in commercial circles; if he wishes you to tell or to act a lie for him; if he wishes you to lend or to enable him to borrow money, and urges the Golden Rule, telling you that you would expect and should have as much from him, you must not allow yourself thus to be imposed upon, for a solid substratum of truth and justice underlies all the generousities of the Golden Rule, and you are to do to others only those things which they could *lawfully* do for you, were the circumstances of the case reversed. And so I think we may dismiss, in a very summary manner, all those whining, canting rascals, who want us to do wrong, and to befriend them, by injuring ourselves, our families, or

society, and who for this purpose plead the Golden Rule, and say, If we were in your place, and you in ours, you would be very glad for us to do, on your behalf, what we ask you to do for us. No; the Golden Rule does teach us "to love mercy," but it teaches us first "to do justice;" and it is fulfilled, not by pardoning the criminal, but by punishing him; not by recommending the good-for-nothing, but by warning men against him; not by helping the idler, but by leaving him to starve, if he won't work. This is the beauty, this is the glory, of the Golden Rule; it is just—but it is more than just, it is generous—but it is more than generous, for it is justice and generosity combined.

Having thus noticed the manner in which the Golden Rule may be misinterpreted and misapplied, it is now time to speak of its application, as one of the great principles under the guidance of which men ought to live. I believe there is not much diversity of opinion as to the value of this rule. It meets with almost universal approval. Every one reminds his neighbour of it; almost every one boasts that he always observes it; and from the great admiration with which the Golden Rule is regarded, and the praises heaped upon it, it might be supposed that this precept really regulated all men's conduct; that all their words and all their works were carefully measured by this rule. But notwithstanding the amount of admiration with which this great principle so generally and almost universally commands, there is a general, an almost universal complaint that it is not practically honored; the rule most generally recognised is rather this, not "Whatsoever ye would that men should

do to you," but "Whatsoever ye find that men do to you, do ye even so to them." People are perpetually saying to each other, "Do as you would be done by;" but those who expect others to act thus to them, seem never to think that they also are to act thus to others. Now, instead of thus complaining of each other, and storming at each other, because this law is not observed, it will be a much more sensible course for every man to see to it that he himself, in all his conduct, acts as the law requires, for it is not given to us by its great Author, as an instrument of criticism and a means of detecting our neighbors' faults, but as a rule for the correction of our own. I dare say you can point to many a man, that you are even at this moment thinking of some man, who does not do as he would be done by; but, possibly, some one is thinking and saying just the same thing of you, and with quite as good reason.

This, then, should be the ruling principle in all business transactions. In all such transactions, each party is, by this law, required to suppose himself in the position of the other, to consider what he would have fair reason to expect were he in the position of the other, and to act accordingly. For instance, if you are a shopman, behind the counter, think what you would expect if you were the customer and he the salesman; you would expect—or if your knowledge of shops would prevent your *expecting*, you would, at all events, *wish* to be treated fairly; you would very reasonably wish to be told the plain honest truth about the articles submitted for inspection; you would very reasonably desire those articles to be precisely what they are said to be; you

would not wish to buy what was labelled as one hundred and eighty yards of thread, and find that it really amounted to no more than forty yards; you would not wish to be asked a higher price, because you are a stranger and ignorant of the tricks of trade, than you would be asked if you were one of the more knowing people. Of course, Mr. Shopman, you would like, as a customer, to be dealt with in perfect fairness; well, then, treat your customers as, were you the customer, you would think it right you should be treated. All misrepresentation, all concealment of defects, either in quality or quantity, are strictly prohibited by this rule. If you take a pleasure in being cheated, then perhaps you might find in this rule an excuse for cheating. If you can say, I wish all men would impose upon me, and swindle me, then I must confess that, if you are to do to others as you would they should do to you, you must become a rogue. But again, I say, put yourself in your customer's place, ask yourself how you would like to be dealt with were your positions interchanged; and if you then do to him as you would wish him to do to you, you will never be guilty of fraud, of misrepresentation, or any other fault; you will give full weight, full measure, rather over than under; you will ask a fair price, rather a low one than an exorbitant one, because thus I am sure you would like to be done by. And if, on the other hand, you are the purchaser, then none of that shabby, mean, and miserable haggling, and bating-down of prices. There are some people who seem to think that the shop-keeper has no right to any profit at all; or they are silly enough to suppose that, notwithstanding the keen-

ness of competition, his profits are most enormous. I must say that I admire the patience of many a worthy shopkeeper. There he stands; he says that the price of an article is 4s. 6d.; he is told that it is not worth half the money; he assures his customer that it will wear well, and the customer flatly contradicts him; the good man's word is questioned a hundred times in a day; he is asked whether he won't take thirty per cent. off; and thus the customer insinuates that the shopkeeper is a rogue, who would take him in if he could. People who are exceedingly refined, and people in social life, act the part of the blackguard and the ruffian, and leave all their good manners at home, when haggling with a tradesman, and insulting him to his face. I am afraid I should never do for such a position; I should be ready to fling the article at the saucy, impudent customer's head, and expel him ignominiously from my premises. Consider yourself in the position of the seller, when you go to buy; ask how you would like customers to treat you with distrust, to make insinuations against your honesty; and thus, in all your purchases, and all your attempts at purchasing, observe the Golden Rule, of doing to others as you would they should do to you. It is a rule quite as binding on the buyer as on the seller; it applies on each side of the counter, on each side of the bargain.

Or take the case of lending and borrowing. The less we have to do with this sort of business the better, for generally "he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing." It is, perhaps, much to be regretted that the facilities for borrowing are so great; for these facilities are a

strong temptation, and if a man knew that he could not obtain a loan, he would be careful not to get into such a mess as to require it, careful not to aim at schemes and speculations too great for his ability to compass. However, lending, though it does often lead to much mischief amongst all classes, and especially amongst the humbler sort of people, cannot be prevented, and ought not to be prevented if it could ; and I suppose there always will be people who by their improvidence are driven to the necessity of borrowing, or who believe that if they only had the loan of a few hundreds of pounds they could make their fortunes in jerry building, or other equally honorable occupations. Now, I dare say that most of us who have anything to lend are often applied to by our needy acquaintances. Nothing is more common than such applications, and therefore it may be well to ask what our duty is in these cases. The borrower, of course, thinks that the Golden Rule is all in his favor. He says to himself, "Now, if this friend of mine were in my place, he would be very glad to be helped by me ;" and therefore he applies for the loan, or asks his friend to become security for it, and enforces his request by quoting the Golden Rule. But this rule is not always in favor of the borrower. If you lend, you are to lend because by lending you will do the borrower good ; but sometimes to lend him money, or facilitate his getting a loan, would be the worst thing you could do for him, and for yourself too. If he wishes to borrow in order that he may squander that money in vice ; if he wishes to borrow in order to pay for what he might have procured by honest industry ; or if he wishes to borrow in

order that he may launch out into speculations of doubtful issue, then, if you intend to befriend him, you will resolutely refuse to comply with his request. There are cases, however, in which a loan is a kindness, and then the words of Christ apply—"From him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away;" if it is very clear to you that the loan will really do the man good, then don't refuse it, if you can afford it; and by all means try to keep the poor borrower and yourself free from the sharp, the cruel fangs of the Loan Society—an institution which generally trades and thrives upon the miseries and embarrassments of the poor and the distressed. But the borrower is also reminded of his duties by the Golden Rule; he is reminded that as, if he were the lender, he would expect punctual payment of interest and principal, according to agreement, he must do all in his power to render such payment.

Again, take the case of masters and men. The Golden Rule will teach the employer that, although he probably might get his work done for a trifle less than he pays, he is not to screw his men down to the lowest farthing at which they can undertake to work for him. The Golden Rule will teach him to give his men such wages as he feels that, were he himself a workman, he would be fairly entitled to receive. The Golden Rule will teach him also to provide for the comfort of those in his employ. It will teach him, if his men live in his establishment, to make that establishment such a home as he, in their circumstances, would think himself justified in expecting. Of course he cannot gratify every whim; he cannot comply with every request; he cannot afford all that may be

expected, and might do wrong in granting it, if he could afford it; but there is a medium between severity and indulgence, between niggardliness and profusion, which the Golden Rule will teach him; and he will be most happy with his men, and, I think, most prosperous in his business, when he tries to do to them, as he, in their circumstances, would wish them to do to him. He will command their respect, their confidence, their esteem, their affection; here and there he may find an incorrigible fellow, who will only take advantage of his kindness, and grumble all the more the better he is treated; but in general the case will prove far otherwise, and a good master will make good servants. But this is a rule for the employed as well as for the employer. Let the workman put himself in imagination into the master's place, and say what he would then expect, and fairly expect, from his men—honesty, punctuality, steadiness, and diligence, with the very best workmanship; all these he as master would look for, all these, therefore, as servant the Golden Rule requires him to render. There has been much debating on that famous but very indefinite saying, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work." Masters are not likely to agree with the workman's notion of the fair day's wages; workmen are not likely to approve of the master's standard of a fair day's work. I do not know of any principle that will settle the dispute to the satisfaction of both parties, excepting the Golden Rule. If both masters and men would only resolve faithfully to do to others whatsoever they would others should do to them, the fair day's wages and the fair day's work would soon be de-

cided upon, to the mutual comfort and advantage of both the employer and the employed.

And, in short, in all matters of business, from the least to the greatest—from the sale and purchase of an ounce of tea, to the sale and purchase of ten thousand acres of land—from the payment of a washerwoman's wages, to the payment of a bank manager's salary—it will be found that the Golden Rule is the safest, the wisest, the justest, and the best that men can adopt. It is the great guiding, governing, balancing principle in all compacts, agreements, bargains, sales, purchases, loans, promises, and all other transactions between man and man; and little would be the distress, few would be the difficulties, insolvencies, bankruptcies, and other misfortunes, if all men would make it a rule to do to others as they would have others do to them.

In social life, too, as well as in commercial, the Golden Rule claims our allegiance; and if obeyed, only think how careful it would make us not to wound each other's feelings, not to injure each other's reputation. You do not like to be slandered; then, by the Golden Rule, I ask you not to slander. You do not like to have your faults whispered about, or blazed abroad; then, by the Golden Rule, I conjure you to hide, with the mantle of charity, the multitude of your brother's sins. And, by this rule, I implore you to forgive and to forget all injuries and offences, for every man who wishes to be forgiven is required by this rule to forgive. Every man who deprecates the revenge of him whom he has offended, is by this rule required to put revenge out of his own heart. This law teaches us to be as jealous of another's fair

fame as of our own, as lenient to another's faults as we are prone to be to our own. Yes; in social life, there is an ample range for the application of the Golden Rule. In religion, too, and in politics, this rule will teach us that we are to give those who differ from us ever so widely that credit for sincerity which we claim for ourselves; and bigotry can exist no longer in the heart, when the Golden Rule becomes the heart's law.

And, in conclusion, let me ask, What was our Saviour's own mission to the world, but the sublimest fulfillment of the Golden Rule? He did for us exactly what, in our circumstances, he would have wished some gracious being to do for him. He saw that we were sinful, that we were helpless, that we were ignorant, that we were lost; he felt that, were such his position, he would stand in need of a saviour, a sacrifice, a teacher; and, in conformity with the Golden Rule, he did for others what he would have wished to be done for him. Jesus is no mere theorist, who comes with rules and maxims teaching others what to do, and then leaving them to do it. He is himself the noblest embodiment of his own laws. He did not give us one precept which he did not himself observe; and in his self-denial, in his sufferings, in his death for sinful men, we see this glorious precept written in characters of celestial fire; and behold how he achieved that crowning victory over self to which this law conducts us—the entire surrender of all personal interest and advantage, when only by such surrender the welfare of others can be secured. Such a sacrifice we cannot make, and are not required to make; but still, “let us walk by the same rule.” The precept which we have discussed,

if it teach us anything at all, teaches us that, if we see a brother man ignorant, depraved, vicious, wretched, we should do all in our power to instruct, reclaim, and save him. Apply this principle, then, in all business matters, and in all social life; but remember, also, that it has a wider and a higher sphere of operation, to which it calls us; and it is not satisfied, its claims are not honored, unless we cheerfully give ourselves to every work of self-denial, activity, and toil, by which a fellow-creature can be blessed, in mind, body, or estate; for, as I have already said, the Golden Rule requires of us more than strict and even-handed justice—it tells us that we must be generous too. Human moralists teach us that we are not to inflict any injury which we should be unwilling to suffer; this Divine Teacher shows us that we are to confer every benefit which we can reasonably wish others to bestow. My friends, you know the rule is good. You often quote it, often remind others of it. Let us practice it. If you understand this rule, if you perceive the amplitude of its range, you will not be so foolish as to say that you have observed it, or that the observance of it is by any means an easy matter. Instead of lifting up our heads in proud self-ignorance, boasting that this is our practice, it behooves us to confess to Almighty God our innumerable departures from Christ's Golden Rule, and to ask Him to help us henceforth to keep it diligently, even unto the end.

LECTURE III.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

THAT greatest and best of all teachers, Jesus Christ, very often threw his instructions into the form of parables, or similitudes; he made the commonest facts of every-day life the representations of great moral and religious truths, and availed himself of those things which the people well knew, to teach them many things of which they were altogether ignorant. In these homely illustrations there is a great variety, answering to the variety of truths which the Great Teacher judged it proper to impress upon the attention of his hearers, upon the attention of all the world. Each parable has its own particular lesson; no one of them teaches every truth of religion; but if we take them altogether, it is probable that we shall find that every great Christian principle is represented under some one of those well-known forms. But of all the parables, that which we call "The Prodigal Son" is perhaps the most beautiful; is that to which a man, who knows that he is a sinful creature in the sight of God, will most readily turn for instruction and for comfort, because it does so gloriously set forth God's love, and his willingness to forgive, to receive, and to

bless every penitent and returning soul. This parable is recorded in the 15th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke. I shall not read it at length, because most of it will be read, verse by verse, as we proceed with our comments and explanations.

The fact upon which the parable is based is unhappily one of very common occurrence; it is one of the ordinary incidents of life, peculiar to no particular nation, to no particular age. Prodigal sons are to be found everywhere; sons like this young man in the parable, impatient of parental discipline, defiant of parental authority, determined to enjoy the world in their own way, wild, reckless, wasteful, licentious, unwilling to work, taking advantage of a father's kindness, of a father's weakness, extorting from him his hard-earned savings, and squandering the money in taverns and in brothels; and, at last reduced to want, compelled to engage in the most humiliating occupations. This parable presents us with a very graphic description of a fast young man of those times; in most respects the picture is equally true, considered as the representation and the portrait of a fast young man of the present day. But while the parable is so true, regarded simply in this light, it contains a far deeper and more important truth. It seems to speak only of an idle, good-for-nothing wastrel, who brings himself to grief by his folly and excess; but it does in reality speak of all who break away from the authority of God, and spend their lives in sin; and there's many a man who never had a patrimony to squander, and who never through extravagance and vice came to want, but who, nevertheless, is represented by

this prodigal—who has treated his Heavenly Father much after the manner in which the lad in the parable treated his earthly parent. For I think that there can be little doubt that this is the first thing that the parable is intended to teach us—that God is our Father. It commences thus, “A certain man had two sons.” That man is the representative of God; those sons are the representatives of men. We need not inquire, Whom does the elder son represent? We have now to do with the younger; and he is the representative of all who set God’s authority at nought, and follow the devices and desires of their own evil hearts. Still, God graciously calls himself the Father even of such. This youth, though a prodigal, was still a son, and was loved with all the fullness of a Father’s love. It is not said, “A certain man had two servants,” or “a son and a servant,” but “A certain man had two sons;” and thus every prodigal, every wanderer is encouraged to believe that he, too, has a place in God’s heart. Therefore, what I have first to do is to entreat every one who hears me, whatever his character, his conduct, his belief, his state of heart, to believe that he has a Father in heaven, and never to give up this belief, never to allow himself to suppose that God hates him, and is unwilling to forgive him, and to welcome him back from his wanderings. For although a truly good man, who loves God, and strives to become like Him, has special reasons for calling God his Father, still Christ, in this parable and elsewhere, encourages us all to hold fast by this principle, and to believe that God has a father’s love and a father’s blessing for us all. The prodigal, with all his prodigality, was

still a son, and would have been a son, had he been a thousandfold more prodigal than he was. This tie was never broken, this relationship never was dissolved; and, therefore I feel it to be my duty as well as my joy to say, to him who has erred most, to him who in his consciousness of guilt trembles at the thought of God, to him who in his madness curses God's name—yes, and to him who in his blindness denies God's existence—My friend, you have a Father in heaven, who loves you.

Looking at the parable from a merely secular point of view, and for a moment losing sight of its deeper meaning, it reminds us of the danger which often arises from the fact that a young man has a father, or other friend, who can and will give him pecuniary help. This youth says to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." Of course he thought himself a very lucky fellow—far better off than those poor drudges who have to toil and moil for weekly wages, and who with the utmost difficulty manage to make both ends meet. And it certainly is for some men a most fortunate circumstance that their fathers, uncles, or other relations have contrived to make money, for, if left to their own resources, they would come upon the parish very soon. But in many cases the fact that a young man has large expectations, that he has his father's reputation for wealth to draw upon, and ultimately a share of that wealth, is his ruin. Perhaps if the foolish lad in the parable had been a poor man's son, brought up to hard work, he would have behaved himself decently; but his good luck was his bad luck—his advantages became his disadvantages—the portion of goods proved a

snare to him, enabled him to enter upon that expensive career of vice which at last plunged him into such misery and disgrace. If, then, you have no such prospects, no hope whatever of obtaining a farthing from your father, don't let this in the least depress you; probably enough it is all for your good. Thrown entirely upon your own resources, knowing that only by your own hands and brains you can escape the poor-house, you will feel that labor is a necessity, and you will be kept out of a thousand temptations to which the heir to great possessions is exposed. You will never be tempted to entertain the unnatural wish for your father's death; you will not, like some, observe with horrid satisfaction the symptoms of his approaching end. You will learn to be an independent, hard working, self-reliant man; your talents and energies will be called out into constant exercise, and will wax stronger with every effort; you will find that the sweetest bread is the bread which a man eats in the sweat of his face; and you will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that you have, by dint of manly and courageous work, made your own way in the world. Many of us have great reason to rejoice that we never could say with the prodigal, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," simply because, beyond a good example, and a fair schooling, our fathers had nothing to give us. But he who gives his son these gives him enough, unless indeed that son be a cripple, either in body or in mind. Cripples, of course, need more than these; men do not. While this request of the prodigal, viewed in a secular light, reminds us that a large inheritance may be no great advantage, that

what is easily got is often soon spent ; viewed in another light, it represents men's impatience of the restraints of God's government, and their desire to do just as they please with all the bounties of God's providence. That prodigal thought that life in his father's house was too slow, too strict, too quiet, too sober—just as many think that the life of morality and religion is tedious, flat, insipid, because it does not afford the gratification of their animal passions, but requires them to keep these passions all in check, and under severe and constant control.

Well, the father did what this foolish son asked him to do. You may ask why the father acted so unwisely, so unkindly, as to entrust a large sum of money to a lad so viciously inclined. Now, you must remember that Jesus spoke to Jews, and spoke in accordance to their customs ; and I believe it was the law that the father should accede to such a demand as this, and give the son his portion when he asked for it, after coming of age ; I question whether the father could have legally refused to give this prodigal his portion. You may say, truly enough, that a wise and kind father, perceiving that such a son was likely to waste the money, would have been most unwilling to let him have it, would, at the most, have doled it out very sparingly, given him so much a week, just enough to live upon ; but if the law gave the son power to demand his share, then, of course, the conduct of the father, in this case, cannot be blamed, and need not excite any surprise. And, moreover, the conduct of the father represents God's method of dealing with men, represents this very important truth, that God

treats us as free agents, as responsible beings; that He does not forcibly prevent our sinning against Him, does not raise such a barrier as would render our wandering from Him impossible; and if men could not do wrong, there would be nothing virtuous in doing right. A dumb man tells no lies, a man who can neither read nor write does not commit forgery, and a man who is bed-ridden does not attempt burglary; but such abstinence from crime as arises simply from inability to perpetrate it, has nothing of the nature of virtue. Here we are in a state of probation, and therefore we must have freedom of will, must be in a position to do what is right or what is wrong according to our own determination. And so God gives us "the portion of goods" which, according to the arrangements of His providence, falls to us; He gives to all of us a measure of bodily health and strength, and a measure of intelligence; He gives to some of us great powers and opportunities of doing good or evil, and first telling us how we ought to act, what we ought to do with this "portion of goods," He then leaves us to our own responsibility, at the same time promising to guide and to help us in doing the thing that is right, if we will have His guidance and His help.

This fast young man was in such a hurry to be off, that, "not many days after" receiving his property, he "gathered all together," melted everything into money, "took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living." He thought it such a jolly thing to get away from all restraint, to be his own master, and, like many other young fools, supposed

that his money would procure no end of enjoyment, and would last for ever. There are many youths who are obliged to leave their father's house, and take a journey into a far country; many who come from far to this great town, in order to push their way in the world, and if possible, make their fortune; and of these, not a few, like the prodigal, forget the moral training they have received, the religious instruction to which they used to listen, the good habits in which they were brought up, and knowing that they are no longer subject to parental inspection and control, waste their substance, their time, their money, and their health in riotous living. The parable, in this respect, is an exact description of thousands of young men, who have left their homes and been thrown into the temptations of city life. The prodigal was peculiarly exposed to temptation; because he had money, he could for a time afford to be idle; and when the devil finds a man idle, he always finds him something to do. No one ever applies for a job at his shop, without obtaining immediate employment adapted to his ability and disposition. The devil never says, We are full just at present, call again—and the devil never gives any man the sack. The prodigal had money; far better for him had it been if he had entered that far country without a cent, with nothing but his hands and his brains; but he had money, and therefore he would immediately be surrounded by more hardened and experienced rakes, all professing to admire him, all professing to feel honored with his acquaintance, and all eager to share in the spoil—"Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the vultures be gathered together." Let it only be

known that a young man has money, or that he has good prospects, and he will be astonished at the number of friends who will shake hands with him, ask him to their haunts, treat him sumptuously, and flatter him to his heart's content; and this is the friendship of the world; this is the hollow, rotten, hypocritical thing which is so sentimentally toasted; this is the bird, the foul, obscene bird, whose wing, it is hoped, "may never lose a feather." Such friendship certainly has wings, and knows how to use them, too. You poor simpleton, when your friends have got all they can out of you and plucked you as bare as a goose ready for the spit, if they suddenly leave you, don't complain. "The wing of friendship has not lost a feather," and therefore friendship rapidly flies away, carrying with it, in its rapacious talons, all that it could, by flattery, by deceit, and by fraud, contrive to swindle you out of. That youth's departure into a far country, however, means chiefly this—a sinful man's departure from God, from God's truth, from God's law, from the way in which God requires us to walk. You may go into that far country without traveling a mile, for indeed that far country is very near to us. The distance is to be measured, not by miles, but by character and conduct. In proportion to our guilt, we have travelled into that far country. Some have traveled farther than others; the best of us, I fear, are on the borders of it, for the best of us are too far from God, too far from righteousness, too far from purity. Don't suppose that the young man who turns out wild, and lives fast, is the only one who has taken his journey to that far country. Many, whose lives are not at all of the

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gay and profligate sort, are nevertheless dwelling in that far country ; many of the most perverse of mortals are there, wasting their substance with riotous living, for there are different ways of living riotously. He who spends all lives riotously ; and he who spares all lives riotously too. What, you say, does that man, whom I see so regularly going to his place of business, live riotously—that man whom everybody calls a regular screw ? He has saved £50,000, but he will scarcely afford himself sufficient food ; he would think more than one pickled herring an extravagance. Is that man living riotously ? Yes, I say he is ; he is wasting his substance, he is destroying his soul, the real *substance*, the substance that must survive when all those shadows and vanities of time have fled away for ever. That screw of whom you speak, that pattern of thrift, is doing no good to the world ; he has said to the silver and the gold, Ye are my Gods. Perhaps he goes to church, is an office-bearer in some Christian congregation. Well, all the worse ; he has added hypocrisy to covetousness. The miser, the trickster, the man who cheats the public by his lying advertisements, the man who trades upon false capital—these, as well as the rake, the drunkard, the libertine, and the common thief and prostitute, are all in that far country, wasting their substance with riotous living.

“ A fool and his money are soon parted,” and therefore we are not surprised to learn that the prodigal, ere long, “ had spent all.” It is astonishing how rapidly any man can spend all, especially if he is helped by the men who have such good reason to hope that “ the wing of friendship may never lose a feather.” You can always find

plenty of people, both male and female, who will help you to spend your money, who will admire your generosity, and will call you the best fellow in the world, if you will only make a fool of yourself for their gratification. The prodigal, I dare say, thought that he could never get to the bottom of his ample purse. Experience soon made him wiser; he met with friends who, if they had no heart, had an appetite, and a very keen one, too; and so his store became "small by degrees, and beautifully less." In another verse we read that he devoured his living with harlots. No further explanation of his rapid impoverishment can be required. But "when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want." And thus does our wise Saviour remind us that the pleasures of sin are but for a season; that at the best they prove unsatisfying—"He began to be in want." But where were his friends—those who had so often feasted at his expense—those kindred spirits, who had drunk his wine, who had in flowing bumpers, merrily toasted him, who had stood round his hospitable board, and, with "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" declared again and again that he was "a jolly good fellow, which nobody could deny?" Where are they? I do not know; but this I read—that "no man gave unto him." No! "the wing of friendship has not lost a feather," and this accounts for the bird's very rapid flight. Where are those friends of his? Gone to meet some other fool coming into the far country, with *his* portion of goods—gone to flatter and to pillage *him*. Such is the friendship of the world—the club-house friendship, the pot-house friendship, the dancing-saloon friendship,

the race-course friendship. Trust it not ; it is not a dove, it is a vulture—it is a boa constrictor, which folds itself around its victim, as if in most friendly and warm-hearted embrace, but with that embrace crushes his very bones to pieces, and then greedily devours him. The wretched prodigal, thus reduced, “went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.” Looking at the parable in its merely secular aspect, for the secular aspect is not uninstructional, I think I can see in this sentence the evil results of allowing a lad to grow up without having some kind of business. I believe that the Jews wisely held it for a maxim, that every youth, whatever his position in life, should learn some trade. In this case the rule does not seem to have been observed. The prodigal had mastered no kind of business, and, fit for nothing better, was compelled to take the meanest and most degrading occupation. And are there not many young men who, if they were, like this wretch, thrown upon their own resources, would be fit for no better employment than herding pigs? Many of the swells and dandies who make such a display—just let them be obliged to shift for themselves, and your perfumed exquisite, who thinks all mechanics little better than dirt, will scarcely be fit to sweep a crossing, for mere “gentility sent to market won’t buy a peck of oats.” But, looking at the serious meaning of this parable, what are we to understand by the prodigal’s joining himself to a citizen of that country, who sent him into his fields to feed swine? The citizen of that country—who is he? He is the devil ; and he found something for the prodigal to do,—for, as I have said, he never refuses work to

those who apply at his door,—and mean and scurvy work it was. To feed swine was, according to the Jews, about the vilest and most detestable occupation in which any man could engage ; and it is therefore the symbol of the infinitely worse work that the devil provides for his servants. Feeding swine ! yes ; there are many people, who perhaps do not know that they are thus employed, when thus employed they are. That board of gentlemen, presiding over the management of the Great Sell Railway, or of that Bank, in which they have invested their joint stock of scoundrelism (unlimited), they, consulting their own interests at the expense of the share-holders, have joined themselves to that citizen, and are feeding his swine. That publican, who cares not how drunk his customers may be, nor whether their children are starving and stealing in the streets, so that he gets hold of their money ; he has joined himself to that citizen, and is feeding his swine. That tradesman who, for filthy lucre, gives deficient weight and measure, and plasters the walls with falsehoods ten feet square ; that rascally emigrant-runner, who hunts out and runs down as his game the poor unsuspecting victim of his horrible treachery ; that dissolute wretch who seeks by fraud and embezzlement to carry on his wild and miserable career—all such have joined themselves to that citizen, and are in his fields, feeding his swine and eating of the husks. Surely it is wisely written, “The way of transgressors is hard.”

But now I have to tell you joyful news of this poor miserable prodigal, “he came to himself.” Heretofore he had not been himself, he had been in a state bordering on madness, he had been acting in a manner contrary to

all the dictates of reason, he had been playing the fool. If you take the word insane in its true meaning, "unsound," you will see that many persons are afflicted with some degree of insanity. Bad men often glory in their shrewdness, they think that they are uncommonly knowing fellows; they boast that they are not to be done, that you must get up very early in the morning to get to windward of them; they are old birds, not to be caught with chaff, weasels, not to be caught asleep, old hands, deep files, chaps that know a thing or two; knaves, perhaps, but not fools, not they, indeed; you can't get to the blind side of them, they have no blind side. But here I find Wisdom itself declaring that they are not themselves, that they are, in fact, insane, with this reservation, that they are not so insane as to be irresponsible; and let a man but persist in wickedness, and he will, at last, learn that the devil has been making a fool and a cat's paw of him, that the devil's private opinion of him is that he is an ass. Happy is it when the prodigal comes to himself in time. Every sinner, sooner or later, comes to himself. If he does not come to himself on earth, he comes to himself in hell, and learns that he has been insane, that he has been pursuing a ruinous and wretched course. If there be a prodigal here, join with me, my friends, in the desire and the prayer that he may come to himself in time, that his eyes may be opened, that he may see his true character, position, and prospects as a sinner. It is well that the way of transgressors is hard, that it is hedged up with thorns, that it leads to poverty, to disease, to disgrace, to wretchedness. It was the misery to which his folly

had brought him, that first led this young man to reflection, to conviction, and to repentance. When all was gone, when he began to taste the bitter dregs of that cup which had been so sweet, then "he came to himself."

But what of this? he came to himself, he saw himself in his true character, and the sight was enough to drive him to despair, and does drive many men to despair, and they go on to still greater madness, endeavor to stifle the voice of conscience, become utterly hardened, and often finish with blowing their brains out. But this lad remembered his father and his father's house, and it was this that saved him from that danger of utter recklessness and desperation which attends the crisis in which a wicked man comes to himself. He remembered that he had a father, it was a glorious truth, his father was still alive, and he believed that his father still loved him. If he had not believed this, he would have abandoned himself to the recklessness of despair. And this is what I wish every guilty brother of mine to believe, that he has a Father, and, further, that that Father loves him, that that Father is not resentful, that that Father has not cast him off. And again I say, never give up this blessed truth, never let your sense of guilt lead you to think that your Father has renounced you, and said that you are no longer a son of his. Our Saviour assures us all, and especially assures those of us who are in the far country, who are feeding the devil's swine, that still we may speak of our Father, and our Father's house. When the remembrance of his home came strongly upon his soul, the prodigal made a wise resolution, "I will arise,

and go to my father." Undoubtedly his fellow swineherds told him it was all nonsense. Perhaps they said, "Your father is not alive now, or if he should be alive, do you think he will receive you in your rags and filth? If he should condescend to speak to you, he will ask you what you have done with your fortune; he will tell you that he has no more to spare for a wastril like you; he will tell you that 'as you have made your bed, so you must lie,' and then he will slam the door in your face, and tell you to go back and feed your swine. No, don't go, it's a fool's errand, stop a bit longer, times will mend, the service won't last forever, you will get something better to do in this country; at all events it's of no use your going to that old governor of yours, he has done with you, and a precious impudent fellow you must be to expect anything more of him." And is it not thus that a bad man's companions, yes, and his own evil heart, argue with him, and try now to frighten him, now to ridicule him, when he begins to repent, and resolves to amend? If some of the prodigal's fellow-swineherds said, "Your father is dead," if such a thought entered the prodigal's mind, do not the sinner's companions and the sinner's heart suggest the possibility that there is no God—that he has no Father in heaven? And if the prodigal were told that his father would not forgive him, the sinner's fears often tell him just the same thing. I dare say that citizen came and said to the prodigal, "What a fool you are to think of going home! you have no home; you can't better yourself; stay a bit longer, and I'll give you something to do that shall be more to your taste." And so the devil comes to his servant when

that servant is for leaving him; the devil comes and suggests that God is unforgiving, that he is too righteous to pass by transgression; or, perhaps, suggests this far more dangerous thought, that our Heavenly Father is not so severe as to be angry with us, that we may remain in the far country still, behave ourselves decently, and then at death go peacefully and happily to our eternal home! Beware of all such thoughts as these. My friend, imitate the prodigal; resolve to arise, and go to your Father, and, like him, carry your resolution into practice.

So the prodigal "arose, and came to his father." Perhaps he traveled on in fear and trembling, wondering how he should be received, thinking sometimes that perhaps he had better go back, that he would be driven from his father's door. The utmost he expected was, that he might perhaps be made as one of his father's hired servants; but whatever situation his father might assign him, he was prepared to accept it—he would not haggle about it—anything on his father's estate, any place in his father's house, was better than feeding the swine and eating the husks in that far country. So, my friend, if you resolve to return to God, be prepared for all that he may appoint. Possibly enough, in the devil's service you can make more money than in the service of God; possibly enough, when you have abandoned those false and fraudulent practices of yours, you may find it difficult to realise by honesty quite such large returns. Feeding the devil's swine is often a much more remunerative employment than feeding God's sheep; but still, the humblest position in God's service is infinitely better

than the highest in the devil's. So come along; give the devil's service up, and trust in God's wisdom and goodness. The Lord will provide; and probably even in secular things, he will provide for you better than the other master, for the devil pays some of his servants badly enough.

Whatever the prodigal's expectations were, he found them far, and very far surpassed. "While he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." *There was a welcome.* The prodigal began to say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son;" he was going on to beg a place as a hired servant, but the father would hear no more; he cut him short by saying to the servants, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found." Oh what a forgiveness was this! how free, how full! a forgiveness granted before it was asked; for the father saw repentance marked upon the countenance of the prodigal—a forgiveness which went far beyond the prodigal's utmost expectation; and the rags are exchanged for the best robe; and the feet, all blistered and cut with traveling naked over many a weary mile, are comfortably shod; and instead of the swine's husks, there is the fatted calf. "Make me as one of thy hired servants." No, no! but thou shalt sit with me at my table, and my servants shall serve thee, and attend to all thy wants. Now, why did Jesus

Christ in this parable represent the prodigal as receiving such a joyful welcome on his return? It was because he wished to encourage all men, who have gone away far from God, with the assurance that they, in like manner, shall be forgiven, when, with penitence and contrition, sick and tired of sin, they return to their Heavenly Father, confessing their sin, and asking his mercy. My friend, it is not a bare forgiveness that your Heavenly Father is prepared, for Christ's sake, to bestow upon you, he will give you his welcome, as well as his forgiveness; he is now, as it were, waiting and watching for your return, and he will meet you on your way, and speak peace to your anguished heart; and he will bring you to his house, clothe you with the robe of perfect righteousness, and set before you a feast of which your famished soul shall abundantly partake. So now, if that prodigal represent you in his folly, his sin, and his suffering, let him also represent you in his repentance, in his return, and in his joyful admission into his father's house. And may God say of each poor wanderer, in the presence of the adoring angels that surround his throne, "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found!"

LECTURE IV.

"THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING."

BEFORE we consider the prospects and probabilities of "a good time coming," and the means by which that "good time" is to be secured, it may be well to observe that, compared with the past, a good time has already come. We glory much in the progress that has been made in these modern days; and although that glorying is perhaps often carried a little too far, there is good and substantial reason for it, nevertheless; and those who know most of the past will probably be most deeply convinced that, in almost all respects, the times have changed for the better, and not for the worse. There are certainly some parts of the world in which no improvement is discoverable—some nations, whose present condition, compared with their past, gives tokens of decline and decay. This may be said of Italy, of Spain; and even of that country which so loudly boasts that it is the foremost in the march of civilization—France; we cannot say that satisfactory progress has marked her history, for, although the world is indebted to her for many scientific discoveries and useful inventions, still, after a struggle:

of nearly one hundred years, she has failed to secure the inestimable blessing of freedom, and, to her utter humiliation, she crouches at the feet of an unscrupulous despot. In this country, however, we have neither been retrogressive nor stationary. There always have been, and I suppose there always will be, men of a gloomy fault-finding turn of mind, fully persuaded that we are going to ruin. Our decline has been predicted often; and whenever any great measure, which involves some important alteration, is proposed, that measure is pronounced by the prophets of evil to be fatal to our prosperity; but still, in spite of all these melancholy forebodings, the fact is indisputable—we have advanced, and are advancing yet. There is no expression in the English language which I am more at a loss to understand, than that well known and oft-repeated phrase, “the good old times.” In what age can we discover those “good old times?” Our history, dating its commencement at the period of the Roman conquest, extends over nearly two thousand years; but within this ample scope, I do not know that we can fix upon any age, long or short, which, compared with the present, is worthy of being called “a good old time.” In the very early centuries of our history no one will think of looking for those much-lauded “good old times,” for every one knows that they were times of utter barbarism. It is almost in vain to seek “the good old times” in later centuries—centuries of feudal tyranny and ecclesiastical despotism, of extreme ignorance, of dark superstition. There were no “good times” then; in fact, it is wonderful that the great body of the people could endure their miserable existence. Perhaps they were

good times for the great barons, the bishops, the abbots, and the priests, all of whom profited by the enslavement and ignorance of the people; but the population at large had to live in such a state of wretchedness as is enough to fill us with horror; horses have far better times now than men had then. The reign of Elizabeth has been much belauded, and in some respects it is undoubtedly worthy of praise; but when we bear in mind the fact that vast numbers, of both Protestants and Catholics, suffered for their religion under her gentle sway, we can have no very happy idea of that age. Elizabeth was certainly a most accomplished person; she was well versed in Greek, Latin, Italian, and French; she was equally conversant with another language—the language of Billingsgate; and when her temper was up, which was very frequently the case, she made no scruple of swearing, like any trooper; and as to the purity of her Protestantism, you may judge of it from the fact, that she always had a crucifix, with lighted candles, in her private chapel, and was in the habit of praying to the Virgin Mary. Tyrannical as she was, her reign was looked back upon with admiration; but this need cause no surprise, for she was succeeded by such a family of fools and scoundrels, under whose mismanagement the country suffered all the evils of civil war, and, after that, was humbled and disgraced in the sight of the civilized world.

There certainly were no good old times in the seventeenth century; and do not think that, in the last, the eighteenth century, those good times are to be found. In many respects, that age was far worse than its immediate predecessor. It was an age remarkable

chiefly for its irreligion, its ignorance, its vice, its brutality; altogether, it is a period of which we have reason to be utterly ashamed. If you think that the present century is peculiarly the age of frivolity, of shams, of dishonesty, of intemperance, of immorality, you are very much mistaken. The evils of which we complain are no novelties. We find most of them, if not all of them, together with others that have disappeared, in full play in the last century; whether you contemplate the political, the intellectual, the social, or the moral condition of the country, you find little to admire, much to despise and to loathe. There were, certainly, many men of learning, many men of genius; and the English literature of the last century, adorned with the names of Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gibbon, and Hume, is of a high order; but that literature was known to but a very limited and select circle; the great mass of the people were left in profound ignorance; and literary men themselves do not appear to have had the remotest idea of enlightening the working classes. Literature and science were luxuries proper only for the upper orders—ignorant the people were, and ignorant they must remain, and in that ignorance the safety of the nation was believed to exist. Well aware that "knowledge is power," the upper classes trembled at the idea of the spread of intelligence amongst the working population. Give them instruction, they will immediately become dissatisfied, they will think themselves as good as their natural superiors, they will be impatient of all control, they will treat their employers with disrespect, they will imbibe revolutionary and leveling principles, and the

throne and constitution will be destroyed; keep the brutes in the dark, as their fathers have been kept, for once they obtain the arms which intelligence supplies, the crown, the coronet, the mitre, will be exposed to insult, landed interests and moneyed interests will be overwhelmed, law and order will be overthrown, and the mob, having destroyed the aristocracy and the middle classes, will then destroy itself. Thus was the spread of knowledge feared and opposed; it was even thought by some that it would prove a source of dreadful evil if the Bible were largely circulated amongst the people; and when the Bible Society commenced its operations, at the beginning of the present century, a learned prelate opposed the principle of disseminating the Scriptures, because the consequence of such a course would be the increase of dissent and the downfall of the Church of England, and, therefore, he maintained that the Bible alone should not be distributed, but the Bible and prayer book together—the latter, I suppose, to correct the mischievous tendency of the former. It tells as little for the intelligence as for the good feeling of the educated classes that they cherished such foolish fears, that they saw every danger in popular enlightenment, no danger in popular ignorance. A few old dotards of that school still remain, dotards who remember the time when ignorance produced such bliss, and believe that, since reading and writing became so general, the working people have become more disrespectful, more discontented, and more turbulent, that the whole country has become more democratic, that the golden age has passed away, and that the institutions of the country have been imperiled.

These idiots, however, are rapidly dying out, and the sooner the last of them takes his departure the better, for they do not belong to the present times; they have lived too long, and can never henceforth take pleasure in anything done under the sun, because the tendency of things in parliament, in the church, in everything, is more and more in favor of what they call democratic insolence and ambition, in favor of what I shall call popular right and popular progress. But the fact is, that of this improvement every class of society has partaken.

When was the throne so firm as at the present day? Not in the reign of Elizabeth herself, nor in that of her strong-willed father. When were the aristocracy in so good a position? There have been times in which the people treated them with greater subserviency, there never was a time in which they were treated with so much true respect; for many of them have made themselves respectable, and by their talents and energies, wisely and benevolently exerted for the public good, and not for personal aggrandisement, they have won the admiration and esteem of the people, and have not only a better, but a greater and a safer influence than in the days of their feudal grandeur and power. And instead of fostering infidelity and general contempt for religion, the intellectual progress of the people has made them less irreligious than in any former period of our history. This some may be disposed to question, for it seems to be considered certain that irreligion, and neglect of the house of God, and Sabbath desecration, are new sins; that now-a-days the people read their newspapers on

Sundays, and treat all ministers of religion and ordinances of religion with contempt, whereas, in the good old times, all men went reverently to church, and spent the Sunday in a truly devout manner. I think that this is a very incorrect view of the case; from all that I have been able to learn, a larger proportion of the people, and of the working people, attends the ministry of the gospel, and spends the Sunday in a rational and religious manner, than at any former period of our history, not excepting even the palmiest days of the Reformation and of Puritanism. The fact is, that in these days men can hear the gospel in every town, in almost every parish; but in those good old times of the last century this was impossible, as the ministers of religion were generally in utter ignorance of the nature of the gospel, and it was only here and there that a man could be found who told men of salvation through the atonement made by Jesus Christ. And, amongst other good old customs of those good old times, we find intemperance, and every kind of immorality upon the part of the clergy, exceedingly common; and, accordingly, Archdeacon Paley, in a sermon preached in the year 1781, after warning the young clergy of the diocese against drunkenness, warns them against fornication, in these words: "What, then, shall we say, when those who ought to cure the malady propagate the contagion? When you suffer yourselves to be engaged in any unchaste connection, you not only corrupt an individual by your solicitations, but debauch a whole neighborhood by the profligacy of your example." I quote this from an ordination sermon; it is addressed to ministers of

religion. I need scarcely say that such an ordination sermon in these times would very properly be resented as an unbearable insult. Good old times, truly, when a man of Paley's strong common sense, a man who never said a word which he did not think the case in hand required, felt it his duty to warn his brethren against drunkenness and fornication, knowing of course that they were not unusual adornments of the ministerial character in his day. But is there not more dishonesty now than formerly—more fraudulent dealing in trade, more swindling speculation than in the olden time? In these respects, we are apt to consider the present age worse than any previous one. But if you consult the numerous Acts of Parliament which prohibited adulteration; if you remember that the last century witnessed the South Sea bubble, in which swindle many of the aristocracy, and even dignitaries of the church, took part; if you bear in mind the fact at that time government bought the votes of honorable gentlemen in the House of Commons, at the rate of five hundred or a thousand pounds a-piece; and above all, if you think of the slave trade and its atrocities, the fraud and dishonesty of this age, great as they are, sink into insignificance by the comparison. I say again, therefore, that you cannot discover those good old times; that the more narrowly the past is investigated, the worse it appears; and, therefore, to talk about the good old times is all sentimental moonshine, the present age being, in every respect, better than any other that this country has seen, from the very dawn of its history until now.

But, still unsatisfied, we look for "a good time com-

ing," a better time than this. We ought to be unsatisfied, for there is much evil obstinately remaining; so much, indeed, that the most hopeful man is sometimes appalled at the difficult task that lies before us, and sometimes fears that the aspirations of humanity and religion will never be realised at all. Nevertheless, we have more reason to hope than to fear. This is one of the grand lessons taught us by the past. Heretofore there has been improvement, up to this very day—political improvement, commercial improvement, mental improvement, moral improvement—improvement so gradual as not to be perceptible, perhaps, when one year is compared with its immediate predecessor, but very visible if you take periods of twenty or twenty-five years. Studying our history thus, we perceive in each succeeding term less tyranny, less poverty, less ignorance, and less vice; and, on the whole, our path for twenty centuries has been like that of the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day, and this improvement has been proceeding at a greatly accelerated speed during the present generation; and, persuaded as I am that this progress has been ordained and wrought out by Divine Providence, I cannot feel the slightest apprehension that any evil, however strong, however obstinate, can avail to arrest it, or even to retard it long.

What then are to be the characteristics of that coming time, which we long for, which we expect, and which we venture to pronounce "good?" We have no prophets in this age, though there are many persons who aspire to the prophetic office, and speculate upon the things that are to be, most of them delighting in predicting the

doleful, rather than the happy. Some of our prophetic friends base their expectations upon their political sagacity; others, on the contrary, plunge into the prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation of St. John, and are confident that they can discern the signs of the times. I do not belong to either of these schools, nor do I place the slightest reliance upon either of them. They are often so much at variance amongst themselves, and their predictions have so often been falsified by facts, that I cannot suppose that any of them have found the key which is to unlock for us the mysteries of the future. The calculations of the political prophet are based upon so many insecure data, are liable to so many derangements, through events possible but utterly unforeseen, that his predictions are very uncertain; while the reveries of our pulpit prophets are for the most part so incoherent, that I wonder they should command the slightest credit, as they solemnly dogmatise about Gog and Magog, and the battle of Armageddon. I believe that our future is very much in our hands, that it is to a great extent to be framed by ourselves, and that it will be the result and product of what we are, and what we do. The time that is coming, whether good or bad, is a time that is now being made, and in the making of which every one of us has a share, large or small, princes, statesmen, authors, preachers, newspaper editors, merchants, operatives—all are shaping and framing the coming time. The character of our future will of course be greatly modified by circumstances beyond our control, and beyond all human control; but still it does to a great extent depend upon ourselves, in our collective and indi-

vidual action, whether that future is to be a good time or a bad. If we consider what those elements are which constitute good times, we shall see that, while much is above us, and beyond us, much is within our power, and that, although we are the creatures of some circumstances, we may be the creators of others. By good times, I understand, with most other people, times of commercial and industrial prosperity. The elements of this are not under our control, or are so to a very limited extent. An indifferent harvest, a war, or some particular line of policy adopted by foreign nations, may affect our commerce and our industry in a most disastrous manner; though still something depends upon ourselves, for trade and commerce may be injured, ruined in fact, by the folly of those engaged in it; and the commercial world has generally itself to blame for all those panics and convulsions which periodically recur. But whatever may be our commercial and industrial position in the time that is coming, the question, "Will it be a good time or a bad one to us, as individuals?" will be answered chiefly by our own individual conduct. If we are determined to be thriftless and extravagant, then whatever our advantages may be they will be lost and thrown away upon us. It is needful not only that the sun should shine, but also that we should make our hay while it does shine; and so it is of no use singing, "There's a good time coming," unless we intend each for himself to make it good. It is possible to extract some good out of the worst times, equally possible to let the very best times pass by, and get no good whatever from them. Suppose that there is a good time coming,

a period of unexampled activity and demand for labor ; suppose that our best hopes are realised, and there should come a succession of abundant harvests, many years of peace, a vast and varied trade with all parts of the world, agricultural interests, money interests, manufacturing interests, shipping interests, all in a flourishing condition, abundance of employment for craftsmen of every description, all this will do no good to the idler, to the squanderer, to the drunkard, to the fool ; such men have seen good times, but have derived not the slightest benefit from them ; and thus it will be again, for good times are worth nothing excepting to the men who are prepared by industry, sobriety, economy, and good sense to make the best of them. Thus, as I have already said, and I think it is worthy of particular notice, the goodness of the time that is coming, the goodness of all our future years on earth, depends not merely upon those great leading events which are beyond our control,—not merely upon good harvests, general peace, wise legislation, and the removal of all impediments to trade,—but also upon our character and conduct. There may spring up a favorable breeze of wind, but it depends upon the navigator of the ship whether that breeze of wind carries him swiftly and prosperously on his course. And so is it with us all ; the circumstances that surround us may be pre-eminently in our favor, but laziness, ignorance, intemperance, extravagance will make the best times bad. Therefore, let us not soothe ourselves by singing about the good time coming ; I hope such a time is at hand, but we must make it good for ourselves, by forsaking all those vices which disable men from appropriating

to their own benefit the advantages which such a time may offer.

But still, "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." We cannot have good times without good trade, or without industry to appropriate the advantages of a good trade; but to make the future really good we must ourselves be good. Good times are impossible to a bad man. We must remember the moral, as well as the secular sense of the term "good," when we speak of good times, when we hope for good times; and those are really a man's good times when he makes advancement in the cultivation of his mind in the acquisition of knowledge, and above all in the love and practice of virtue. You know the common expression, "bettering oneself." When a man leaves an inferior for a superior situation, he says that he "better himself." Now, this expression is usually confined to mere secular advancement. Let us give it a higher meaning, let us take it in its literal sense, to make oneself better—not bettering one's situation, but bettering oneself. In the Church catechism, we are told that it is our duty "to order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters," which is a very proper maxim—only let us know who our betters are; and I do not consider that those are our betters who have a much larger income and live in a grander style, but those who are morally our superiors; and therefore if every man is to order himself lowly and reverently to all his betters, there's many a rich and titled man who ought to go down upon his knees before a cobbler or a hod carrier; and most of the sovereigns of Europe ought to take off their crowns and bow to some of

their very poorest subjects. But to resume; good times, in the true sense of the expression, are inseparable from personal goodness, from the process of bettering oneself in intellect and in heart, and not merely in pocket; for in this last respect a man may better himself greatly, and yet be growing worse and worse; in fact, bettering one's pocket is not bettering oneself. If, then, there is a really good time coming, there is coming a time of intellectual culture, a time of moral elevation, a time of augmented knowledge, a time of temperance, of purity, of honesty, of benevolence and brotherly love—in one word, a time of godliness, for this includes all goodness, and without this, a period of ever so great commercial and industrial activity is unworthy of being called good; and, in spite of all the unfavorable events which may affect trade and commerce most injuriously, “there's a good time coming” for us all—and we can make it come, and come now, and continue long, if only we do but give ourselves to the cultivation of virtue, and live soberly, righteously, and godly for the remainder of our days. Those who do this always have what may be called good times, and even in the worst times seldom suffer much, having in their hearts a peace that passeth all understanding, and a joy which the world, doing its best, cannot give, and, doing its worst, cannot take away. Such men, practicing as they do, and as their religion requires them to do and inclines them to do, the principles of prudence and economy, make the good times pay for the bad, compel the summer to support the winter, health to prepare for sickness, and youth and manhood to provide for the infirmities of age—thus wisely equalising the burdens of life, softening

all its cares, and setting its anxieties at defiance. Instead, therefore, of expecting that a good time will come of itself, that circumstances over which we have no control will combine in some extraordinary way to produce an age of prosperity and happiness, I would say, let us *make* the coming time good; for its goodness to us as individuals is a matter that chiefly rests with ourselves, each man being to a great extent the maker or the destroyer of his own good times. The song, “There’s a good time coming,” will prove a true prophecy only on this condition—that we strive to better ourselves and each other. Apart from this, I would give no more for the prediction than for those in Old Moore’s Almanac. How am I to know that “there’s a good time coming?” Ten thousand times ten thousand voices joining in this chorus will not make the coming time good, will not make the assertion true. It is very possible that bad times, worse than we have ever seen, may be approaching. When a word or a gesture on the part of some imperial personage can fill all Europe with the fear of war, and cause a panic throughout the civilized world, we cannot confidently reckon upon a coming time of great prosperity. No; the only guarantee of a good time coming is to be found in our own good conduct; and we need not care what gloomy predictions may be uttered with reference to the times, if we are only true to ourselves. “There’s a good time coming,” if we do the thing that is right, and not otherwise.

But here we are, speculating about the coming time, and hoping for improvement, thinking of what is likely to be next year, and the year after, as if we knew that

we should live to see it all, whereas it may be, and with regard to some of us I am at liberty to say it will be, that we shall be removed far away and for ever from the scenes of earthly activity, and hope, and toil. It is true we ought to base our calculations, and to shape our course, on the supposition that we shall live, and the possibility of early death should never be allowed to paralyse our efforts, or to destroy our interest in our earthly future. But still, our continued life is but a matter of supposition, and "we know not what shall take place on the morrow, for what is your life?"—what is mine, what the life of the youngest, strongest, healthiest of us all?—"it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." In all our thoughts of the future, therefore, the uncertainty of life must in all reason have a share; the marvel is, that it does not almost absorb all thoughts of the future itself. There may be a good time coming for us in this world, but at the best it will be brief, and will soon pass away, even as a dream; and it is a mournful consideration if that is all that we can expect—a few fleeting years of secular prosperity, of mental improvement, of moral culture, of domestic and social happiness, and then—consignment to the tomb. Let us, therefore, give the words of the song a wider range, a nobler meaning; let them remind us of that far better time, which shall be good without any alloy of evil, and which shall endure for evermore. Yes; there is a good time coming, a good eternity coming—innumerable ages of peace and blessedness, of progress, of high and noble occupation, of true and undimmed glory. But that time it not coming for

all—not for the thoughtless and unconcerned, not for the worldly and the vicious, not for the ungodly and the profane; for such, quite another kind of time is coming—a time in which they shall receive the due reward of their deeds; to such, a terrible time is coming—a time of righteous retribution. But, happily, that time of evil may be escaped by all. The mercy of God gives us the present season for repentance, for reformation, that the good time coming may be ours. He hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. For this purpose, Christ came into the world, that through him we might live for ever, and the promise of that good coming time is made to such as, repenting of their sins, trust in him, whose death is the only, but all-sufficient sacrifice for sin. Will you, therefore, allow me to urge upon you the importance of securing for yourselves an interest in that eternity for good? To accomplish this, there is no other way,—or, lest I should seem too dogmatical, I know of no other way,—than that which I have stated. We may be virtuous; but not for our virtue shall we be so rewarded. If, indeed, we are to be dealt with in strict accordance with our character while on earth, our prospects are but gloomy, and we have much to fear, and very little to hope for. At the best, are we not unprofitable servants? If I were left to build my hopes upon what I have been and what I have done, I could find for those hopes no sure foundation. But I am right thankful to know that not for works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy, God saves us; I am right thankful to know that Christ has opened the kingdom of heaven, not to all who can

- prove themselves perfect, but to all believers; I am right thankful to know that he died, "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." Will you trust in him rather than in yourselves? Will you from this time forth be his disciples and his friends? If you will, if you do, then whatever be the aspect of these changeful times, through which we pass in this world, know that of a surety the truly good time is coming, and will come, and the hope and prospect of that good time will cheer you under all the difficulties and troubles of this mortal state.

My friends, I wish you good times here; I hope that you may have much temporal prosperity, that trade may revive, and, conducted on sound and sober principles, continue to flourish, uninterrupted by those crises which have heretofore been so fatal to our secular interests; I sympathise with your desire for good times, in the commonest sense of the expression; I will not say that such a desire is vain and sinful, and the token of undue worldliness of mind; I trust that by frugality, industry, perseverance, and other secular virtues, you may be enabled to make the most and the best of the good times, if they come. But, at the same time, I must express my far stronger wish, that you may, through repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, receive glory, honor, immortality, eternal life, for these constitute the good time coming, without an interest and a part in which, life, with all its toils, its hopes, its successes, and its enjoyments, is a miserable failure.

LECTURE V.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

BEFORE the end of this week another year will have commenced ; and, in accordance to the time-honored custom, I very heartily wish that the new year may be to every one of you a happy one—a happier one than you have ever yet seen. The year which is now drawing to a close has certainly not been remarkable for happiness ; the latter half of it has been a period of almost unexampled calamity and distress. In the summer, the news reached us of the frightful outbreak in India, and our hearts were saddened by the reports of the atrocities perpetrated on our countrymen, their wives, and their children. In October came that commercial crash which has brought down so many mercantile houses—deprived so many widows and orphans of their all—thrown so many thousands of the people out of employment—and revealed such disgraceful and shocking immorality in the world of business, as shows with terrible force that the love of money is indeed a root of all evil. The year certainly closes in gloom and sadness. We can scarcely call this a merry Christmas ; to the country at large, it is the least merry of all that.

most of us have seen ; yet, in the midst of this widely-spread distress, there is much to be thankful for. Happily, the back of the Indian mutiny has been broken, through the almost unparalleled exertions of our brave countrymen ; while at home, the winter has so far been one of extraordinary mildness, so that what out-door work was to be done has not been suspended by reason of severe frosts. There is room to hope that things will, before long, look a little brighter, and that the new year will be a happier one than this. But the happiness of the new year to us, as individuals, depends almost entirely upon ourselves ; if we would be happier than we have been, we must become better than we have been. At any time it is a good thing to "turn over a new leaf," if we can ; but the beginning of a new year is a time peculiarly appropriate to such an object, and therefore I have chosen this old saying as my motto this afternoon.

To "turn over a new leaf" is a proverb which means to reform—to take to a better course of life than that which we have hitherto been pursuing. If we will but faithfully examine our character and conduct, I think most of us, indeed all of us, will find that there is reason for "turning over a new leaf." Look at what stands recorded on the old leaf ; is it satisfactory ? will it bear investigation ? No ; you know very well that the old leaf is disfigured by many mistakes and many sins ; there is ample room for improvement, and it is high time that the improvement was begun. Next Friday morning, a clean page of time will be placed before us all, and it is for us to decide what shall be written on

that page; and to remember that, with all previous pages of our history, it too will be scrutinised by Omniscience, when, at the last, the judgment is set, and the books are opened, that every man may receive according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil. Let the record on this new leaf of time, then, be better than that which stands unalterable on the old leaves, and in which no erasure can be made; surely the time past may suffice to have wrought the will of the devil, to have walked in folly and in sin. The present season of the year is generally consecrated to mirth, to eating and drinking, and jollifying. The newspapers, faithfully reflecting the public mind in describing the preparations for Christmas, lead us through the markets, and point out the pigs and the turkeys, and take us past the grocers' shops, that we may behold and admire the elements of plum-pudding. Christmas, in fact, seems to mean just this—a grand feed, and a jolly good spree. It appears to be an institution which has a great deal more to do with our stomachs than with either our intellects or our souls. On New Year's day, every one seems to be remarkably well pleased; I really don't know why. The fact that we are so much older, that we have one year less to live, does not appear to me capable of rendering much satisfaction to a thoughtful man. Next Friday, thousands will be so glad that they are so much nearer to their graves, that they will go and get drunk on the strength of it. But, though perhaps as destitute of the enthusiastic Christmas spirit as any man in the world, I have no right to find fault with people for being merry; it's all right; but remem-

ber the old saying, "be merry and wise." Combine with the mirthfulness of the present season, that serious thoughtfulness which the season has a right to suggest, and which the season really claims. Don't inaugurate the new year with a spree; the wisest way of spending New Year's day is to spend it in sober reflection on the past, and good plans and resolutions for the future.

There is not one of us who has lived so well as to be incapable of improvement; there are some of us who must feel, or at all events ought to feel, that in their case, to "turn over a new leaf" is a very desirable thing. Let me in the first place urge the man who has been neglecting the cultivation of his mind "to turn over a new leaf." The ability to read is happily now very general; but the question, Can you read? being answered in the affirmative, there is another, of equal importance, What do you read? A man may read from morning to night, get through volume after volume, and yet acquire no information, become no wiser, do himself no good: on the contrary, he may do himself a great deal of harm. The trashy sentimental tales, which form so very large a portion of the people's reading, have a decidedly injurious effect; they fill a man's head with very foolish notions; they very often pander to his worst passions; they consume a large amount of time, and they altogether unfit the mind for those manly books which alone are worth reading, which alone can yield information worth having, which alone can discipline the intellect, and have a humanising and moral influence upon the heart. In this matter let me ask the devourer of foolish, not to say immoral, tales "to turn over a new

leaf." I do not mean to pun upon my text, but really, if you wish to be a well informed man, you must turn over very different leaves from those which have engaged your attention; you might as well expect to be a strong man by living on the thinnest water gruel, as think of becoming vigorous in intellect, by reading funny or romantic stories. It is a great misfortune to have contracted such a habit; it is not easy to get the better of it; but, unless you are content to be an ignoramus and an ass all your days, you must get the better of it. Now just try; make a resolute effort; if you have been reading such wishy-washy, namby-pamby stories about counts and barons, with flashing eyes and dark brows, falling in love with fair ladies—if you have been reading that sort of moonshine, just try to do without it for the next six months at least, and read about the actual busy world you live in, with all the treasures of its histories, its biographies, its natural sciences. If you wish to gratify your love of the marvelous, you will find "truth far stranger than fiction." Read not nonsense, but common sense; take to hard-headed reading, that will require thought and suggest reflection; and just leave the foolish stories to the fools for whose special use they are written. Lolly-pops and gingerbread are for children, not for men.

In the next place, let me beg of the extravagant and improvident man to "turn over a new leaf." I have said so much on this point lately, that I dare say I shall repeat myself; but until a truth is believed in, and reduced to practice, it can scarcely be too often forced upon our notice. Reckless extravagance is one of the

greatest evils of the times. It seems to pervade all classes of society, and it has been one of the chief causes of the unwise and immoral trading which has led to the present smash, in which a great many persons are going to pieces, who ought to have gone to pieces long ago, who never were any thing but pieces, patched up and held together by low cunning and false credit. It would be easy to mention the names of men over whose fall every honest man must rejoice, and who it is to be hoped will never be allowed to raise their scoundrel heads again in the commercial world. It is very much to be regretted that the law, which sends a poor wretch to gaol for stealing an old rope, or attempting to pass a bad shilling, deals so mildly with the merchant blackguard (for there are merchant blackguards, as well as merchant princes), who plays the thief to the tune of £100,000 or more. Talk of the swell mob—the chief members of that honorable body are not the men who prowl about the streets picking pockets and robbing shops; you will find them in counting houses, in banks, on railway boards, on the exchange; you will find them sitting in town councils, and even administering justice on the magistrates' bench; sending poor rascals to gaol for 14 days, while they themselves deserve to be sent to gaol with hard labor for all eternity, and one day more. Comparatively few people are content to live within their means; there is such a spirit of low, disgusting snobbishness that men try to ape their betters, and to forget as soon as possible their humble origin. So, believing that money will make aristocrats of them, they manage, by hook or by crook, (and both are far from straight,) to get money, or

what looks like money, and set up in grand style, just to tumble down again, and get well kicked for their pains. People call them mushrooms, they are not half so good; call them toadstools, and then you name them rightly. But the extravagance which abounds in these upstarts exists in a less degree amongst other and more respectable classes of society. It is very common amongst young men, who receive what they consider very limited salaries, and think it their duty to live in a style which their salaries won't afford. They say they must appear respectable, and so they proceed to rob their tailor and their landlady, and even their poor washerwoman, in order that they may *appear respectable*. Now, *to be respectable* is, I submit, a better thing than *to appear so*; but you cannot be respectable if you are in debt; to be in debt, though it is the fashion, is one of the most unrespectable things in the world, and it has a most demoralising effect. "Lying rides on debt's back," and "It's hard for an empty sack to stand upright." If you are not ashamed of being in such a state, I think you are lost to all sense of shame; I wonder you are not too proud to run into debt, to enable the tailor, and the shoemaker, and the washerwoman to point the finger of scorn at you, and look down upon you with contempt. Rather than be dunned, I think I would walk the streets with neither a coat nor a hat; I do confess that I am so proud, that I believe dunning would soon be the death of me. Perhaps you don't care about it; no, a mean-spirited wretch never does, and I tell you you are mean—miserably mean; you are as shabby as a hat that has been worn for half a century in a rainy climate, if you

can stand the degradation and infamy of being in debt. Come now, it is time to "turn over a new leaf;" the first thing to be considered at Christmas, by an honest man, is not plum pudding, but the payment of his Christmas bills. If you are a man of honor, you will pay them at once, or at all events as soon as ever you can; and if you can't pay them at once, then, let me ask, why you ever contracted them. What moral right had you to run up bills without a very good prospect, if not a certainty, of being able to pay them? If you don't pay them forthwith you have broken faith, for it is an understood thing that they should be paid now. This should be one of the first items recorded on the "new leaf"—Paid in full all my debts—tailor paid—shoemaker paid—butcher paid—landlord paid—washerwoman paid—everybody paid, and I am a free man! That's the style to start with on the "new leaf;" and if you are able to do this, and don't do it, you are acting unjustly and with meanness. Go to Coventry, and stay there, and don't attempt to lift your head in decent society. "But if I can't pay bills, how then?" Well, if I were a creditor, I would, first for my own sake, and secondly for your sake, see whether you can or not; I should dun you for my "little account," until, if you have any shame at all, you would make at least an effort to pay; perhaps I should lose a customer, well, the loss would probably be a gain; the custom of people who don't pay for what they get is not very much to be coveted. The Bible, which, while it instructs us on the weightiest matters that can occupy our thoughts, condescends to regulate our secular life, tells us to "owe no man anything." In the complexity

of modern business, this cannot be literally carried out, it is true; but the spirit of the injunction is—"keep out of debt as much as possible," pay when payment is due; be prompt and punctual in all your engagements, and make no engagements which you cannot promptly and punctually meet. Let this be our rule henceforth—inscribe it on the top of the "new leaf"—"Owe no man anything." Whatever our means are, let us strictly live within them. "A ploughman on his legs is better than a gentleman on his knees." Let us clear off old scores, then, exercise self-denial, pinch ourselves, all but starve ourselves, if so we can get out of debt, and keep out; let us always "cut our coat according to our cloth," and not, as many people do according to some other person's cloth; and so they have that other person *down upon them*, and serve them right. A wise economy, let this be a feature of the "new leaf"—retrenchment wherever it is practicable. I do not quite agree with the proverb, "let your purse be your master;" but if it be not your master, let it be your counsellor; when you wish for anything, consult your purse, ask it what it would advise, and take its advice as decisive against all extravagant desires.

As to the intemperate man, it seems almost a mockery to ask him to "turn over a new leaf" just now, because I know very well what he intends to do next Friday; he'll get fuddled, as sure as Friday is the sixth day of the week. A New Year's day and not a jolly good spree! why it seems quite irrational to be sober on that day above all others. He must wet the new year, and drink its health, of course; he would expect no good luck all

the year through, if he did not honor its advent in the usual style. I am afraid there will be no "turning over a new leaf" in his case; only the continuation of the same dirty, scratched, and bloated leaf, with its dismal record of insobriety and all the consequences of intoxication. No, he will go on as he has done; he won't forsake the convivial meetings to which he has been accustomed, and which are his chief joy; he will sing his songs and drink his bumpers, and the flowing toast shall go round, until the room seems to be going round; and he won't go home till morning, and then he will be taken home in a cab, or perhaps be taken somewhere else by Policeman X, 497. At all events, he has been a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny, and a jolly good fellow he will be still. Now as to this very favorite expression—"a jolly good fellow," I'll tell what in my humble opinion is the English of it; a jolly good fellow means generally "a jolly big goose;" and I have somewhere seen this proverb—"the king of good fellows is appointed for the queen of beggars;" a very proper match. I dare say that the "jolly good fellows," if any of them have honored me with a visit this afternoon, will call me a "muff," and a "maw-worm;" a "canting parson," a "poor fool," that does not know anything of the world, and has never seen a bit of life; for no one sees life that does not see their sort of life; life is to be seen only in the public-house, life is to be enjoyed only when one is out of his senses, and begins to ramble in his speech, and talk thick and spoony. Well, never mind, the "jolly good fellow," in the morning, when he is not "jolly," but more the other thing, knows very well that what I say is

true—that he is a “jolly big goose;” that he has been making an ass of himself, that it is his common practice to make an ass of himself; and he knows that it’s time for him to “turn over a new leaf;” that the old leaf is a very dirty one, with very bad writing on it; how can a man write when his head is ready to split, and his hand trembles as if he had the palsy? Yes, splitting headaches—trembling hands—blue devils—a purple nose—business going to ruin—one customer after another dropping off—debts increasing—home neglected—poverty coming on apace—the pawnshop resorted to—health shattered—mind enfeebled—a craving, burning, unsatiable appetite for “liquid fire and distilled damnation.” My friend, you know it’s time to “turn over a new leaf;” have pity upon your family; have pity upon your poor miserable self; what will those jolly companions of yours care for you when all is spent? they will be the first to spit upon you, and turn their backs upon you; talk about good fellowship, it’s bad fellowship altogether, a miserably bad fellowship, that needs to be cemented with intemperate conviviality. Better have no fellowship at all, than such fellowship as this:—“he who lies down with dogs, will rise up with fleas.” Now next Friday, being the first of January, will be a great day for the jolly good fellows; a still greater day however for “mine host,” who will supply them with their tippie, and “whose well known civility it is trusted will ensure him a large measure of public patronage.” Now will you, my friend, for once spend New Year’s day in a rational, and not a ridiculous manner? I wish you for your own sake to begin the year well; to “turn over a new leaf” at last; and

through the year, let there be no more of these jolly good sprees. If you are a man in business, attend to your business, for if you don't keep it, it won't keep you; business sticks to a man only as long as he sticks to business. If you are a working man, stand by your work, and begin by working on New Year's day; that is, if you have work to do. I expect to be at work all that day, and why should you be idle? For the future spend your evenings at home, where you know they ought to be spent, and not in the public-house; let the "new leaf" contain no items of either time or money put down to the account of intemperance; try strict sobriety for a year at least, and see how it suits your health and your pocket, and your head and your heart, and your family and your reputation; and I think that, once you have tried this "new leaf," you will never be inclined to go back to the old one.

And now, if I may be allowed to approach the ill-tempered man, though it is rather dangerous to do so, I would respectfully submit the propriety of his "turning over a new leaf." By an ill-tempered man, I mean a noisy, angry, resentful person; a man who is very easily put out of the way; whose "monkey is soon up," and who makes all about him, especially his own family, exceedingly uncomfortable, by his peevish, morose, and wrathful disposition. Such a man often quarrels with his wife, and, forgetting that he is a man, strikes her, kicks her, and shamefully abuses her. Such outrages against common decency are of course almost always results of intemperance, on one side, or on both; there are men so brutal as to spend all their wages in drink,

and then, going home, they knock their wives down, because they don't furnish them with food and everything else they may require. Now,

"Whatever broils disturb the street,
There should be peace at home."

Sometimes there may be great provocation, especially if a man's wife drinks; but it is only the *sober* husband who has a right to complain of this. It won't do for "the pot to call the kettle black;" "One ass ought not to call another long ears." If you can't resist the bottle, you ought to have pity on your wife's infirmity; "A fellow feeling should make you wondrous kind." But there is no provocation that will justify a man in laying violent hands upon his wife. It is about the very basest thing a man can do; and, rely upon it, the ruffian who does it is a dirty, sneaking coward. He who strikes a woman, has not the pluck to strike a man. But there are words that are worse than blows. Angry, surly, and unkind speeches may wound more painfully than a sword; and there's many a man who would disdain to use his hands, who would never forgive himself the unmanliness of such an outrage, but who thinks that, while he abstains from this, he may say cutting and bitter things, which are far harder to endure, which are indeed more cruel than a beating. An old proverb says very sensibly, "An angry man is the devil's delight." Come, then, "turn over a new leaf;" why should you make yourself and every one about you miserable? Try to be good-tempered and patient; to bear and forbear; to forget and forgive. No more cross looks and cross words; make home a scene of cheerfulness and harmony; give up

growling, for growling is fit for bears only; give up snarling, for snarling is the language of curs. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

There is a large class of persons, belonging to all ranks of life, who are the slaves of the very vile habit of speaking very vile language. They are given to what the Scriptures call "filthy talking;" they can scarcely speak of anything, without giving utterance to some low, obscene, dirty, or profane expression. In the most flippant manner, they take the name of their Maker, and of Christ, in vain. It is not only when they are excited and angry that they speak thus; they do it in cold blood, when there is not the slightest provocation; in fact, it is a habit so confirmed, that they scarcely know when they swear. Now, apart from its profanity, this habit is utterly senseless; no sort of excuse can be offered for it; men commit other sins under the influence of some temptation; but in this case, there is nothing to tempt. The filthy talker has not a word to say in his own defence. Now, as a friend, I ask him to "turn over a new leaf," and to abandon this habit; and for his encouragement, I would say that I believe it to be a habit which can easily be abandoned, for it is a habit backed up by no passion or propensity of human nature. I am sure the filthy talker will admit that his practice is exceedingly disgusting and immoral. Let him remember that "the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." Let him remember God's greatness; let him remember God's goodness; and then say whether it is not an intolerable thing, that a man should lightly

take that glorious and awful name upon his lips—that name which angels never utter without the deepest solemnity and reverence. It is a very common practice for masters to curse and swear at their men; they seem to think they cannot get their work done, unless they storm away and rage. Now this is a great mistake; bad language never gets good work done: it may make a man angry, it will never make him industrious. The men see that the swearing master is out of temper; and the moment this is the case, the men are masters. Men won't be abused; or, if they appear to submit, they will take their change out of the master one way or another. Firmness combined with kindness will obtain from men an amount of work which angry bluster never will. The habit of filthy talking is very common amongst young men. It is considered almost an accomplishment; a mark of high spirit; a proof of knowledge of the world; an evidence that a young man has nothing of the saint about him, and an evidence of this it certainly is; but it is also an evidence of a shallow understanding, an empty head, and a vicious heart. Since it is so senseless and so immoral, would it not be well to give it up? Let us hear no more of it; in the name of common decency, put a stop to it, and let there be no bad language on the "new leaf."

There is a considerable number of tradesmen, too, who would do well to "turn over a new leaf;" to give up their mean and miserable trickery. I often see in the newspapers, the names of persons whose weights and measures are false. I am thankful to the newspapers for giving their names; and I ask you to mark them; to

abstain from dealing with them; and, in plain English, I ask you to do all you can to drive such rascals from the town. One common trick is to have a piece of bacon under the selling-scale; I suppose the idea is, that if it be discovered, the excuse may be made, that it is quite an accident; the bacon happened to be lying on the counter, and stuck to the scale; but, curiously enough, the bacon never sticks to the side in which the weight is put; the bacon is always against the customer. Now I hold that if ever any man is even once convicted of this, or any similar dirty trick, it is a positive sin, as well as a great piece of foolishness, ever to go to his shop again. It's time such a fellow was shut up; he is a thief of the lowest and most cowardly grade. As to the flaming advertisements, which promise so much, it is a wonder that any one is soft enough to believe them. Surely a man's common sense must tell him that, when a tradesman professes to be all but giving away valuable goods, he is not to be believed. When I see in the papers a vast space left blank, and in the centre of it a small but vehement advertisement, as I look at the disproportion between the space and the advertisement, I conclude that there's very little in it; that as there is more blank than print in the advertisement, so there are more blanks than prizes in the concern advertised. But as to the artful dodges resorted to, they are almost innumerable; some of them are very ingenious—most of them are very dirty. If it be necessary to adopt them, in order to make business pay, all I can say is, that the sooner an honorable man gets out of such business the better. I shall be told that I know nothing about it; well, I don't

know much; it would require a long apprenticeship to put one up to all the moves; but I do know this, that dishonesty in every shape is an abomination; that lies, whether white or black, are bad; and since the white lies are often more cowardly and sneaking than the black ones, I think they are the worst lies of all. If money cannot be made on the highest principles of honor, then let it not be made at all. "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" And by dishonesty, persisted in, he certainly will lose his soul. Among the mercantile classes, fraud has discovered itself on a gigantic scale. It's time to "turn over a new leaf," I think, in our commercial morality.

Once more, let me address those who have not been in the habit of spending the Sunday in a wise and profitable way. I am not one of those stern and rigid Sabbatarians, who frown upon a Sunday walk as a dreadful sin. So far as a Sunday walk in the country is beneficial to the health of the working man, who has been pent up in a shop all the week, and who lives in some dirty den, which the light and air of heaven can scarcely reach, I say, by all means enjoy your Sunday walk; I believe it will do you good, in body and in soul; it is a most rational and a most Christian manner of spending part of the Sunday; *what* part, it is not for me to prescribe. But the care of the body is a religious duty, and there are thousands in this great town, to whose health a walk in the country, or on the shore, practicable on no other day, is an invaluable blessing. Instead of asking God's pardon for taking it, rather thank him for his goodness in enabling you to take it. But your soul requires

religious instruction, and therefore let me entreat of you to frequent the house of God, where such instruction is administered, and where you may unite with others in the delightful work of prayer and praise. I make no attempt to proselytise you to my church, or to any other in particular; I leave this entirely to your conscientious convictions, and do not wish to bias you either one way or another. There is truth in all churches; perhaps there is error also in them all; but wherever they teach that Jesus Christ came into the world to die for us and to save us, there you will find the truth which is most important for you and me to know. In "turning over a new leaf," then, don't forget the Sundays; let them be well spent, not in listless idleness, not in pleasure-taking and dissipation, but in such engagements as will give health to your body, instruction to your mind, and comfort to your heart.

I now conclude the fourth year of these Sunday afternoon addresses; the favorable manner in which they have been received, the earnest attention which they have commanded, and the good results, temporal and spiritual, which if I chose to speak of them I could show have been produced, call for my deepest thankfulness to that kind Providence which has enabled me so far to persevere, and which has put into my hands these opportunities of attempting to interest and to teach my fellow townsmen. While health and strength are graciously vouchsafed to me, by him who is the Father of all our mercies, I shall continue in this work, for I feel an unabating interest in it; and your attention is an ample recompense for the labor, not always small, of preparing to meet so vast an

audience as congregates within these walls. I am sure you will allow me to convey to the gentlemen who have kindly placed this hall at our service, your cordial thanks, together with my own, for their continued liberality. And now, my friends, standing as we do on the verge of this departing year, and almost on the threshold of another, I pray that God Almighty may bless and keep you all—you and your families; that in his good providence brighter days may soon dawn upon those whom the present distress so heavily afflicts; and that those brighter days, spent rationally and virtuously, may all be consecrated to His service. Receive His gospel; trust in His love; manfully bear up under every adversity; nobly struggle against every temptation. I wish you many years of happiness and virtue; and when your day of life is done, and you sink into the sleep of death, may God “make you to be numbered with his saints, in glory everlasting!”

LECTURE VI.

TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

EVERY body knows what is meant by "Number One." "Number One" is self, and taking care of "number one" is therefore taking care of one's self. Now to take care of one's self, to be mindful of one's own interest, is so natural and so general a practice, and a practice which often assumes such offensive and contemptible modes of operation, that you may perhaps suppose that, if referred to at all by a man who wishes to instruct and benefit his fellow men, it should be referred to only to be condemned, and held up to execration. But there is a right way as well as a wrong way of taking care of "number one;" and to take care of "number one" in the right way is every man's highest duty. The plain fact is, that the main burden of the Scriptures is to tell us how to take care of "number one," to guard us against mistakes in taking care of "number one." If they tell us to do this, and not to do that—to believe such a thing, and not to believe such another thing—it is chiefly that we may wisely and successfully take care of "number one." Many persons fall into great mistakes with regard to this matter; they are intensely selfish, and yet, instead of

securing their self-interest, they in their selfishness ruin themselves. Some take no care at all of "number one;" others are very careful, but their carefulness is misdirected; they take care of only a part of "number one," and generally that part which is of least importance; they do not seem to understand what "number one" really is; and if they do not understand this, they can scarcely be expected to take a wise care of "number one." Now "number one" is a compound creature; "number one" consists of body and soul; I do not wish to understate, nor do I wish to overstate, the importance of either, but certainly there is no wise care taken of "number one" unless the interests of both are consulted; and further, the interests of the soul are more important than those of the body, for several reasons, but chiefly for this reason—that it is indestructible, that it will survive the body, and live on for ever; at least such is my belief, and such I take it for granted is yours also. This doctrine of immortality is not founded upon a desire to live for ever; in fact, there are many who have no such desire, who very much dread immortality, and to whom it would be a relief to feel certain that death is annihilation, that the soul perishes with the body. But the expectation of immortality, whether accompanied by hope or by fear, is one of the deep and ineradicable instincts of human nature, wherever man is found; excepting perhaps in some cases in which he is most shockingly degraded by ignorance, he is found to possess this instinct. I do not know, indeed, that any clear case has been established of any people utterly destitute of it; and in proportion as men are intelligent and civilised, this instinct is strong

and well defined. Moreover, its correctness is strongly confirmed by the testimony of reason; a sound and impartial judgment ever gives its verdict in favor of it; in addition to this, that book which I believe can be proved to have "God for its author," and which therefore must have "truth for its matter," proclaims it to be a fact, that the soul is to exist for ever in a state of consciousness, and in happiness or sorrow accordingly as we have or have not taken care of "number one." So this taking care of "number one" is, you perceive, a very important matter; the subject of this afternoon's address is very extensive; it has its secular aspect, it has its religious aspect also; it has much to do with time—more to do with eternity. Taking care of "number one" means much more than providing food and raiment, and all other comforts of the present life; that is taking care of only a part of "number one," and the inferior, because the perishable part. It is ridiculous to say that a man takes care of "number one" if he does no more than this; such a man is "penny wise and pound foolish;" very careful about the odd coppers, altogether careless about the silver and the gold. Let this, then, be distinctly understood, let the nature of "number one" be considered, let it be borne in mind that "number one" consists of two things, body and soul, and that to care of "number one" aright, a man must take care of both these, especially the latter. Further, I think it can be shown, that, in taking proper care of either of these elements of "number one," we are inflicting no damage on the other; a wise care of the body and its interests tells in favor of the soul and its interests; and, in like

manner, he who is most careful of his soul adopts the course which is most likely to be advantageous to his secular welfare.

"Taking care of number one" is an expression generally applied to things secular; a care of the body and the interests of the body. Very well; let us first consider it in this sense. It is every man's duty, his religious duty, to take care of the inferior element of "number one." Perhaps, you say, that there can be no necessity for urging this upon any man; of course every man will take care of "number one" so far; however unmindful of "number one's" highest interests, every one but an idiot will see to it that "number one's" body shall be well looked after. I may very much wish that such were the fact, but it is not so; it is very far indeed from being so. If men did thus take care of "number one," there would be scarcely any illness, comparatively few early deaths, and hardly a pauper in the land. Secularism!—verily, a wise secularism is one of the great wants of the age. Most men, with all their selfishness, don't seem to know how to take care of themselves. Instead of taking care of "number one," their chief object is to gratify "number one;" now, if "number one" is to be taken care of, it must not be indulged with the gratification of all its desires; it must often be denied, held in check, or it will soon destroy itself. If you would take care of "number one," it is of prime importance, it is of absolute necessity, to be temperate. Intemperance, in its most common form of intoxication, is one of the most determined enemies of "number one." The very word "intoxicate" tells us this; for, as I had

occasion some time ago to observe, when lecturing on "Words," this word "intoxicate" means neither more nor less than to poison; always bear this in mind—to be intoxicated, is to be poisoned; and a man cannot poison himself again and again without feeling the effects of his suicidal conduct. In taking care of "number one," then, you will take care not to enter the public-house, the gin-shop, the beer-shop, unless you are absolutely necessitated to do so. It's *all up* with "number one" when he takes to the bottle. If "number one" allows this dreadful appetite for drink to overcome him, then "number one" must suffer in health and strength, in food and raiment, in reputation, in every thing. But by temperance, I mean much more than freedom from intoxication; temperance implies the restraint of every passion; all manner of dissipation must be carefully avoided if you would preserve "number one." The secret of a strong, healthy manhood, is a youth of sobriety and purity. He who lives fast, must die fast. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked." No! God certainly is not mocked; there is no evading His laws; obey them, they will preserve you; violate them, they will destroy you. Whatever a man soweth, that also shall he reap, and "he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." Suicide, far from being a rare crime, is one of the most common under the sun. Those who kill themselves by blowing their brains out, hanging themselves, or drowning themselves, or taking prussic acid, are comparatively few; but among the number of suicides we must reckon the thousands, the myriads, who kill themselves with what they call pleasure. All vicious

indulgence is heavily reckoned for at the last, "for though God comes with leaden feet, he strikes with iron hands." If upon all the tombstones in our places of sepulture the whole truth were inscribed, some very startling facts would be revealed; no small proportion of those monuments would be found to mark the graves of persons who, in one way or another, had killed themselves. The Word of God and our own good sense require us, imperatively require us, to keep our bodies "in temperance, soberness, and chastity;" need I say that this is absolutely essential, if we would take care of "number one?"

If "number one" is to be taken care of, we must also take care to be industrious. If "number one's" father, or somebody else, has already taken care of him by providing for his wants, then industry is not imperatively required, although "number one" will never be the worse for active employment. "If you don't want work for food, you will want it for physic," says an old proverb. But, happily—I say happily, and not unhappily—for most of us, we must eat our bread "in the sweat of our face," if we eat any at all; and we have no time to throw away. A working man in full employment, and good wages, will find all his work no more than enough to secure for himself and his family the common comforts of life, and to make a small provision for old age; yet, of all men, I must say the working man seems to think that he has most time to spare. Merchants and tradesmen cannot afford to keep Saint Monday—never think of such a thing; they know that they must be at their post every day, and in all the hours of business.

Now, the working man who intends to take care of "number one" must take care of his Mondays, and his morning quarters, and take care never to go on the spree—"number one" can't afford this. The fluctuations and disturbances of trade so often compel men to short time, as to render voluntary short time altogether inexcusable.

We are now passing through a crisis, which I think ought to teach us the necessity of being industrious when work can be had. The present depression, it is generally feared, will last a considerable time, and be productive of much misery; but a time like the present may be turned to good account—may be of greater service than a time of great prosperity, of full employment, of high wages; we may learn something from it—we may be the wiser in consequence of it. To speak of the cause of this distress, or propose any remedy for it, is not my province—I do not understand the subject, I leave it to men of business; but it certainly seems to me to teach us all this practical lesson—"to make hay while the sun shines." I shall not ask whether we have done this in prosperous times that are past—whether then working men, knowing that such prosperity could not last forever, made the most of their opportunities. I do not wish to speak one reproachful word to the man who now, pinched with hunger, remembers that when he might have worked, he idled his time away, by losing quarters, wasting Mondays, going to the races, and in other ways; but let us learn a lesson for our guidance in the future. These bad times will pass by, and be followed by another period of activity. When that period arrives, let us put into

practice the lesson which our adversity ought to teach us. I am too well aware that, in many cases, to tell a man to be industrious *now*, is only to mock him; most willingly would he work, but, let him look where he will, he cannot find a job at any price. I am afraid that "number one" will in many instances be compelled to apply to the parish for relief, or to depend upon charity. There's no use in making a row, getting up a bread riot, or anything of that sort; every disturbance of the peace is not only wrong, but ruinous—it will make bad worse. I need not enlarge upon this point; the working men have, I trust, far too much good sense to suppose that any violent demonstration can be of the slightest service in alleviating their condition. The patience and manly fortitude of the people, under circumstances of depression almost amounting to starvation, are beyond all praise. Try to bear up a little longer; the laws of England will allow no man to starve. However heavy the rates may be, they must be paid, and the rich must by law share the burden with the poor. But let not this lesson be forgotten; let this gloomy winter put an end to wilful idleness, to all reckless loss of time. When work becomes plentiful again, stick to it—make the most of it—get all you can out of it; work like men, from Monday morning until Saturday evening—six days, aye, seven days, if you can get overtime. Resolve henceforth never to waste the Monday; a man ought to be fresher for his work on that day than on any other, and will be so, if he spends the Sunday in a rational and Christian manner. Resolve to have no more spree at Christmas, New Year, Easter, and Whitsuntide. Never mind the races—stick to your

work. The season of renewed prosperity, which certainly will come before very long, will say to all men, "Now is your time, here's another chance for you." Don't lose that chance, like past chances; it, too, will soon slip away, and be followed by another period of disastrous failure like the present. But if "number one" won't work hard and constantly in good times, he must expect to be very miserable in bad times.

In taking care of "number one," it is necessary, also, to practice a very rigid economy. Just at present, I dare say, economy is compulsory on many; but it is an indisputable fact, that as surely as the times improve, the public houses are thronged, and the most wilful extravagance immediately sets in again. The question is not simply, What does a man earn? but also, What does a man save? or rather, What can a man save? If a man's strength and skill can command more money than is necessary for the supply of his daily wants, and the wants of his family, the surplus is the gift of God's kind providence, and ought most certainly to be husbanded against the hour of need. The desirableness, the very great desirableness, of laying up for a "rainy day," will be admitted by all; the possibility of doing so, I know, will be denied by some. However, there is nothing easier than to say I can't, but I can't often means I won't. There is a little word which contains much wisdom: that word is *try*. Let me ask the man who pronounces it impossible to save anything, whether he has honestly and perseveringly tried to save, and if he says, I have tried it, and found it out of the question, I would further ask, What sort of a person is your wife?

for a great deal depends upon that, I must admit. If we will but deny ourselves luxuries, and do away with other artificial wants, few of us, in good health and constant employment, will find it impossible to live at least a little within our means. And even in providing the necessaries and comforts of life, there is an extravagant, and there is an economical method; one great point is ready money; no going on tick. People must pay more, and ought to pay more, when they get things on credit, than when they pay cash down; the things are in fact lent, and the tradesman is a fool if he does not charge for the loan; he, as well as the customer, has a right to take care of "number one." Great facilities are offered for buying on credit, but rely upon it, it is, for a working man, a most mischievous system; avoid it by all means; never mortgage your wages, unless under the most severe pressure of bad times. By the exercise of self-denial in purchasing only what we really want, and by the exercise of discretion in making such purchases, something may perhaps be saved; and if it be only three pence a week, it is not to be despised. Large wages with extravagance, will not go anything like so far as small wages with economy. The question of expenditure is as important as the question of income; there are many men who know how to get money, but have no idea how to keep it. It all goes, week by week; it is all eaten and drunk, often before it is earned. When "number one" is properly taken care of, he always has a shilling in his pocket, after all his debts are paid—always.

Now, from all that has been said, if what has been

said is correct, it must be very clear, that although the art of taking care of "number one" is supposed to be understood and practiced by every one, it is an art very rarely understood, and still more rarely practiced; the intemperance, the licentiousness, the idleness, the extravagance, that are so general, are all proofs that men, with all their selfishness, do not take care of "number one," but serve "number one" most shamefully. The man who is his own enemy, is a man whom you meet with every day. Our motto may appear rather a selfish maxim, but there is a measure in which it is very wise and very proper. Society groans under the evils that result from an excessive care of "number one," from such a care of "number one" as withdraws all sympathy from "number two," and every other number; but I think that society also groans under the evils that result from the opposite extreme; from self-neglect, from improvidence, intemperance, idleness, and extravagance. Therefore, I say, do take a wise care of "number one;" don't be selfish; at the same time, remember the lawful claims of self, and the fact that when "number one" does not take care of itself, it must impose itself upon society. Be strictly sober, be chaste, be industrious, be economical, take care of your health, of your work, of your wages, and so you will take care of "number one," in a secular sense at least.

But now, suppose all this done, is "number one" taken care of fully? Not at all. The man who takes care of "number one" thus far, and no farther, is a fool; he is pronounced so by no less an authority than God himself; for there was a rich man who hardly knew what to do

with his wealth, but at last resolved to pull down his barns and build greater, when God said to him, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." He was a very wise man in the estimation of his neighbors; God declared all this worldly wisdom folly. Not long ago, a merchant died worth about \$30,000,000; he had commenced life, I believe, as a porter, and, by his industry and ability, had risen from step to step, until he was the owner of such a prodigious fortune. His career and character were reviewed by some of the newspapers, and he was extolled as an example worthy of imitation, a model for our young men of business. Now, there, you will say, was a man who knew how to take care of "number one." Thirty millions of dollars! Was ever "number one" better provided for? Wait until you hear the sequel. That man, with nearly \$5,000 a day, believed that he was in a state of utter destitution; it is said that he hired himself to be his own gardener, and was paid so much a day; and it is also asserted that he used to be driven in his carriage every week to receive out-door relief from the poor-law guardians; he died, I suppose, in the belief that he would be buried by the parish, and that was the end of his taking care of "number one." And that man's case was not at all singular; it is a very common result of intense selfishness, and the continual and constant pursuit of money. The history of Liverpool, the history of every commercial community, furnishes similar examples. I was told, the other day, of a successful man of business, worth \$150,000 or \$200,000, who was so afraid of being starved to death, that he drowned himself. That's a

precious way of taking care of "number one," is it not? But these, you will say, though not rare, are still exceptional cases; well, exceptional they are; yet, supposing he does not go mad with the money fever, still, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Taking care of "number one!" my friends, it's all nonsense to talk about it, if all that is taken care of is a man's body and estate. I have given to this secular care what I think you will admit is its full measure of importance; I have advocated it, pressed it upon your attention as a matter of duty, but I should not be dealing fairly with you, or with my subject, if I left the matter resting here, and wound up the "taking care of number one" in such duties as are related to health and secular plenty. But "number one" is a creature endowed with an intellectual and a moral nature; and "number one" is not taken care of unless these departments of his being be well attended to, and made the most of.

Taking care of "number one," therefore, implies education; the acquisition of useful knowledge; the cultivation of the intellectual powers. However rich a man may become, if he continues in brutish ignorance, he has disgracefully neglected "number one." If you would take care of "number one," you must not only work industriously at your trade, and be economical and provident in your expenditure, you must also read; you must avail yourself of the many facilities which are offered by a cheap press and public libraries; and you must read the right sort of books; not twaddling novels, much less books of an immoral tendency, but works containing solid

information—history, travels, science, and such miscellaneous literature as will invigorate and humanise your nature. I have spoken of “number one’s” body and estate, I now ask you to take care of “number one’s” mind; don’t let that go all your life long uninformed, in darkness and ignorance, when so many opportunities are afforded of obtaining for it not only gratification, but improvement. And, further, when “number one’s” mind is taken care of, it will do a great deal towards taking care of “number one’s” body and estate, for “knowledge is power.” If “number one” is ignorant, the probability is that he will be poor, and poor for life. But altogether apart from the pecuniary advantages which knowledge generally affords, it yields pleasures of a pure, refining, and ennobling character; the pursuit of it occupies the mind, refreshes it, strengthens it, and gives it wondrous power to drive its cares away; and if intellectual culture has not a directly moralising tendency, it is thus far in favor of sound morals, that it fills up the leisure hours which might otherwise be given to dissipation. There are thousands who spend the evening in the public-house and the “free and easy,” not so much because they are desirous to go to either the one place or the other, as because they have nothing else to do. They have no intellectual tastes, no employment for the mind, and the time hangs heavily upon their hands. And now, if in these bad times you cannot get work, you will have more leisure for reading until the times improve; you can take care of “number one’s” mind, at all events, and gain knowledge, if you cannot gain money.

But however well-informed a man may become, “num-

ber one" has a moral as well as an intellectual nature; and his moral nature especially is to be taken care of. "Taking care of number one" is an expression which, in its highest signification, must include taking care of "number one's" soul; for this, as I have already remarked, and as every sensible man will admit, this is the best part of "number one." The time will soon arrive when all other care of "number one" will be felt to be as nothing compared with this. Neither wealth nor knowledge, however great, will compensate for the lack of this. If you do not believe in your immortality, I have no time now to argue the point with you; but if you do, you will acknowledge that your soul has a right to be cared for, has the first claim, and not the last, upon your care, for the soul is in peril in consequence of sin. It is not fit for the purity and the joy of a heavenly state. It must be set right with God and with itself. Therefore, when I say take care of "number one," I mean take care of "number one's" immortal interests; of "number one's" prospects for a life beyond the present. Am I to live again, do you ask? Oh yes, my brother, you are to live again; it is your inevitable destiny. You are to live again, if there be any truth in the deepest human instinct, in the most vigorous human reasoning, and in the book which most of us, I dare say, believe to be from God. You are to live again in glory or in shame; in happiness or in sorrow. And I appeal to your common sense to say, whether any man is taking care of himself aright, whatever care he is taking of his body, of his estate, of his intellect, if he is taking no care about the future life; taking no care that it shall be a life of the right

sort, and not of the wrong sort; a life with angels and good men, and not with devils and scoundrels; a life in the brightness of God's presence, and not in the darkness of eternal despair. How is a man thus to take care of "number one?" I believe the way to be very simple; you may differ from me; you may be sceptical; still you will allow me to give my opinion; an opinion which I do not hold alone, which I do not hold in common with weak and superstitious people only; but an opinion, or rather a deep, strong, most firm conviction, held by ten thousand times ten thousand of the wisest and the best of men; and that conviction is, that a man takes care of his soul, when he takes care to believe and rely upon the mercy of God unto eternal life, through the merits of Jesus Christ, who came into the world, not to condemn it, but to save it. And further, the soul is to be taken care of, by taking care to shun and to hate all sin; every thing morally wrong; all intemperance, all impurity, all untruthfulness, all uncharitableness, all evil passions and vile affections, which all war against the soul. No godless, vicious man is in reality taking care of "number one;" he may be industrious, he may be economical, he may be rich; he may have his \$30,000,000; he may be intelligent and well-informed, the world may think him a model of wisdom; but the man is a most consummate simpleton. With all his selfishness, he has not taken care of himself, since he has left his soul to take its chance; and not even inquired what that chance really is, and whether the odds are not very heavily against him. Probably he has taken care of every thing else; he has made his will; he has pointed out how his estate, his house, his

furniture, are to be disposed of ; and the poor fool has never given a serious thought to the question, "How am I to be disposed of—I myself, this much loved 'number one?'" Surely "man that is in honor and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish!"

Take care of "number one," then, by all means, but take the right sort of care ; consider what "number one" is, and what kind of care it calls for at your hands. Take care of "number one's" body and estate, by temperance, by chastity, by cleanliness, by healthful exercise, by abstaining from all excess, by industry, by economy, by a wise investment of what you may be able to save. Take care of "number one's" intellect, by feeding it with wholesome and not unwholesome food. And, though I mention it last, it is not because it is least, for indeed it is far the greatest, take care of "number one's" soul, by trusting in the mercy of your God, through the merit of your Saviour, and by walking in that path of truth and purity and goodness which God approves. Thus, and thus only, can we take care of "number one." So then, whenever we hear this common expression, and whenever we make use of it, let us consider well its extensive import, and the great practical truths, secular and religious, which, when rightly understood, it must suggest to every thoughtful man.

LECTURE VII.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

THERE is in the world a good deal of false economy, which turns out in the end to be great and ruinous extravagance. There are many people who believe that they are laying out time, and money, and effort to the best advantage, when in reality they are squandering them in the most wasteful manner possible. There are many old sayings which illustrate this mistake, and put us on our guard against it. For example: "To lose a sheep for a halfpenny worth of tar;" "To spare at the spigot, and let out at the bung-hole;" "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost;" to which I add, as the shortest and most exact description of the error which we are about to discuss, the proverb, which I have chosen as the motto of this lecture, "Penny Wise and Pound Foolish." The conduct indicated by these proverbs is far from uncommon. There are some people who are both penny foolish and pound foolish, or rather, who are so foolish with their pennies, that they never have pounds to be foolish with at all; people who have no notion whatever of economy and thrift, who live from hand

to mouth, and, whenever they get money, spend it with the utmost possible despatch. For such folk this lecture is not intended; the penny foolish I must for the present leave in their folly. I wish to speak to the penny wise, and to guard them, if I can, against the mistake of becoming pound foolish; I wish to speak to those who really have some idea of saving and economical habits, but who very possibly mistake the cheap for the dear, and the dear for the cheap, and so lose all the benefits of their industry and their toil.

Sometimes we find "the penny wise and pound foolish" principle illustrated on a very large scale by Government. The "collective wisdom," hereditary and elected, often shows itself to be but a "penny wisdom," saving a little and losing much. For example: it makes something in the Excise department, by licensing such a multitude of beer-houses; but every man must be perfectly aware that the loss to the country, arising from the intemperance, the idleness, and the extravagance nurtured by the beer-house, is immeasurably greater than the entire amount which the Excise yields to the revenue. For while the money loss is great, this is the smallest item; there is a loss of comfort, there is a loss of industry, there is moral deterioration, there is ignorance, there is brutishness, there is crime—all encouraged, all to a great extent produced, by the beer-house system. Then think of the paper duty; I believe it returns to the Government a little more than a million; in hard cash; but it is a heavy tax upon the spread of knowledge, upon the communication of thought; it interferes with the mental and moral culture of the people; we put

down to its credit a million ; if we could put to its credit ten millions, there would be a heavy balance against it, in the fact that it is a barrier to national enlightenment, and therefore most injurious to national morals—a most flagrant case of “penny wise and pound foolish,” and one which it is to be hoped public opinion will soon compel Government to correct.

And now to come to another, but not unimportant, illustration of our motto. I would observe that many people are “penny wise and pound foolish” in the matter of educating their children. Very often boys are taken from school just at the time when they are really beginning to learn something, when they are capable of making progress, and when the rudimentary instruction of earlier years has prepared them to advance. At the age of twelve or thirteen they can earn a trifle of money, earn possibly enough to keep themselves in food and clothing. In some of the manufacturing districts they can be set to work much earlier ; and I have seen little things of six or seven years cooped up in hot and dusty rooms, and kept there until seven or eight o'clock at night, to the ruin of their health, as well as the impoverishment of their minds. Of course there is a temptation, and, when parents are very poor, a strong temptation, to compel children to earn their own bread as soon as possible. But it is very false economy to do so ; it places an almost insurmountable barrier in the way of a lad's advancement in the world. A wise parent therefore will, I think, do all in his power, and, if need be, make great sacrifices, to keep his children at school beyond the years of mere infancy. Out of school, that

boy of twelve could earn perhaps three shillings a-week ; but don't suppose that in school he is earning nothing. There, if the school and the boy himself be good for anything, he is earning what is worth a great deal more than three shillings a-week ; he is furnishing himself with that knowledge which must be his capital when he enters on the business of life. So much arithmetic learned every week, so much geography, so much history, so much geometry, algebra, natural philosophy, grammar—all this, earned every week, is worth a great deal more than the three shillings which he could get as an errand-boy. To deprive him of all this, is to make a terrible sacrifice, is certainly to act in the "penny wise and pound foolish" style. Therefore, if you can avoid it, do so ; if, by means of any self-denial, you can keep your son at school until he reaches the age of fifteen, you will have no reason to regret the exercise of such self-denial, you will be amply repaid for it. Even if he should not live to profit by his education, or if, through his misconduct in after-life, he should disappoint all your hopes, still you will have the consciousness of having discharged your duty to him, of having done your best to make him a prosperous, useful, and respectable man.

Sometimes the "penny wise and pound foolish" principle is exhibited in the choice which people make of a place to dwell in. All our large towns, and this town certainly as much as any other, abound in houses—if houses they can be called—which are not fit to be the abodes of beasts, but are, nevertheless, densely inhabited by men, women, and children. The problem, How to crowd the largest number of human beings into the

smallest possible space, has been as triumphantly solved by our architects and builders, as by our grave-diggers. The narrow, dark, unventilated, undrained, unwholesome, dwellings of the poor are a reproach to us, a shame and a misery to behold; all that municipal authorities and boards of health can do is unavailing to make these wretched abodes as healthy as they ought to be; they are, and they must be, the haunts of pestilence and death. There are some whose unavoidable poverty leaves them no other resource, than to shelter themselves in such abominable kennels; there are others whose intemperance prevents their obtaining better homes; there are many whose love of dirt leads them to prefer these tumble-down hovels. But an industrious man who can earn tolerably good wages need not imprison himself there; it is very false economy for him to do so; the cheap and nasty house is dear at any price. When a good commodious house in a healthy part of the town, or in the suburbs, is to be let, it is generally advertised in terms which set forth all its advantages, and in which the truth, and even a good deal more than the truth, is told respecting it. I should like to see an advertisement which should deal faithfully with another class of habitations. It would be to the following effect:—"To be let, immediately, a house, situated in the most insalubrious locality within a circuit of fifty miles; this most eligible dwelling forms a part of a court, exactly two yards and a half wide; it is so well sheltered that neither light nor air can reach it; it is destitute of all the conveniences and decencies of life; in its construction the utmost care has been taken to render it in all respects as injurious

to health as possible. The house is largely stocked with various kinds of vermin, and the neighborhood is celebrated for its bad smells and stagnant gutters. The landlord is prepared to prove that the premises have not been cleaned for the last eighteen years; the last tenant buried four of his children in the space of six months, from which it will be seen that it is a highly desirable residence for a man with a large and burdensome family. Amongst the advantages which the above premises command, it may be stated that there are nine gin-shops within fifty yards of the door, three pawn-brokers on the opposite side of the street, and a coffin maker's establishment just round the corner. The society also is very select—there being, on an average, two man-fights and five woman-fights every week, with other agreeable entertainments to vary the monotony of existence. N. B.—There is no gas-light in the court, and no Bobby has been known to venture into it for many months.” “Penny wise and pound foolish,” I think, to live in a house like that, if you can avoid it, unless indeed you are particularly desirous of injuring your health, and shortening your children's lives.

An extra florin or half-crown a week, where a working man can possibly spare it, is not thrown away, but right well and wisely spent, in securing a clean, healthy, comfortable house, where there are good sewerage, good air, daylight, and a plentiful supply of cold water, and where the decencies of life can be observed. Of course, however good a house is, and in however healthy a situation, it may be comfortless, and comfortless it will be—dirty, disorderly, unhealthy, in all respects miserable

—if not managed aright; but still, the most careful internal arrangements will avail little, if the house and its situation are bad; and I believe that many a working man's wife, who in a decent house would keep things all tidy, is so discouraged by the difficulty of keeping a bad house in a bad neighborhood decent, that she gives the task up in despair. By all means, if possible, let her have a house, and not a den, a sty, to keep clean, otherwise, what is saved in rent by taking this beastly hovel, will be lost in other ways; and therefore I would respectfully urge upon working men to obtain the very best habitations they can afford, since bad houses are injurious to health and to morals too. It is very hard to be good anywhere, but it is especially hard to be good in a house which by its construction and its situation is of necessity dark, dirty, and unwholesome. I do not say that if the wretched, drunken, dissolute inhabitants of some of our courts and alleys could be transported to some district containing well-built, airy, cheerful, healthy houses, they would be altogether converted by the change, but I do believe that they would be very greatly altered for the better—that they would become more susceptible of good impressions—that they would be far more likely to become virtuous and godly people, more likely to listen to the Gospel, and more likely to live the Gospel; certainly their bodily health would be improved, their lives would be lengthened, their children's morals would not be so exposed to corrupting influences; and, altogether, I do most thoroughly believe that good dwellings would go very far towards improving the character and condition of the people in almost every

respect. It is a matter of thankfulness to see that the attention of good men is turned to this subject, and that efforts are being made to furnish the working people with comfortable houses; but the working people themselves must second those efforts, by doing all in their power to encourage the building of the right sort of habitations—by being prepared to take them, even though they should cost a trifle more than the dirty pest-houses, the living tombs, of the dark and narrow courts.

The “penny wise and pound foolish” principle is often illustrated by the system on which many people act in almost all their purchases. I have often spoken of the rage for cheap things, which seems to be the order of the day. Under the shelter of this word “cheap,” the vilest trash, in food, in drink, in clothing, in furniture, in implements, is sold in enormous quantities. Perhaps there is not a more delusive word in our language, for, generally speaking, the cheapness of an article is the result of deterioration; in proportion to its cheapness, is its nastiness, its worthlessness. What you buy *dirt cheap*, usually is dirt. I have heard of a gentleman who went into a great clothing establishment in London, and bought himself a suit, at a remarkably low figure. He was delighted with his purchase, and next morning sallied forth for his office in the city, dressed in his new toggery, and pleased to observe how well it fitted him, and how becoming it was in all respects; but he had not proceeded far, when first one seam and then another gave way; in a few minutes, he was in rags, and was compelled to take refuge in a cab, and be driven back in confusion to his lodgings, convinced that he for one had been “penny

wise and pound foolish." In one way or another, I dare say we have all of us made a discovery of the folly which prompts people to patronise the *dirt-cheap* system. It is always the most expensive in the long run—for a good article will always command a good price; and that which is very low in figure, proclaims itself low in quality as well; and many of the things that are paraded before the gaping public as extraordinarily cheap, would really be very dear at any price. I often see advertisements headed "Great Bargains!" What am I to make of such an announcement? for a bargain may be good or bad. Our friend who bought the clothes which fell to tatters in the street, had a very great bargain, but a great bad one. If the advertisement were headed "good bargains," there would be some sense in it; though even then it would remain to be decided whether the good bargain was on the side of the customer or of the shopkeeper, and I incline to think it is generally in favor of the latter; at all events, in this puffing age, when, of a multitude of shopkeepers, every one declares that his is the best and cheapest house in the trade, that his stock is unrivaled in the world, that he is selling off to make alterations in the premises, and that such an opportunity seldom presents itself, &c., it may be well to remember our old proverb, lest, enticed and tempted by such promises, and by the fine appearance which, by various artful dodges, is given to every vile piece of trumpery, and especially to the vilest, we should discover, when too late, that we have been "penny wise and pound foolish."

I often see this pound folly and penny wisdom in the salaries given to servants. It is a point with many

people to get a person to do this or that work at as low a remuneration as possible, and the consequence often is that the work is badly done. Sometimes the salary is so small that the poor recipient of it is tempted to act dishonestly, and abscond with his master's money, taking ten times the amount of his salary at a slap. It is not a good system; it is not profitable; it is not safe; it is not creditable. Where a man does his work well, I should think the surest plan is to encourage him, by dealing with him in a generous, and not in a niggardly spirit. It may often be in a servant's power to promote or to injure his employer's interest, and therefore it is well to identify the interests of both as far as practicable. Scripture says, "The instruments of a churl are evil;" which I would venture to interpret very freely thus: the servants of a churl are not persons to be depended upon; "but the liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." Liberal treatment is not thrown away upon "the right man in the right place;" it will pay best in the long run; it will save a man from bunglers, from idlers, and from rascals (a very desirable salvation I should think); it will make him quiet and easy in his mind, and relieve him of a thousand anxieties and fears, if he knows that he has really made it worth a good man's while to serve him diligently and well. And men of the right stamp are not to be picked up any day, at any street corner; they are so difficult to find, that it is of no small consequence to keep them when you have found them. Of course there are higher principles than that of mere self-interest, which ought to prompt an employer to deal liberally with those in his employ; but,

to take it on the lowest ground, it is for his own interest to act thus. What he might save in wages by employing persons of an inferior mental and moral standing, he will lose in other ways; he will probably lose far more, and find, to his sorrow, that, in dealing with clerks, with craftsmen, with foremen, with captains and officers of ships—with the employed in all departments of business—there is such a mistake, and a costly mistake, too, as being “penny wise and pound foolish.”

We see this error very frequently and very miserably illustrated in the investment of money. By dint of long and severe struggling, a man is enabled at last to save something. It has cost him much self-denial and much care. “Penny wise” he certainly has been—adding by little and little to his store; and now, what is he to do with it? A hundred schemes present themselves, all very plausible—all promising a safe and large return—all demonstrating ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty per cent. as certain. There are snares formed to entrap the wasteful, thoughtless, prodigal man; and to rob him at once, before he has accumulated as much as a week’s wages in hand: there are also snares, more cunningly devised, to entrap the industrious and the thrifty; and, consequently multitudes of such persons have had every stiver cruelly swept away, and have passed their old age in poverty and want, rendered all the more bitter by the reflection that their suffering is the result of their credulity, in trusting to the flattering tales of scheming scoundrels. It is difficult to know what to advise, unless we give this one counsel—that in proportion to the return that is promised, the scheme is to be suspected. The

swindling speculations are always the most brilliantly colored—always have a most plausible appearance, and hold out the most attractive bait. It is better to leave speculation to the men who can afford to lose money; those who have to depend upon a little should try to be content with a small but certain return, and should run none of the risks which a great per centage usually involves. At all events, there are only too many sorrowful facts which prove that, after all a man's penny wisdom in making a little money by honest industry and economical habits, he may be the deluded victim of pound folly in the choice of an investment for his savings. "All is not gold that glitters" in the speculating world; nay, I should say, the more glittering there is, the less gold in general. There is an old saying, to the effect that "if you take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves." Seldom do we meet with a more foolish proverb; the pounds require even more care than the pence, because they are more sought after by the crafty, and there are greater temptations offered for their unsafe investment.

But now I shall suppose the case of a man who has fallen into none of those "penny wise and pound foolish" mistakes which I have described. He has not been tempted by the trifle of money his sons could earn, to remove them from school so early as to spoil the process of their education, and unfit them for making advancement in the world; he has not risked his own health, and that of his family, by living in a dark, dirty and unwholesome house; he has not, for the sake of a low rent, submitted to the abominations of a vile dwelling and a vile neigh-

borhood; he has not been deluded by the plausible word cheap, but wisely regards the Cheap John as the dearest of all tradesmen, and suspects that a great bargain is a great thief; he has not been so foolish as to adopt the niggardly policy with those in his employ, but, with a true knowledge of human nature, has secured to himself good servants, by paying them well; nor has he been taken in by any of the swindling speculations of the age. Whatever he has put his hand to has prospered; in large transactions equally as in small, he has evinced prudence, knowledge, sagacity, and success has crowned all his efforts in life. Penny wise, and pound wise, too, he seems to be; and every one has the highest opinion of his practical good sense. Well, after all, he may only be penny wise; he may be to the fullest extent, and in the most important sense, pound foolish; for this proverb refers not to money alone. Every man is "penny wise and pound foolish" who is wise in the smaller affairs of life, and foolish in the greater and the greatest. If the acquisition and wise investment of money were the principal thing for which a man exists, then such a paragon of success might be regarded as a paragon of wisdom; but whether men will believe it or not, the acquisition and the investment of money, however wise and profitable the investment be, really is not the main design of our existence in this world; and I think that I can show that this model man of business, though penny wise, which I am by no means inclined to deny, is pound foolish after all, and pound foolish perhaps in several respects.

For, suppose that in his intense application to business he has injured his health, and this is no uncommon case;

there are many who, in their great anxiety to prosper in the world, undermine their constitution, sow the seeds of fatal disease, and bring themselves to a premature grave. To act thus is, I think, to show oneself "penny wise and pound foolish." Such a man is penny wise, for he makes money; but he is certainly pound foolish, inasmuch as he incapacitates himself for the enjoyment of the fortune which he is so intent upon realising. Or, suppose that a man's thoughts are so engrossed by his money-making schemes, that he has neither time nor inclination to think of anything else. He sacrifices all mental improvement, all acquisition of knowledge, all intellectual pleasures to his one great object—that of becoming a rich man. I should think that in that case also he must be pronounced "penny wise and pound foolish;" he is preferring the less to the greater; he may wax very wealthy, but if he continues an ignorant creature, insensible to all refined enjoyments, deliberately devoting himself to the business of a miser, until he can find pleasure in nothing else, he is just making a fool of himself, with all his apparent shrewdness. He is penny wise, but there is no coin that can express the magnitude of his folly. If, moreover, this his greediness of gain has hardened his heart, and made him indifferent to all but himself, a close-fisted, hard-bargain-driving man, near, niggardly, and mean, so that he is feared by his dependents, hated by his equals, despised by his superiors, so that nobody has any reason to love him, to respect him, to care whether he lives or dies,—for he has made no sorrowful heart glad, relieved no wretchedness, done no good in the world,—then I think that his penny wisdom has ripened into pound folly.

Still more is this the case if his thirst for gain has prevailed over his moral principles, and led him into crooked and dishonest paths, and general worship of the devil, and if, in taking such mighty care of his secular interest, he has altogether neglected his soul.

I read in Scripture this description of a man "penny wise and pound foolish":—"The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully. And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do, I will pull down my barns, and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. And God said unto him, Thóu fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee, and then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." There are many such men, men careful, prudent, saving, with regard to the present life, whose selfishness culminates at last, and reaches its climax in utter neglect of themselves. It is curious to think that a man will exercise the utmost anxiety to have all his property carefully handed over to his relatives and friends; nothing is omitted, nothing left to take its chance; from his landed estate, worth one hundred thousand pounds, to his old boots not worth ninepence, every item of his property is willed this way or that; but as to his soul's future welfare, and what is to become of that, he feels not the slightest concern. This, I submit, is the very extreme form of the "penny wise and pound

foolish" principle, especially if the man is not an infidel, but a person who does believe in a judgment to come.

I have heard of a millionaire who, on his death bed, was entreated by a friend to leave some money to build two or three churches for the benefit of the town in which he had risen from the very sweepings. "Churches!" exclaimed the expiring old wretch. "Build churches! Why, I have several pews already that are not let." The last days of misers are indeed fearfully illustrative of our motto, "Penny wise and pound foolish." In fact, however shrewd, however keen, however successful a man may be in life, and however intellectual in his tastes and pursuits, however extensively and accurately informed he may be, in any case indifference to religion proves him to be but "penny wise and pound foolish." Another of the sayings of Him who spake as never man had spoken before, or has spoken since, will set this matter in a clear light at once: "What shall it profit a man, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" To argue upon this question would be absurd; all, without a moment's hesitation, pronounce that the only answer that can be given to it is this, that such gain, at such a cost, would be a dead and unutterable loss, a shocking bad bargain for any man, a most flagrant case of "penny wise and pound foolish." Yes, that's what every body says—every body, excepting perhaps an infidel, whose infidelity goes so far as to deny the immortality, perhaps to deny even the existence, of the soul. All but he at once exclaim, This question admits of but one answer—to gain the world, and lose the soul, would be to the uttermost unprofitable. I only

wish that all men acted in accordance to this conviction, but what do we see? Why, this; that, not for so tempting a bribe as the whole world, but for some poor infinitesimal fraction of the world, men exchange their souls. One runs the risk of losing his soul, rather than not gratify his lust; another runs the risk of losing his soul, rather than abstain from excess in strong drink; and another says, Let me have money, and my soul may take its chance. When I consider for what a paltry amount of gratification some men lose their souls, I cannot call them even penny wise. I do not know of any coin, in any currency, small enough, worthless enough, to be the representative of their wisdom; nor did ever a piece of gold come from any mint large enough to express their folly. Not penny wise and pound foolish, not even farthing wise, but more than a thousand pound foolish, are such men. The devil is very shabby in the bargains which he makes with these poor fools; he would not give Judas Iscariot more than thirty pieces of silver for his soul, and he has bought many a man for less. If he gave them a pretty large share of the world, and of worldly enjoyment; if he gave them riches, and health to enjoy them; pleasures, and a physical constitution to resist their debilitating effects: even then it would be a miserably losing game, to jeopardise the soul for one moment for such a consideration; but poverty, and ill-health, and weakness, and shame, and shortness of days are more generally the wages of sin even in this world; the fact is, it is not a question of gaining the world and losing your soul—you won't gain it. Christ asks, What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole

world? but he knew full well that the whole world cannot be gained, that the sinner gains but a poor little morsel of it with all his striving; and for this little morsel of the world, what a fool a man must be to imperil his future, to run the risk of eternal and irreparable loss! And it is not the miser alone who is doing this, but every man who prefers the pleasures of sin, of any kind of sin, to a sober, righteous, and godly life.

And now will you each ask yourselves, Am I in any respect "penny wise and pound foolish?" There are many other ways of fulfilling this character besides those which I have pointed out; but what I have mentioned are common specimens, common illustrations of the principle. If we are parents, let us not be "penny wise and pound foolish" in the treatment of our children, and their training for life. If we are poor, still let us not be "penny wise and pound foolish" in dwelling in houses unfit for human habitation, if we can possibly dwell in better. In all our marketings and purchases let us be on our guard, lest the delusion of apparent and so-called cheapness betray us into a "penny wise and pound foolish" outlay of money. If we are employers, let us not illustrate this treacherous principle in our treatment of those whom we engage to work for us. If we have been enabled to save anything by our toil, let us be careful, lest "penny wise and pound foolish" investments rob us of our hard-earned treasure. Above all, may we shun that penny wisdom and pound folly, that minimum of wisdom and maximum of folly, which prefers sin to holiness, time to eternity, earth to heaven, and the body to the soul.

LECTURE VIII.

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

I DO not know to whom we are indebted for the saying, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." I have heard its origin ascribed to John Wesley. It is a maxim worthy of the sagacious founder of Methodism. I have no doubt that, in his continual intercourse with the people, he found that, next to the devil, dirt was about the most formidable enemy to his great reformatory work. Drink and dirt are the devil's foremen; he pays them liberally; their wages are thousands of bodies and souls—men, women, and children; and they do their master's work diligently, faithfully, and effectively. They are at it night and day—these two demons of the pit; drink working in the beer-house and the gin-palace, dirt working in every narrow street, every dark alley, every ill-ventilated court, every badly-built house, every close, unwholesome workshop, every damp cellar, every open drain, every crowded graveyard. Ministers of religion, schoolmasters, town missionaries, and Scripture readers are, with more or less diligence and earnestness, trying to overthrow the devil's kingdom; but the devil points to his two foremen—drink and dirt—and laughs and snaps his fingers at all

our efforts. I believe that the devil hates the Gospel and dreads the Gospel; I believe that he also hates and dreads soap and water. He is no great admirer of churches; as little does he admire public baths and wash-houses. *He* knows that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and that a plentiful supply and application of soap and water would do very much towards the overthrow of his dark and horrible dominion in the world. Last Sunday we had a look at the operations of one of the devil's foremen—drink; this afternoon I shall take a peep at that department of the devil's work of which dirt is the "gaffer" [master]. And here, at the outset, let me remark, that if you think it is too high praise to bestow upon cleanliness to say that it is next to godliness, you must remember that the word cleanliness has a moral, as well as a physical signification. This moral sense of cleanliness often comes out in our commonest forms of speech; as, for example, when we say that "our hands are clean," meaning that we are innocent of this or that sin; and when we say that such or such an act is a "dirty trick;" and when we apply the term "foul-mouthed" to a man who is in the habit of swearing and uttering obscene language. In all such cases, and in many more, we recognise the moral, and not merely physical, sense of cleanliness. In like manner the Scriptures often speak of sin as "uncleanliness;" of being freed from sin, as being "washed;" the mercy of God, as communicated through the merit and suffering of Christ, is as "a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness;" all virtue is spoken of as "purity;" and thus do the Scriptures continually indicate the moral meaning of this word "cleanliness." Take the word,

then, in this its widest and highest signification; remember that it is a figurative expression, denoting all moral purity; and I think you cannot but admit that "godliness and cleanliness" are very closely allied. Now, I shall speak of "cleanliness" in both its physical and its moral signification. I shall advert to the former, because I am deeply impressed with its importance; but I shall also insist upon the latter; for, without moral cleanliness, the most scrupulous avoidance of all merely physical defilement is comparatively worthless. Let us have clean bodies, clean clothes, clean habitations, by all means; but let us not be satisfied with these; let us still aim higher, and strive for cleanliness of mind and heart!

Now, as to the importance of physical cleanliness, here is a rather startling fact to begin with. In England alone the average annual number of deaths from disease is about 300,000, while the number of deaths from mere physical decay, by the progress of time, is only 35,000: that is to say, only about one person in ten dies through causes strictly natural, and absolutely unavoidable. Here are 300,000 deaths which, in some way or another, have been hastened by disease; 60,000 of them may be set down to the cause of intemperance, but there are still 240,000 to be reckoned for. You might of course say that so many die of consumption—so many of dysentery—so many of fever—so many of small-pox—so many of cholera; but whence arise the consumption, the dysentery, the fever, the small-pox, the cholera, and other diseases? Is there not a cause? Most certainly there is, and the chief cause is, beyond all question, dirt; dirty skins, dirty clothes, dirty houses, dirty gutters, and a dirty at-

mosphere. "The days of our age are threescore years and ten," says the Psalmist; perhaps that was the average duration of life in his time, but what is it now? A very few years ago it was shown that the average length of life in Liverpool was only 17 years, and the life of the operative classes in Liverpool was no more than 15 years. The study of the bills of mortality shows that such an appalling loss of life is mainly owing to the absence of cleanliness, to the presence of dirt.

An eminent physician, Dr. Guy, says—"Deficient drainage, if not the parent, is certainly the nurse, of fever. My own opinion is, that fever is a contagious disease, spreading from person to person just as small-pox or scarlet fever does, and, like those diseases, haunting over-crowded or ill-drained districts, and all places where, from any cause whatever, the air is foul, and filled with animal and vegetable exhalations. It loves the banks of rivers, the borders of marshes, the edges of stagnant pools. It makes itself a home in the neighborhood of cess-pools and badly constructed drains, and takes special delight in the incense of gully-holes. It has a perfect horror of fresh air, soap, and whitewash; and when left to itself will linger for years amid scenes of filth and corruption, and hold in its deadly embrace all human beings who have the same depraved taste, or are so unfortunate as to be thrown into its company." In a very few minutes you may walk from St. Giles's to St. George's, Bloomsbury, in the metropolis. In doing so, you may not be aware that you have almost "passed from life unto death;" but such is the fact, for in the former district, which is very crowded and very dirty,

(though, so far as I have inspected it, nothing like so filthy as many parts of Liverpool,) the poor people in those narrow courts and dark cellars live only 17 years; while in the latter district, which is open and well-built, with squares, large houses, good drainage, the inhabitants live on an average to the age of 40. What difference does it make whether a man lives in St. Giles's or St. George's? Only this—that in the latter region he will probably live 23 years longer. I have not at hand the statistics of Liverpool mortality, but I have no doubt that very similar differences exist here; that life in one district is much more valuable than in another. The effects of crowding human habitations into a small space are most deplorable; give men 200 square yards each to turn themselves in, and only 1 in 49 will die in the course of a year; give them only 100 square yards, and 1 in 40 will die; give them no more than 30 square yards, and 1 in 36 will be cut off. Cholera, which is so often regarded as a very mysterious visitation, is not by any means mysterious; I do not think that it is a mark of God's displeasure against the endowment of Maynooth and Sunday trading; it is rather the expression of his utter disapproval of our over-crowded habitations and our bad sewerage. If cholera visit us, it is because we invite it to come. Did you ever go past the George's basin at low water? Your nose, if you have a nose, will inform you that in that region there is one of Liverpool's invitations to the cholera; but every bad drain, every poisonous cesspool, every stagnant gutter, every narrow court and filthy alley unites in the request—cordially invites the cholera, and typhus fever, and other devils,

to come and feast and gorge themselves upon the working people of Liverpool!

Such filth is not only injurious to health, it is also detrimental to morals; dirt and vice are generally found together. There may be, there often is, vice where physical cleanliness is observed, but in almost every case there is vice where physical cleanliness is neglected. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* says—"An overflowing abundance of evidence, confirmed by the experience of every dweller in large towns, shows that the unclean districts, which are the centres of disease, are at the same time the great nurseries and fortresses of crime; in these cases the mind suffers with the body." And another writer observes, "that a filthy, noxious, squalid dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noxious site, in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inmates selfish, sensual, and regardless of each other's feelings; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal; and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others, or for the laws. Whether we can trace, in a philosophical manner, the connection which exists between dirt and vice or not, the fact is unquestionable. It would be vain and foolish to hope that any measures of sanitary reform would extirpate crime, but certainly the physical purification of our great cities would greatly abate the moral pollution! If men learned to respect their bodies, they would be all the more inclined to think of the purification of their souls."

Dirt, moreover, is exceedingly costly. I have adapted

a London calculation to the population of Liverpool, and find that at least 1500 deaths, and 40,000 cases of illness, are traceable to causes removable by sanitary reform—1500 deaths and 40,000 cases of illness to set down to the account of dirt, year by year! The great majority of these deaths and illnesses occur among the working people, who have to inhabit the unhealthy parts of the town. Of those deaths, a considerable number are cases of working men, husbands and fathers, whose untimely removal leaves widows and children to struggle with penury, or to fall upon the parish. 40,000 cases of illness! let us set them down at an average of a fortnight's duration each, and suppose that 30,000 of them befall the working people, that 10,000 of them are the lot of working *men*; 10,000 men out of work for a fortnight, and put to extra charges on account of illness; I think it will be a matter of at least \$150,000, the annual bill which dirt brings in against the working people of Liverpool! Then take into account, also, the pain and sorrow caused by this vast amount of preventible disease and death; the anguish endured in these 40,000 cases of illness; the tears shed by those who are desolated and bereaved by those 1500 deaths, over every one of which some one mourns, in every one of which some one has lost an object of affection. Homes are broken up; hearts are wrung with anguish; children are left destitute; all through the prevalence of dirt. It is really a very serious matter, and one that ought to be well considered, and remedied if possible.

But what is to be done? In the first place, I would say, let every man turn sanitary reformer on his own

account, if sanitary reform be in his case needful. Health, of great importance to every man, is all-important to a working man; it has been well remarked, that "health is his only wealth, his capital, his stock in trade; when disease attacks him, the very source of his subsistence is dried up." He must earn his daily bread by daily toil, and cannot do his work by deputy, nor postpone the doing of it until his health be re-established; day by day the expense of sickness is added to the loss of income, and too often, when he recovers, he finds his place occupied by another; and the first hours, we may say the first days, and perhaps weeks, of his convalescence, are spent in an anxious and often fruitless search after employment. Health is only enjoyment to the rich—it is existence to the poor; and therefore everything that a working man can do to secure this, he ought to do. To secure it, the first great requisites are soap and water; a clean skin is absolutely essential to sound and vigorous health; whatever it costs the town, water ought to be liberally supplied to every working man's house, so that every morning before he goes to his work, and every night when he comes home, he may have a thorough good wash. This is just as important as a good breakfast, and far more important than a supper. The working man, who in his work perspires so freely, and comes in contact with so much dirt,—he of all men ought to have plenty of fresh water supplied to him. The corporation have done good service in providing public baths and wash-houses; this is one of the best things they have ever done: a matter of far greater practical utility than the building of St. George's Hall. I am even

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inclined to think that the corporation baths are a great deal more useful than some of the corporation churches ; at all events, if we put the churches first and the baths second, we have an illustration of our motto, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." I find that sometimes no fewer than 25,000 persons frequent these baths in a single week, and spend \$2500 in the luxury of a good physical purification. This is a most gratifying fact; it is sure to tell upon the public health, the public morals, and the public happiness. If a working man has twopence to spare on a Saturday night, the best public-house he can go to is situated in Cornwallis street ; or if he lives in the north end, he will find one in Paul street. I wish there were ever so many more, one at least in every ward in the borough ; and I believe there will be some day, when the public mind is fully alive to the fact, that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and that the water-shop is as much better than the gin-shop, as health is better than disease, plenty better than poverty, and life better than death.

It is of the utmost importance that there should be the strictest cleanliness in the house. This is the woman's department ; and in this every true-hearted woman will take a pleasure and a pride—not in finery, which is almost always filthy, but in perfect cleanliness. She will not spend her time in gossip ; she will find enough to do at home, rubbing and scrubbing, and keeping all things straight and tidy ; so that when her good man comes home to dinner, he may not find the house all in a mess, everything out of its place, everything behindhand, everything dusty and filthy, a dirty hearth, a dirty floor, a dirty table without a table cloth, dirty plates and dirty

forks, and a dinner so spoiled that it is not fit to eat. Such disorder is enough to drive a man to the public-house, and does drive thousands thither. No; keep the house clean; don't spare the use of besom, mop, and broom; throw the windows open; it's little enough air will circulate through some houses, though it should be blowing a gale of wind down at the pier-head. In some papers which appeared a few years ago in the "Examiner" on this topic, "How to make home unhealthy," we find the following advice, which I would have you adopt, if you wish to shorten your lives: "Fasten a strong board against the fire-place of your bed-room, so as to prevent the foul air escaping in the night; you will, of course, have no hole through the wall into the chimney, and no sane man in the night season would have a door or window open; use no perforated zinc in paneling, especially avoid it in small bed-rooms, so you will get a room full of bad air. . . . Suffocating machines are made by every upholsterer; attach one to your bed; it is an apparatus of poles, rings, and curtains; by drawing your curtains around you, before you sleep, you insure to yourself a condensed body of foul air over your person; this poison vapor-bath you will find to be most efficient when it is made of very thick material." In this satirical manner does the "Examiner" rightly speak of the foolish and injurious practices which are unhappily so common; in fact, the "Examiner" shows that we do almost everything in our power to make home unhealthy, and to bring disease and death into our houses!

But what shall we say of the working man's dwelling?

I am afraid that, with every precaution, there will, there must, be dirt and disease, unless a better class of houses, better situated, be provided for the people. There certainly has been some improvement effected of late years. Many of those cellars, which are no better than preparatory graves (they cannot even be called, in the language of the Necropolis, "tidy graves"), have been shut up—are at all events no longer used as human habitations; it was quite right to put a stop to such a nuisance. Perhaps a man may exclaim, This is an encroachment on personal freedom; have I not a right to live where I please? What is it to you? It is a great deal to me; you have no right to live in such a manner as to poison me with the filth that accumulates in your horrid den. The owners of such property have no right, no moral right, to let it for such purposes; to let a cellar or a house that is unhealthy, is as great a crime as to sell putrid meat. The result of closing our wretched cellars soon showed itself. I have not recent data at hand; but perhaps the statistics of 1849 are as valuable as any others, since in that year the cholera accepted our invitation, and came to see us. Near the end of that year, 4700 cellars had been cleared of 20,000 people; and one of the cellar districts, which in a previous epidemic had lost 500 inhabitants, lost only 94 by the cholera of '49.

But these dark, narrow courts of ours, these filthy little streets, what is to be done with them? If the inhabitants could only get some better places of residence, the sooner one-half of Liverpool is pulled down and rebuilt, the better. The fire of London was the greatest sanitary reformer that ever visited the metropolis; and

if by no other means vast districts can be cleared of their filth, and the haunts of fever and cholera be removed, a pretty sharp conflagration would not in the long run be a thing to be deplored. I submit that it is sinful to build houses which common sense proves cannot but be the abodes of filth. If a man is going to build houses at all, he is morally bound to deliver them to the tenant in a sanitary state; you would execrate him if he let the house in such a condition that it was liable to fall in a gale of wind, and bury its wretched inmates in its ruins; it seems to me as execrable to let the house in such a state that, in consequence of want of sewerage, and fresh water, and fresh air, the tenant is likely to be poisoned. But this builder and owner of jerry houses says: "I cannot afford to build healthy houses." Well, then, in the name of all that's honest and humane, don't build at all. If a butcher or a fishmonger says, "I cannot afford to sell wholesome beef or wholesome mackerel," I say, Well, then, shut up, and take to some other trade; if you cannot feed the people, that's no reason why you should poison them; and if you, jerry builder as you are, cannot shelter the people wholesomely, don't attempt to shelter them at all; if you cannot afford to drain the land, and to erect no more houses upon it than the sun light and fresh air can visit freely, have nothing to do with the business; leave it to others, who are at once able and willing to build houses in which decency may be observed, and in which health is possible.

In this matter, however, as I have often said, the people must depend upon themselves, and by dint of economy try to command better habitations. There are thou-

sands of working men who can, if they will, afford to live in better houses than they now occupy; what they needlessly spend in drink, and other extravagances, would pay the difference between the rent of a pig-sty and the rent of a comfortable, airy, cheerful, and salubrious house. It's worth while making almost any sacrifice to secure this; and I do hope that I shall live to see the day when whole streets of houses shall be tenantless; when courts and alleys by the score shall be swept away, with all the vermin and the filth and the disease which now infest them; when every man who builds a house and lets it to another shall be obliged to build a healthy house; when, in laying out a spot of ground, the speculator shall be compelled to limit his cupidity by the requirements of the public health; and when the town, through its local parliament, shall secure to itself broad open spaces, in its now over-crowded districts; squares, with refreshing fountains, in the heart of Liverpool; and its suburbs, as close to it as possible, wide pleasure grounds accessible to all; and in the benefits, physical, intellectual, and moral, arising from such a reformation, we shall see it triumphantly proved that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

But I have said that cleanliness is a word which bears a moral, as well as a physical signification; and it is its moral signification chiefly that brings cleanliness up to its honorable proximity to godliness. One can scarcely walk far in the streets without perceiving that there are not only many dirty faces, but also many dirty tongues; how many there are whose "mouths are full of cursing and bitterness, and under whose lips is the poison of

asps." Dirt meets the eye, dirt meets the nose, and the very foulest dirt meets the ear. It is bad enough when a violent provocation calls forth a burst of angry profanity, but infinitely worse when blasphemy and filth are uttered in cold blood, and constitute the ordinary forms of speech. To other sins a man may be incited by temptation, but I do not see what can tempt a man to garnish his speech with the offal and filth of language; yet it is very common, and common among men, young men, who pride themselves on being neat, on being well-dressed, who would be ashamed of a dirty face, who brush their hats and their coats, and are particular even about the cleanliness of their boots; they take a pride in being nice in their personal appearance—an equal pride in being as nasty as possible in their speech; thus illustrating Swift's rather severe remark—"A nice man is a man of nasty ideas." My friends, will you set yourselves resolutely against this abomination? You know better than I how prevalent it is, and what a dirty tone conversation often assumes when young men get together, in their workshops and in their social gathering. When Sir Christopher Wren was building St. Paul's, he made it a rule that every man guilty of profane language should be instantly dismissed by the clerk of the works. I do not appeal to employers in this matter, but to the men themselves; you know that such language is utterly detestable, and I do not speak merely of profane expressions, but of dirty expressions, which are still more common. Do you wish to be regarded not as fools, but as men of common sense?—then give them up. Do you wish to be considered not blackguards, but gentlemen?—then

give them up. Do you wish to have credit, not for a vicious, but for a highly moral tone of feeling?—then give them up, and discourage such language in every possible way; don't on any occasion allow it to be addressed to you; consider yourself insulted when any foul-mouthed fool speaks to you in this the devil's language. If you have any right moral sense, to say nothing of religious principle, such language will be offensive and disgusting; set a good example yourselves; let the words of your lips be pure words, and advocate among your companions the total abolition of all nasty speech; try to purify the circles in which you move. The faculty of speech is one of the noblest you possess; consider who gave it to you, and for what purpose it was given, and never prostitute it by making it the channel of filthy communication. For this, as for all other gifts, we shall be held, and most righteously shall we be held, responsible. The Great Teacher says that "for every idle word that men shall speak," much more for every blasphemous and every obscene word, "they shall give account in the day of judgment." Young men, it's all right that you should be cleanly in your person, and neat in your dress, but what am I to call you if with all this you are beastly in your talk? I must call you a low hypocrite, a "whited sepulchre;" you assume the appearance of a gentleman, but it is only to hide a blackguard. Remember, the "cleanliness that is next to godliness" involves cleanliness of speech.

Closely allied to this, is cleanliness in songs and in books. Here again, as in speech, there is much dirt; and a dirty song or a dirty book is about the very dirtiest of

all things, yet they are in great request ; obscene songs abound, and are sung with great applause in the free concert rooms, and in bar-parlor gatherings. Yet it is a most cheering fact, that, for many years past, the Saturday evening concerts in this hall, which concerts have never been defiled by a single dirty song, have been supported by many thousands of the people. I take this as a proof that the great body of the working men infinitely prefer purity to impurity, after all, in their entertainments. But still there is dirty literature, vile and debasing beyond all description ; there are books which are bought and sold upon the sly ; which people are ashamed to purchase openly, but not ashamed to devour in secret. Books, with pictures all in keeping with their contents, every page of which is intended to excite the lowest passions to their utmost intensity, and utterly to corrupt and destroy all moral principles, and all regard for decency. Young men, some of you have read such books ; some of you possess them at this very hour ; you keep them locked up in your trunk, and you peruse them, when you can do so without fear of interruption. You know that what I say is true, and you know that those books have defiled your imagination, and made your heart most dreadfully impure. I ask you to commit such books and pictures to the flames, no matter what they have cost you ; what you gave for them in money, is nothing to what they have taken from you in morals ; burn them forthwith, and would that you could only burn the thought of them out of your mind, and destroy all those images of obscenity and lust which they have produced, and left indelibly stamped upon your memory. My friend, I give you fair

warning. I will be plain and faithful with you, those books are damning your soul; they are the literature of hell; they have Satan for their author, and Satan's angels for their publishers. To put it on no higher footing, are you not ashamed? Do you not feel utterly degraded when you purchase and read a book by stealth? feeling that it is not fit to be seen! Do you not acknowledge by this very fact that it is not fit to be read? No more dirty songs, dirty books, dirty pictures, if you wish to have a reputation for cleanliness!

There is a sin to which, more frequently and more properly than any other, the word uncleanness is applied. It is the indulgence of carnal lust; a sin upon which God has set the mark of his utter abhorrence more plainly than any other: a sin which involves an incalculable amount of misery—which destroys a man's health, impairs his understanding, robs him of all cheerfulness, hardens his heart, deadens his moral sense, shortens his life, and kills his soul. And yet it is a sin which, notwithstanding all this solemn warning, is fearfully prevalent in all our large towns, and in fact through the length and breadth of the land; and it is even gloried in. You will find more men prepared to boast of their uncleanness, than men who will assert their perfect freedom from such defilement. Ashamed of this sin! No; but you will find men who would be ashamed to say that they were guiltless. It is a subject on which it is difficult to speak without offending against delicacy; when we have to speak of dirty things, it is difficult to avoid dirty terms, if we are to speak faithfully. But at the risk of offending your good taste, I shall state one fact, in the language in which I

find it given by a superintendent of police. There was lately in a town in the north of England a public house, of which the superintendent says—"At this place there was a number of boys, varying from 16 to 18 years of age, assembled after they left the factories, and also young girls of corresponding ages. They were in the habit, twelve of them, of putting down each a penny piece, and then throwing dice in a basin, and the one who threw the highest number was the winner of the prize—and that prize was that he could select any one of those girls, and take her up stairs for prostitution." Now I am informed, on most indisputable authority, that precisely the same form of gambling goes on in this town; and that there are beer-houses, that there is at least *one*, in which a similar raffle is held every Saturday evening! I mention this, because I think it right that attention should be called to such shocking impurities; because it is necessary that all men, desirous of doing good, should know something of the evils with which they have to contend. There are other facts far worse than this, which I cannot bring myself to describe; and perhaps what has been said is enough to show that there is more dirt in Liverpool than some persons are aware of, and that there is a great need of active effort in the way of moral, as well as sanitary reform.

But whence does all this uncleanness arise? Its source is the human heart; it is deeply and strongly rooted in our moral nature; for, as our Saviour says, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies, and these are the things that defile a man." And if the heart could but be purified, then there would be

purity of feeling, purity of speech, purity of conduct; then there would be no more filthy communication out of our mouth; then all obscene and dirty books, pictures, songs would be discarded as utterly detestable; and uncleanness in every form would be shrunk from with disgust. So, if the heart were clean, would not cleanliness come very near to godliness? Now I can perhaps expose, and show up, and denounce what is dirty; I can demonstrate such a feeling, such an expression, such a practice to be unclean; I can expostulate and I can advise; but when all is done, I find that I cannot cleanse my own heart, much less yours. But I know who can do this for you and for me. I have also His word; "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Come now, it's no use pretending to boast that we can purify ourselves from sinful feelings, which burst out in sinful conduct; let us have none of this proud nonsense; we are all of us poor, miserable, unreformable incurables, without God's help. What I intend to do is this—you of course will do as you please—but I shall pray to my Father in heaven, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." With nothing less than this can I feel satisfied, for nothing less than this will do.

LECTURE IX.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

Yes—"A friend in need is a friend indeed;" but where is he to be found? Does not Solomon tell us that "the poor is despised of his own neighbour, but the rich hath many friends?" If a man is in needy circumstances, is not this enough to make all his so-called friends shy of him? and if he asks a favor, does he not soon discover how shallow and valueless this thing called friendship almost always is? I am aware that there is too much truth in these complaints; that friendship, when put to the test, often most bitterly disappoints us; that it is seldom to be trusted, in any trying emergency; that selfishness soon checks its generous impulses, and that the merest trifle sometimes converts it into enmity and hatred. But still I hope to be able to show that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother;" that on his friendship the neediest man may rely; that there is at least one friend in need, and therefore at least one friend indeed, who is the friend of all. I dare say you know whom I mean. There is but one person to whom this description applies; there is but one who is the Friend of all; there is but one who is

willing to help all; there is but one who can afford to help all; there is but one whose friendship is abiding, whose friendship triumphs over death and the grave, and lives for ever and ever. I presume that all who hear me know that friend's name. But lest in this I should presume too much, I will with the utmost pleasure mention his name; his name is Jesus Christ. To speak of his friendship, and to contrast it with other friendships, is my object on the present occasion. Some of us, I believe, I know, have found him to be our friend, and are rejoicing and trusting in his friendship. Some of us can tell what he has done for us, how he has loved us, taught us, guided us, consoled us, supported us. Some of us, on the other hand, are probably strangers to him—strangers who, though they have heard his name, and been told of his friendship to the world, have never gone to him to receive those gifts of friendship which he is prepared to bestow. If this lecture should be the means of inducing any to seek and to make the acquaintance of Christ, to repair to him as their friend in need and friend indeed, I shall have great reason to rejoice, I shall not have labored in vain.

Now, when I contemplate the friendships that exist amongst men, while I see in them much that is very beautiful and very valuable, I also see that those friendships are often productive of mischief, because they are not always conducted and governed by wisdom and prudence. For example; I have known young men, and so have you, who, blessed with friends able and willing to help them, have relied upon those friends, instead of relying upon themselves, for advancement in secular

life; and so their energies have never been called out, their talents have never been brought into exercise, and they have lived in comparative indolence, and indolence almost of necessity leads to dissipation. A wealthy and kind-hearted friend, who is ready to supply us with money when we are hard-up—a rich father, uncle, aunt, or other relative, in whose will we expect not to be forgotten—such a friend is in many cases, perhaps in most cases, a source of mischief rather than advantage. Depend upon it, if there is anything in you, there is nothing like being obliged to stand on your own legs, to be reduced to your own physical and mental resources; and you are far better off without any friends at all, than with such as are prepared to help you whenever you get into trouble, for with such friends you will always be getting into trouble, and never learn how to get yourself out of it. I can assure you that if my own experience is of any value to you, I can say most truly that there are few things for which I am more thankful than for this—that, when I commenced the active business of life, I commenced it amongst persons not one of whose faces I had seen before, not one of whose names I had ever so much as heard, amongst utter strangers; and I had not a friend in the world who could bear a hand and help me in the onset of the battle of life. Now the friend of whom I have to speak is one who does not help us by the direct bestowment of secular advantages. He did help men in this way when he lived on the earth, and when amongst other exercises of benevolence, he fed some thousands of hungry people with food provided by his miraculous power; but when the people whom he had

thus helped hinted that they should like him to give them their dinner every day, he declined the proposal; and wisely, and because he was their friend, he left them to earn their own dinners by honest industry. Now I say Christ does not directly bestow such assistance, but do not say that therefore he is not a friend indeed. If it were otherwise—if, by some miraculous dispensation, it came to pass that all the people who love and obey Christ were provided day by day with food, with clothing, with lodging, with coals, Christ doing all for them—I undertake to say that he would not be their friend, but their adversary. To say nothing of the premium on hypocrisy which such an arrangement would afford, it would make Christians the idlest, most helpless, most good-for-nothing people in the world.

Perhaps you will say, "If Jesus Christ is a friend in need, then let him provide me and mine with what is necessary for our comfort. He is my friend who helps me; but I cannot understand the friendship which allows a man to starve." Now tell me who is the better friend, he who encourages you in indolence, by opening his purse whenever you apply to him, or he who teaches you such principles, and forms your character in such a manner, as to make you fully competent to maintain yourself in comfort and plenty? I am sure that if I take a poor ragged lad off the street, and give him a little education, and put him in the way of earning a living, I am a far better friend to him than if I were to say to him, "Now, my lad, you come to my house every day, at such an hour, and you shall sit down at my table and have your dinner with me; and I'll give you half a crown a week to pay

for your lodgings; and here, go to my tailor's with this note, and he will dress you out in a suit of clothes as good as my own, or better." You know as well as I that that would be the very way to ruin that lad; I had far better leave him alone, to struggle on as well as he can, and earn two-pence by holding a gentleman's horse, or calling chips about the streets. No, the truest friendship is to teach that ragged boy, to give him such a training as will make a useful man of him, that he may earn his own dinner instead of sharing mine. This is the turn which Christ's friendship takes, as it respects the things of this world. He does not exert his mighty power and furnish miraculous supplies, but he addresses us in words of wisdom, and if we listen and obey we shall, through his blessing, adopt such principles, form such habits, and be moulded into such a character, as will, under all ordinary circumstances, enable us to earn for ourselves enough and to spare of all that is necessary to secure our comfort in this world. He will teach us to be diligent, he will teach us to be temperate, to shun every one of those excesses which injure men's health, unfit them for work, and shorten their lives; he will, by his instruction, qualify us thoroughly for all the struggles of life. Now, this I call real friendship; it is far better than a miraculous dinner day by day, and miraculous clothes that should never wear out, and a miraculous house needing no repairs and miraculously rent free, and a miraculous purse inexhaustible like the widow's cruse of oil. I wish, therefore, most distinctly to impress upon you this principle, that however a sceptic, with his materialistic notions, may scoff at the friendship of Christ, because Christ does not directly feed

us, because he does not miraculously supply us with temporal provision, he is, nevertheless, our friend, and proves himself all the more friendly by the very fact that he does not give us bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, but gives his friendship this far better form of instruction, by attending to which we shall in all but very extraordinary cases be enabled to escape the evils of penury and want.

A friend may become a snare, may even prove an enemy, by his unwise benevolence, by his injurious beneficence; a friend may also become exceedingly mischievous through his example. "Save me from my friends!" is an exclamation which many a man has often uttered with all earnestness of desire; an exclamation which some of you have uttered, I have no doubt. Are there not many persons here who would give a good deal to be saved from their friends, to be enabled decently and without a violent quarrel to part from their associates, and to bring many an intimate and old acquaintanceship to an end? The friend whose example taught you to swear; the friend who urged you to accompany him on a Sunday pleasure excursion; the friend who first took you to the public-house, and treated you to whatever you chose to ask for; the friend who initiated you into the mysteries of gambling; the friend who persuaded you to accompany him to the play house, and thence to the "hop," and thence to the supper room; the friend who introduced you into some vicious and profligate circle, and led you into the abyss of sensuality. From such a friend, would it not have been well to have always been saved? I call him your friend, because I am willing to

give him credit for something like a friendly disposition ; at all events, I will not say that from the first he was resolved to injure and destroy you, and that his conduct all along was the working out of a deep-laid plot against your health, your happiness, your body, and your soul. But, whatever his intentions were, he has proved your enemy ; his friendship has been poisonous to you ; perhaps if he had blown your brains out, or stabbed you to the heart, he would have been a better friend to you than he has been.

I do not advise you to quarrel with him now, to accuse him of having wilfully led you astray, of having purposely wronged you ; this, perhaps, was not the case. But though you do not quarrel with him, or any other of your associates, give him and all such to understand that, while you do not wish to be unfriendly, you must give up such companionships. Thus, then, by his example, and our association with him, a friend may prove most mischievous, most destructive ; and, in fact, there are few friends whom we can safely imitate and follow. Your friend may not be unsteady and vicious, but, though a sober man, perhaps he scoffs at religion. Your friend may not be a scoffer, but, though professedly a religious man, perhaps he is a selfish man, who regards money as the one thing needful, and the acquisition of it the main purpose of life, and who has no high moral principle to govern and to guide him in his efforts to make money. Or, though neither a profligate, nor a scoffer, nor a miser, nor a rogue, your friend is perhaps an extravagant man, a man fond of show, expensive in his dress, luxurious in his mode of living, better able to afford such a

style of things than you, or, if not better able, quite indifferent as to whether he pays his way or not. From such withdraw thyself, lest thou become like unto them. The moral affinity subsisting between you and such is likely to be strengthened by frequent intercourse and confidential intimacy. You will probably imitate this friend of yours; his principles will be insensibly instilled into your heart. "He who goes with the wolves, soon learns to howl." "He that walketh with wise men, shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." If indeed you think you can do those friends of yours any good, that you can bring back your profligate friend to the paths of virtue, convince your sceptical friend of the truth and importance of religion, show your avaricious friend the folly of gaining the world at the price of his soul, and check your extravagant friend by lecturing him upon the advantages of economy and the duty of owing no man anything; if you have reason to believe that your influence over them will prove greater than theirs over you, that there is a balance of mental and moral power in your favor, then, as their friend, you are bound to speak to them, to remonstrate with them, to urge them to reform their ways; but it is a dangerous experiment, one not to be ventured on, excepting by men whose views are very decided, whose character has great force, and who are fortified by the grace of God in their hearts; otherwise the weak good man will probably be overcome by the strong bad man, and small virtues will stand no chance in the battle with great vices: "disease is, unhappily, more contagious than health." The example of friends, therefore, often injurious, often utterly de-

structive, is seldom perfectly safe in all respects; but the great Friend of whom I have to speak, is one whose example may be wisely followed, who will never lead us astray, and intimacy with whom can only have an improving tendency; sinless himself, the effect of friendship with him is the gradual destruction of sin in us. Studying well his glorious character, and transcribing it into our own, we become like him, or, as the Scripture says, "We put on Christ." And thus purity and honesty and temperance and meekness and gentleness and patience and fortitude and benevolence, and all other virtues, spring from this holy friendship, for we are "changed into the same image." And he, I think, is a friend indeed, whose friendship, far from injuring our moral nature, has the effect of constantly improving and beautifying it. If the friendship of Christ can make us good men, and this is certain, it is far, far better than a friendship that could make us ever so rich, and advance our temporal interests ever so far. A friend in need! Yes; but what is need—what is our *need*? The hungry man says, I need bread; the poor man says, I need money; the sick man says, I need health. But is there not another class of needs, common to us all? Must not every man who has any knowledge of himself say, I need moral improvement, and this I need far more than any temporal assistance? In this your need, then, your moral need—and a most pressing need it is—Christ will prove your friend indeed: hearken to his instructions, copy his example, and this need will be supplied.

When we look into the friendships which exist amongst men, we generally find that their friendships are based

upon equality of position, similarity of tastes, social, mental, or moral properties which the friends possess in common, and which attract them to each other. There is much truth in the homely old proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together;" a very ancient saying, common to the Latins and the Greeks of past ages, as well as to ourselves. The dove is not the companion of the vulture, the lark, I suppose, is not on very friendly terms with the hawk. So, amongst men, the sober will not fraternise with the drunken, the honest man does not like the society of a rogue, scholars do not choose their friends from the ignorant and brutish, and the virtuous shrink from the companionship of the profligate, while the rich, the titled, and the great, would disdain to number the poor and lowly amongst their friends. In fact, it is one of the maxims of worldly wisdom, "to make election of thy betters, rather than of thy inferiors, shunning all that are needy," and in this maxim there is, no doubt, a good deal of worldly wisdom; and an ancient author tells us, that to be influenced by a passion for similar pursuits, and to have similar dislikes, is the rational ground of lasting friendship. All this may be true of the common friendships of men. It is so difficult for us to dissociate the fault from him in whose character and conduct we perceive it, that we carry our dislike to the person himself; in hating roguery, we are apt to hate the rogue; in hating profligacy, we hate the profligate too; and in hating what we deem errors in politics and religion, we hate those who hold them; at all events, though we may protest that our hatred does not extend to persons, if we are honest, we shall confess that the

distinction is with great difficulty maintained. But the great Friend of the human race always preserves this distinction—always; and thus he could be, and he was, the friend of publicans, although those publicans, the tax-farmers of that time, were, almost without exception, great rascals; and he can be, and he is, and he glories in being considered the Friend of sinners. He is wiser than the wisest of mortals, and yet he can stoop to be the friend of the most ignorant and despised of mankind; he is purer than the purest of all the saints that ever lived, and yet he is the friend of the most vicious, the most debased, the most defiled wretches to be found in all the stews of debauchery; no one could regard the violation of the marriage vow with so great detestation as he, yet while sinful men were for stoning to death a woman taken in adultery, he said to her, “I do not condemn thee; go, and sin no more.” “This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them,” was the objection raised by the sanctimonious people of those days; they were greatly shocked; they shook their wise and suspicious heads, no doubt, and said, “Birds of a feather flock together; we know what sort of a man this is by the company he keeps; we know that he is no better than he should be, or he would not go and dine with that scoundrel Zacchæus; and that fellow Matthew, too, he went to *his* house, and sat down to a grand feast, in company with nobody knows how many of those extortionate rascals.” To all this, the great Friend of sinners said, “They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” These facts, recorded in the

life of Jesus, show how he can and does regard the wicked—not with disgust, not with hatred, not with contempt. The best of us are not worthy of his friendship, the worst of us are not beneath his friendship. His friendship is not like common human friendships, grounded upon similarities and mental and moral sympathies; wherever there is humanity, there is that which he can befriend, which his heart can pity, which his soul can embrace. He is holier than the holiest of men, but he does not say, even to the most impure, "Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou." No, he gives us all a welcome, holds out to each of us the right hand of fellowship, and begs of us to become his friends, even as he is ours. However differences of character may separate the profligate from the friendship of the pure, the dishonest from the friendship of the righteous, the drunken from the friendship of the sober, and the wretched from the friendship of those who are well off in the world, all are equally welcome to the friendship of Christ, which ever distinguishes between the man and his faults and failings. And is not he a friend indeed, who is willing to befriend those who by their conduct have forfeited all human friendships, who by their crimes have made society their enemy, whom no eye pities, and no hand spares, and who are accounted a nuisance and a pest to be got rid of at any cost? Christ is the friend of all such outcasts. Oh that they only knew this, and grasped that hand which is held out to save them, to raise them up, and to lead them into the paths of purity and peace!

Among human friendships, we do not often meet with

a friend who will not flatter us, but will plainly, faithfully, though kindly, tell us our faults. Perhaps we do not like such friends as these; their faithfulness kindles our anger and resentment. We are weak enough to prefer the friends who admire us, who will stand up for us and justify us, whatever our conduct has been; we are so foolish as to love the friend, if friend he can be called, who flatters us, compliments us upon our talents, upon our success. Now, such men are not in reality our friends; they are doing us incalculable mischief, they are encouraging us in evil, they are hardening us in sin. They may not intend to injure us; they may be perfectly sincere in all that they say; and their silence with regard to our faults may arise from an unwillingness to wound our feelings and a fear of giving offence. They are perhaps not positively unfriendly; they have a desire to be friendly, but they are unfaithful; they have not taken a right measurement of the duties of friendship—duties which are often painful, and from which even the truest friend may sometimes be disposed to shrink. If, however, you wish to be any man's friend, bear in mind this duty of firmly, though with kindness, telling him what you know to be his faults; and, unless he is a fool, he will be thankful to you for your fidelity, and see far more genuine friendship in your sternest censure of his misdeeds than in your warmest approbation of his best actions. This is one of the chief, yet certainly one of the most difficult, offices of friendship, to be faithful, to be honest with our friend, and yet show our faithfulness and honesty in such a way as not to lose our friend. But "thou mayest be sure that he who will in private

tell thee of thy faults is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men who can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind." "Let the righteous smite me," says David, "it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head." "Rebuke a wise man," says Solomon, "and he will love thee;" and he also tells us that, "as an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear." Yes; we all feel that a faithful friend will tell us our faults: and that those who, professing to be our friends, are ever complimenting us, are only trying to get to the blind side of us—are, if you will tolerate the expression, gammoning us, and wondering perhaps that we are so soft as to feel gratified by such professions of admiration and esteem. Now, if he who is a friend indeed must faithfully tell us of our faults, such a friend is Christ; for although, as I have said, he is the friend of the sinner, he is no friend to that sinner's sin. When he went to the houses of the publicans, you may depend upon it he told them his mind very freely as to their wicked practices; he did not come away leaving them to think that they were, after all, very good fellows. On the contrary, his friendship was faithfully carried out to the duty of firm, though not harsh, rebuke; and so he deals with us all; he flatters none. He tells us that we are all guilty in the sight of God; he probes our consciences, and makes us feel that we have done wrong—that we are wrong altogether—that we have no virtues to

brag of, no good deeds to be proud of—but that, on the contrary, we all deserve to perish, and can be saved only through the mercy of our God. He describes us as unprofitable servants, as lost sheep, as prodigal sons. He solemnly assures us that, unless we forgive, we shall not be forgiven; and that, except we repent, we shall all perish. Surrounded as we are by flatterers, who encourage our self-esteem—by enemies, who, accusing us wrongfully, only teach us to glory in our innocence of the specific charges which they bring against us—by indifferent persons, who take no notice of us, and do not feel it to be their duty to admonish and to warn us; and having within us a heart so prone to magnify our virtues; to excuse our vices, and to give us a very good testimonial of character, we do need a friend whose fidelity is equal to his kindness; who, because he is really kind, is faithful, and because he desires to cure us of our faults, tells us of them. Such a friend is Christ—a friend in this our need, and therefore “a friend indeed.”

Again, human friendships are exceedingly fragile, exceedingly capricious, almost proverbially unsteady. Kinsfolk, who might be expected to be bound together by the strongest ties of amity, are often at open and bitter enmity. “A man’s foes,” and his worst foes, his most relentless foes, are frequently “those of his own household.” Is it not true? I fear that I am not rash, that I do not undertake too much, when I undertake to say, that a very large portion of families are thus divided, “hateful, and hating one another;” and hence the proverb, “Many kinsfolk, few friends.” Besides Christ, there may be many a friend “that sticketh closer than a brother;” for,

unhappily, friend and brother are by no means equivalent terms. And (apart from those bitter family feuds which have their too significant symptoms in the violent, though transitory, quarrels of children, and which in riper years often become so fixed, so deep, so implacable) who has not had to mourn over the coldness and indifference which prevail, where once there was the most fervent amity? and frequently the merest trifle is sufficient to alienate the most attached friends, and to sunder for ever the strongest cords of an old and valued intimacy; so that we have this cautious maxim of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, "Be not too intimate with thy friend, but always remember that he may one day be thy enemy." And as we take offence, so it must be remembered we give it; we have been, for some slight cause, or for no cause at all, cast off by a former friend; have we not cast some friend off, for causes just as slight or as imaginary? I should say that a real friend is such a one as that described by Solomon: "A friend loveth at all times;" he is not easily offended, he knows how to overlook much, how to pardon much more; he bears patiently with the infirmities of his friend's temper, and the faults of his friend's behavior; he is not ashamed of him; he does not renounce him when he becomes poor, nor even when he is disgraced by misconduct and crime. Perhaps it is too much to expect all this in an earthly friend; yes, I know that, as things are amongst us, this is too much, for it needs not that a man should be disgraced by crime, poverty is disgrace enough; and let a man who has held up his head in the world stumble into difficulty, and fall into straitened circumstances, and many of his friends will be shy of him;

some of them will give him the dead cut; almost all will be ashamed of owning him as an acquaintance, and those who often sat at his hospitable board forget him, or treat him with contempt. Is not this the way of the world? You know it is; you know it from observation, and many and many a man who has been broken by commercial disaster knows it by bitter experience. Yes, the friendship of the world is a rotten and a hollow thing. The constant friendship I have spoken of is more than you can expect from the world, but it is not more than you can look for from Christ; his is a friendship which knows no change. Those reverses of fortune, which so often discover the worthlessness of other friendships, prove the strength of his, and never is he felt to be so friendly as when a man is most forsaken by his friends.

Once more; our earthly friends may neither be able nor willing to help us in our greatest need. In fact, many people expect far too much from their friends. Their friends must do everything for them; give them flaming testimonials of character, lend them no end of money, become their sureties for a loan from a loan society, and get them out of every scrape into which their improvidence brings them. Some people have the organ of expectation in a high state of development; scarcely a day passes but some one calls on me, and asks me to pay his fare to London, that he may return to his friends, or to help him to make up his rent, or to raise money to set him up in a little way of business, or to send him, his wife, and six children to Australia; within the last two or three weeks I have had three or four of these expecting friends, whose united expectations, I assure you,

amounted to £250 at the very least. If I and my brethren in the ministry, and the merchants and others whom the expecting class call upon, were to publish our experience, it would make an amusing volume; I could show that the whole of my income is expected from me at least twenty times every year, and therefore I quite agree with that old saying, "Friends are like fiddle-strings—they must not be screwed too tight." There are, of necessity, limits to the exercise of our friendship: and I hope I shall command your belief when for myself I say, that one of the trials and sorrows of my life is my inability to befriend so many who deserve assistance—my inability, for instance, to procure employment for industrious men out of work, as well as to give, to every deserving person who asks, relief in money. All men who are in any measure friendly in their disposition feel this, and are often as sorrowful as those whom they are compelled to dismiss without rendering them assistance. But our great Friend's power and willingness know no limits, and as a token of his friendliness he helped us in our greatest and utmost need, by suffering for us, and dying in our stead. Our greatest need is the need of pardon, the need of salvation; well is it for the man who knows and feels that these are the things he wants most of all, and that the truest, deepest, best friendship is that which will supply them. Well is it for the man who, though conscious that he needs many a temporal blessing, is also conscious that the eternal blessings of Redemption are of still greater importance, and that his need of them is more urgent and more pressing far. These greatest and best of all gifts have been secured to us by Him who loved

us, and gave himself for us; he bought them with his blood; he "endured the cross, despising the shame," that he might make them ours; and now he freely offers them to you, to me, to every man, begging and entreating of us all to accept these proofs of his friendship, these irrefutable evidences of his love. Let us take these blessings, then—pardon, righteousness, salvation, eternal life, heaven, all secured for us, all offered to us by him; and whatever else we really need, not whatever else we wish, but whatever else we want, whatever will be conducive to our true welfare, we may, I think, with reason believe He who loved us unto death will not be unwilling, will not be slow to provide; whatever moral principle we need to bring to bear against temptation, whatever strength of purpose we need to engage in duty, whatever fortitude of soul we need to encounter trouble; I most earnestly believe he will give us all these things. And thus it appears to me that though the friendships of the world are often so unwise, often so mischievous, often so inconstant, often so disappointing, there is, above the world, One in whom, and whom alone, this proverb finds its verification; Jesus Christ, for every man "a friend in need," and, therefore a "friend indeed."

LECTURE X.

FIVE SHILLINGS AND COSTS.

"FIVE SHILLINGS AND COSTS"—such is the sentence pronounced every year by the magistrates of Liverpool upon some thousands of persons, taken into custody by the police for being "drunk and disorderly." The five shillings speak for themselves, but what are the *costs*? "The costs!" "Oh," says some poor fellow who has a vivid remembrance of his own experience, "*the costs* are 4s. 6d." "Is that all?" "Yes, that's all." Well, we shall see. I do not think it is all; I do not think it is more than a very small fraction of *the costs*. But let us first look at the mere money cost—5s., plus 4s. 6d., = 9s. 6d. altogether. Not very much, you say, to pay for a jolly good spree; yet it is this much; it is to a working man the price of nearly half a week's hard work, and that is too much to lose in these times, or in any times. It would pay a fortnight's rent for a working man; or it would, at a pinch, keep him and his family in bread for a week; or it would send little Tom and little Mary to a decent school for a quarter of a year; or it would enable a man to go to the Saturday evening concerts from Michaelmas to Whitsuntide; or it would

purchase two or three good and instructive books. Only 9s. 6d., my friends! 9s. 6d. is not a sum to be lightly thrown away. Just consider to how many useful purposes it may be applied; what comfort, advantage, real enjoyment, it can secure, if well expended; and you will feel that it is no trifling matter—that it is at all events too much for a working man to lose. But the 9s. 6d. is not all; it costs something to get drunk, and then there is at least a day lost in appearing before the magistrate. Some it is true, can get into the “drunk and disorderly” state upon a very small sum, their heads being naturally light and weak; but if we strike an average, taking into account the fact that very often, if not generally, several days are lost, then the price of the drink, and the price of the lost time, added to the “five shillings and costs,” will probably amount to twenty shillings at the very least. In fact, I believe this to be very far below the real average figure.

“Five shillings and costs,” then, really means £1; it often means, it generally means, a great deal more. When we take the aggregate of the cases dealt with by the magistrates, the “five shillings and costs” amount to an immense sum. During the year which ended with September last, the magistrates of this borough fined upwards of five thousand persons. Whether it was in every case a matter of exactly 9s. 6d. or not, I set the whole down at certainly not one farthing less than £5,000, taking into account the money spent in drink, and the lost time. But besides these five thousand, there were upwards of one thousand of the “drunk and disorderly” who were sent to gaol for various periods not exceeding

three months. I shall average the imprisonment as low as three weeks; the wages of each, or the amount which each would earn, at £1 per week; so that the cost of the imprisonment—the cost to the prisoners themselves, to say nothing of the cost to the country in furnishing them with lodgings—was £3000, which we must add to the £5000, lost by the unimprisoned disorderlies, and then we have a total of at least £8,000. Now, although £1 a week is but little, still it is possible for a man and his wife and several children to live upon it; and when it is economically spent, six persons at least may keep their heads above water, and live, not luxuriously, certainly, but not in extreme necessity either. So this sum of £8,000 would maintain nearly fifty thousand people for a week, and certainly would provide ten thousand persons with every necessary of life for an entire month. A month's subsistence for ten thousand people has been lost; and here we are, with the prospect of a hard and gloomy winter before us. It seems to be the universal impression that bad times for the working people are at hand. "Five shillings and costs!" it means 9s. 6d.; yes, and it means a month's subsistence for ten thousand people. If the "five shillings and costs" had been saved, I believe that we could stand the hard times that are coming. At all events, ten thousand persons would be able to stand them for a month.

But the "five shillings and costs," most righteously exacted at the police court, represent only a small fraction of the real money-cost of intemperance. Some six thousand and odd were convicted; but more than eleven thousand were apprehended during the year

ending with September. I rejoice much to find that this shows a very considerable decrease as compared with previous years. I do believe that we are improving; that free libraries, and cheap concerts, and lectures for the people, and working men's associations, headed by so many Christian ministers, are beginning to tell: their influence is already felt. Fourteen hundred apprehensions fewer this year than last, and the decrease nearly, if not entirely, in the "drunk and disorderly" cases—a diminution of about ten per cent., as far as I can gather. Now this is something; and when referring to the probable causes of this most favorable change, I ought to have adverted to those fountains which I believe one of our benevolent and public-spirited townsmen has placed in the streets. These fountains are certainly invaluable instruments of reformation, and one of the greatest boons ever bestowed upon the working public; and I hope there is no profanity in applying, in this case, those well-known words which assure the benevolent man that such an act is not unnoticed by God, but that the gift of even a "cup of gold water shall in no wise lose its reward." There is happily a decrease, and a considerable decrease, in the number of apprehensions, and meanwhile the population is increasing. I earnestly wish that, year after year, we may rejoice over similar reports, until this disgraceful, and pauperising, and most demoralising crime shall be exterminated. It is evident that a very decided success has crowned the efforts of philanthropic men in this town—a success which I am sure they themselves will feel to be an ample recompense for all their toil. Let them thank God, take courage, and go forward in their noble

enterprise, assured that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

But still there were upwards of eleven thousand apprehensions of the "drunk" and "drunk and disorderly;" yet every man who gets drunk, does not fall into the hands of the police; I should think that not one in twenty finds himself in this disagreeable predicament. I conclude, therefore, that there are considerably over one hundred thousand cases of intemperance annually in Liverpool, in which the legal "five shillings and costs" are never imposed. But there are *heavy costs* notwithstanding. The money spent in drink by the one hundred thousand, and their loss of time, must be estimated at nothing less than £50,000, which we must add to the £8000 already accounted for; so that *the costs* must be about £60,000 per annum—spent not on such an amount of wine, or beer, or other liquid, as a man may, in the exercise of his sober judgment, deem needful or expedient for his refreshment, but spent in positive intoxication. Sixty thousand pounds! that's the bill of costs—not for drink, but for drunkenness, in this town of Liverpool—a sum that would enable thirty thousand persons to set penury at defiance for a period of three months. I think if we had saved this, we should be able to struggle with the coming winter, and be independent both of charity and augmented poor-rates. Well, it's gone—that sum of £60,000—and you will remind me "that it's no use crying over spilled milk." I don't mean to cry over it; but I think it well to remember it, that we may learn to act more wisely for the future. And I do most earnestly beg of all my hearers, and of working men in particular,

to bear in mind the undeniable fact, that a trying season is coming on; the storm that is raging now among the trees of the forest, when it has laid many of them prostrate, will blow keenly and severely upon the humbler shrubs. I believe that, should the benevolence of the wealthy be appealed to by the cries of suffering among the poor, that appeal will be cheerfully and nobly responded to, as it has been in former times, although many of the benevolent will find their energies crippled, and their means of doing good diminished. But I would appeal to the working people's sense of honor and love of independence; there ought to be no necessity for the soup kitchen; every man, by economy, might make his own soup in his own kitchen. At all events, this is no time for extravagance; many of us will be severely pinched, with all our economy and forethought; but if we can prepare for the storm, let us by all means prepare. I assure you there are especial reasons just now why you should avoid the gin shop and the beer house—bad places at all times, particularly bad at present. Within the memory of man, there has never been a period which more imperatively called for the exercise of prudence, economy, and forethought, on the part of all people, from the richest to the poorest. Don't say that it is too late—"It's never too late to mend." However little you may be able to save before the pressure is very keenly felt, that little will be a relief when the heavy pressure comes; if it only enables you to tide over a single week, a single day, it is something. So make all as snug as possible, shorten sail, keep a good look out—we are going to have a dirty night of it; you can hear the gale blow

hard already, and the sea is rising and roaring. All imagery apart, I say again it is likely to go hard with us this winter; for once, then, let the public-house be utterly forsaken; for once let a manly self-denial be called into vigorous exercise; think of your wives, think of your children, as you look at the gloomy weeks that are approaching. Do take warning, and remember those words of Solomon, exactly adapted to the present state of things, "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished."

But I have not done with the *money-cost* yet; those £60,000 are not all, for very often a man loses his employment by his intemperance, and is thrown out of work for many weeks together; many a man loses two or three months in the year by intemperance. Let us say two months lost, by a mechanic who can earn twenty-five shillings a week; there are £10 gone! My friend, if you can afford such losses, I am sure I cannot; I find it very necessary to work all the year round. And let me observe that just at present no man should trifle with his work, or give his employer reason to discharge him for unsteadiness. Employers, I am afraid, will have reason enough for diminishing the number of their hands, without this. It is no time to say that if Brown gives you the sack, you can get a shop at Jones's; or that if Jones is full-handed, you can get a job at Smith's, for Brown, Jones, and Smith may all find it a very difficult matter to keep on even a very limited number of hands. Therefore, stand by your work as long as your work stands by you; trade is likely to be slack; it's no time for going on tramp. Now, although

I have no doubt that most of my hearers are steady men, I have just as little doubt that here and there amongst them, there is one who "could a tale unfold" about this matter of *costs*; who knows to his sorrow that, what with the price of drink, the lost time, and the opportunities of advancement also lost, *his costs* have been very heavy—have made a beggar of him. To find the *money-cost*, we should have to take an inventory of all the pawn-shops in the town; for a very great number, I should say the great majority, of the articles pledged there, are properly items in *the costs* of intemperance. Clocks and watches—coats and waistcoats—shawls and gowns—spoons and tea-pots—flutes and fiddles—charts and sextants—spying-glasses and spectacles—ear-rings and wedding-rings—axes and hammers—foot-rules and smoothing-planes—boots and shoes—hats and caps—beds and blankets—pokers and tongs—shovels and fenders—aye, and even Bibles and prayer books—are they not, in many instances, part of *the costs*?

Further, in calculating these *costs*, we ought to take into our account the poor-rate. So very small would be the amount of pauperism, were it not for intemperance, that I do not hesitate to put down the poor-rate, almost every shilling of it, as a part of these *costs*. The Liverpool and West Derby workhouses, and what it requires to maintain them annually, these show us what intemperance costs us. The expense required to keep up a police force, the sums expended on the construction of prisons and the administration of law, are also in a great measure chargeable upon the intemperate habits of the people. Even our infirmaries and hospitals, and

other charitable institutions, however necessary to meet the wants of those who are inevitably the subjects of suffering, are the receptacles of multitudes whose intemperate habits, or the intemperate habits of whose parents, have made them the objects of charity. The *costs*, then, the merely pecuniary costs of this sin, it must be confessed, are enormous, and if no other argument could be urged against intemperance, this would be enough—we really cannot afford it.

But the *money cost* is not all, there are heavy *physical costs*. Almost every day we hear of some fatal accident, or some premature death, caused by intoxication. The magistrate says, “Five shillings and costs”—nature, who is also a magistrate, often pronounces sentence of death. “Died from excessive drinking,” is one of the most common verdicts returned at a coroner’s inquest; and “Died by the visitation of God,” is often a blasphemous attempt to conceal the real cause. Then children are neglected, and fall into the fire, or in some other way lose their lives, solely owing to the drunken habits of their parents. And if we could only ascertain the numbers of those whose end is hastened by intemperance, I have no doubt that in *the costs* we should have to include, for Liverpool alone, every year, several hundreds of lives. Then there are probably thousands of children, feeble, sickly, rickety creatures, who can never become strong and healthy men and women; they have inherited their weakly constitutions from their besotted fathers and mothers. “A hard thing,” you say, “that they should suffer for their parents’ sin;” hard or not, it is the undeniable fact—they do suffer, and very many of them die; so true is it,

that God in nature does "visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation;" and with this fact before us, it is as useless as it is impious to murmur against God, and ask, "Why hast thou made us thus?"

The lesson which we are to learn from this fact is this—that God has thus marked his hatred of this sin in the most unmistakable manner. Did it never strike you that a father may be most heavily responsible for the physical constitution of his children? If through his intemperance—and the same remark applies to the mother—if through the intemperance of either or both, the child is feeble, so that its life is really a burden and a distress, I believe that the Divine Being will enter into judgment with those parents for all this weakness and all this woe. Thousands of children are murdered in a far more cruel and shocking manner than if they were poisoned or drowned. A parent would stand aghast at the idea of thus putting an end to his child's life; but I tell you, you had better do it thus, if it is to be done, than make your child the victim of your intemperate habits. If through a father's intemperance a child is starved, if through a mother's intemperance it lives in filth, if through the intemperance of either or both it sickens, and pines, and perishes, God will not hold those parents guiltless; it is in his sight a clear case of murder—of cool, deliberate murder; the blood of that child cries against his parents from the grave. I do most solemnly believe, although it is terrible to believe it, that thousands of fathers and mothers will, at God's bar, have to answer for the awful crime of destroying their own

children, through this sin of drunkenness. But apart from the physical *costs* which so often fall upon an intemperate man's children, they are generally heavy to himself. "Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of the eyes?" asks Solomon, and he might have asked, "Who hath blackness of the eyes?" Almost every row, and shindy, and disturbance, resulting in the infliction of some physical suffering, springs directly from intoxication. If you meet a man who bears upon his person the marks of physical violence, a black eye or a plastered nose, you conclude at once that he has been drunk; and the exceptions are so very rare, that you are quite justified in coming to such a conclusion; it requires an immense stretch of charity to form any other conclusion. It is very possible for a man to receive such marks when perfectly sober, through some sober accident; but so general is the conviction that they are in some way associated with intoxication, that a prudent man will rather stay in his house for a week, than expose himself to suspicion. Three-fourths of the diseases prevalent in society are traceable to this one source; I certainly believe that the majority of people who are ill have themselves to blame for it, and deserve very little sympathy; they ought to be ill; the verdict of common sense is just this—"Serve them right." Among the physical *costs*, too, we may, I think, include idiocy and insanity; there is scarcely a more melancholy, a more horrible spectacle in this world, than that of a human creature destitute, or all but destitute of reason. To see an idiot's vacant stare, to hear a madman's hollow laugh, is it not fearful? This dreadful evil is generally looked upon as a mysterious dispensation

of Divine Providence. Now, in many cases, you might as reasonably and as piously say that it was by a mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence that a drunken man was run over and killed by a railway train. It is a most shocking impiety to make Divine Providence accountable for our own neglect of the laws of nature. It is a well ascertained fact, that mental imbecility and derangement are more frequently traceable to intemperance, than to any other source. The Earl of Shaftesbury has stated, as the result of his observation and enquiries, that "fully five-sixths of all the cases of insanity to be found in these realms, and in America, arise from no other cause than from the intemperate habits in which the people have indulged."

Dr. Lowe, in his celebrated reports on idiocy, states, that out of 300 idiots, whose history he could learn, 145 had had habitual drunkards for their parents, he names the case of one drunkard who had seven idiotic children. Here, again, parental responsibility appears in a most striking light; not only may the child suffer in body through the parent's intemperance, his mind also may be affected; he may turn out a lunatic—a raging maniac; and the madness, which, through intoxication, is incipient in the parent, may be confirmed in the unhappy offspring. "Mysterious dispensation of Providence!" you exclaim, when you see an idiot; not always, my friend; beware how you speak of Providence in connection with man's miseries; that idiocy may be the result of a dispensation not at all mysterious—of gin. I can scarcely imagine anything more horrible than the case of that drunken father of seven idiotic children, all

idiots through his licentiousness; what a frightful responsibility! Truly "the ways of transgressors are hard," and at the last this sin "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." The 9s. 6d. do not include all *the costs*; God imposes *his* fines too; there they are—the seven idiotic children, staring, gibbering, and howling at the wretched parent, himself fast sinking into idiocy too. But is not every case of intoxication a case of temporary insanity—insanity wilfully brought on? When a man gets drunk, the English of it is that he goes mad; that he deliberately chooses to renounce his reason. If you were to say to a man who was drunk last night, "I understand that you were insane," he would probably be very angry. This, however, is the right way of putting it, and I would advise you to adopt some such expression; it may perhaps induce some feeling of shame; ask him whether he keeps a strait waistcoat in his house? Thus then, in estimating *the costs*, we ought to include the great majority of fatal accidents—the great majority of diseases—a large proportion of the cases of lunacy—and, I must add, a considerable proportion of murders. Such are some of *the costs* of this tremendous sin.

But the estimate is still incomplete; another of *the costs* is great domestic wretchedness. The extent of this may be imagined when I tell you, that of the 11,439 apprehensions, 4898, not so very far from half, were cases in which women were taken into custody for being "drunk," or "drunk and disorderly." Still, it is but fair to state that of these 4898 cases, very nearly half were prostitutes. The house of the drunkard cannot but be wretched:

in most cases it is the abode of abject poverty; and although sober poverty may be borne in a spirit of resignation, drunken poverty always engenders discord and hatred. I do not think it is true of all poverty, that when "it comes in at the door, love flies out at the window;" that proverb is I think a libel on the poor, for in many houses where bread is scarce, where luxuries are utterly unknown, and the man has to struggle very hard to "keep the wolf from the door," there is nevertheless affection as pure and as fervent as in the abodes of people who have every comfort they can desire; but when this self-inflicted poverty, arising from extravagance and intemperance, comes in, there is an end of love; mutual recriminations take place between man and wife; "their mouths are full of cursing and bitterness;" violent quarrels ensue; from words they get to blows—there is a disgraceful scuffle—the whole neighborhood is roused, and the woman is often beaten within an inch of her life. I feel sure that almost every case of wife-beating might be put down among these *costs*. Then there is such confusion, disorder, dirt, especially if the wife is addicted to the bottle; every thing goes wrong, every thing is out of its place; when the man goes home in the evening, there is nothing tidy, nothing comfortable, nothing to induce him to stay at home. I don't wonder at some men going to the public house; there's a better fire there, more cleanliness there, even more quietness there, and fewer cross looks and angry words. The old song says, "There's no place like home;" this may be true in a bad sense, as well as in a good. "No place like home" for order, neatness, cheer-

fulness, quietness, comfort, and good temper; or "no place like home" for confusion, filth, gloom, uproar, discomfort, and ill-temper. The man who is himself intemperate, and who has an intemperate, slatternly spouse, may well say, "There's no place like home." And under these circumstances the children are neglected; they grow up in squalor and filth; their education is lost sight of; if they are sent to school this week, they are kept at home next week, for the intemperance of the parent has swallowed up even the trifling sum necessary to keep the little ones at even the humblest and cheapest school. In most cases, the children of such parents are just allowed to educate themselves in the streets; parental authority there can be none; the father's and mother's example sets all precept at defiance; goaded by hunger, they take to dishonest courses—the boys to thieving, the girls to prostitution. The necessity for ragged schools arises almost entirely from the intemperance of parents.

A gentleman connected with the Edinburgh Industrial School says, "Had it not been for habits of intemperance, no fewer than 85 per cent. of the children under my care might never have required either to beg their bread or to attend ragged schools." A short time ago, it was ascertained that upwards of two-thirds of the boys in the Glasgow House of Refuge were the children of drunken parents; and it is very certain that the inmates of our juvenile reformatories are almost all the offspring of men and women given to intoxication. We all know that it is difficult enough to train up children in the ways of virtue and religion, even when home is all that could be

desired, where there is every material comfort, where there are abundant and wholesome food, strict cleanliness, careful education, good precepts enforced by a corresponding example; and from the difficulty experienced under the most favorable circumstances, we may form some idea of the frightful results of such neglect as must be the unhappy portion of a drunkard's family. Here, then, is another lot of *costs*: home wretchedness in its every form—want—dirt—disorder—quarrels—squabbles—fighting between man and wife—ignorance and crime on the part of the children—school forsaken—parents' authority set at nought—parental example only too faithfully copied. If a child who has risen above the years of infancy see his parent drunk, is it to be expected that he will ever respect him? What good influence can such a parent ever hope to exercise? A thousand days of sobriety will not obliterate from the child's mind the remembrance of that miserable moment, when he saw his father or his mother staggering under the effects of drink. No! I am afraid it is all over with that parent's influence for good. Take into account, then, all this domestic wretchedness, the poverty, the dirt, the disorder, the neglect, the hatred, the quarrels, all arising from this source, and I think you will see that the 9s. 6d. is a very small affair in the calculation of these *costs*.

Character, too, is another of these *costs*. I do not say that sobriety is the very first essential of a good character; sobriety must give place to honesty. Of two men, one of whom is strictly temperate, but dishonest, the other strictly honest, but intemperate, I have a very

decided preference for the latter; and I will not so exaggerate the virtue of temperance as to say, that wherever this is, you will find honesty as well; for I have met with not a few who were perfect patterns of sobriety, and indeed advocates for sobriety, whose character for truthfulness stood very low indeed; but certainly, next to honesty, men require sobriety in the people whom they employ. An unsteady man is not fit to take a situation of trust; he has lost all self-respect, and therefore very naturally forfeits the respect of others. I say he has lost his self-respect, for you seldom find an intemperate man ashamed of his vile habit; very frequently he even glories in it. At all events, he makes very light of it, laughs at it, does not seem to feel that there is anything bad, anything disgraceful, in it. He will tell you that he was *jolly* drunk, or *gloriously* drunk; he appears to think that there is something almost worthy of admiration in getting into such a state; and this insensibility to the sinfulness of intemperance is one of the most serious of the evils. It shows that the man's moral sense is destroyed—that his conscience is seared—that he is rapidly degenerating into something far worse than a brute. I do not wish to encourage pride; but I will say this, that if there were no other argument against intemperance, this ought to be enough. A man ought to be too proud ever to allow himself to be intoxicated; he ought to have too high a sense of the dignity of his own nature to tolerate this degradation for a moment. Most persons consider it peculiarly disgraceful in a woman, but I have yet to learn in what respects it is more disgraceful in her than in a man. If she be the “weaker

vessel," which a high authority declares her to be, then I think that common sense would say that, disgraceful as intemperance is in her, it is really far worse in man. And I maintain that every trade, every body of workmen, ought to consider an intemperate person as a source of degradation and weakness. Have no fellowship with him; it is no tyranny to refuse to work with him; no injustice to exclude him from your associations. Don't fine him—expel him with ignominy; his fines can never compensate for the disgrace which he brings upon you. In any dispute between employers and employed, it is generally a question of strength, and every intemperate man is a source of weakness; the unsteady man cannot afford to hold out, excepting at the expense of the steady. Employers cannot but respect the sober and industrious, and in their turn the sober and industrious are likely to be most reasonable and fair in the terms which they wish to make with employers. If you think that the claims of labor are not recognised as they ought to be—if you think that capital often oppresses labor, and grinds it down to the lowest possible point of endurance—be sure of this, that the evil will continue unless the employed, by their steadiness and economy, have some solid foundation to stand upon. Mere appeals to the public, however earnest, however eloquent, however touching, will produce no effect. Perhaps the public ought to pity the overwrought and under-paid artisan, but the public will buy what it wants at the lowest price at all consistent with economy, and the artisan's only appeal is to the strength which sobriety and industry afford; the artisan's only appeal is to his own power to demand higher wages,

which power depends upon the amount of his savings, and this is regulated by his sobriety, industry, and economy.

In estimating the *costs* of intemperance, we must also take into account those other sins to which intoxication is an incentive, and for which it prepares the way. Amongst these, we must mention lewdness. There are comparatively few men who yield to the enticements of the harlot in perfectly sober moments; the intellect must be obscured, the moral sense blinded, the passions inflamed by drink, before a man will give his arm to a prostitute, and accompany her to the brothel. I do not say that this is always the case, but it is very certain that such is the general consequence. These two crimes are most intimately related to each other. If extreme poverty often drives a girl to the streets, that extreme poverty is the result of intemperance. If an unhappy girl is seduced, intoxication is generally resorted to in order to effect her ruin. If she continues in her wretched course of life, she does so supported by the stimulus of intemperance. A distiller, at a public dinner of the trade, had the shameless audacity to propose as one of the toasts, "The distiller's best friends—the poor whores of London." A very shocking toast; yes, but there was much truth in it. The gin-palace, the beer-house, and the brothel, all play into each other's hands; in some instances even married women hold themselves at the call of some neighboring beer-house for the most grossly immoral purposes. I could easily multiply statements of facts; I could show that public-houses or beer-houses

are kept for the express purpose of harboring prostitutes, and furnishing the brothels with customers; but what I have said is enough, I think, to indicate that the two vices are closely allied; so closely, indeed, that the extinction of intemperance would be followed by the almost entire extinction of the other form of profligacy. Here, then, is another account opened, another heavy bill of *costs*, pecuniary, physical, and moral; pecuniary—for need I speak of the reckless extravagance and the robberies of which the house of ill-fame is the continual scene; physical—for you know to what frightful suffering such licentiousness gives rise; moral—for of all sins, this is the most horrible in its effect upon the soul, making the man the miserable slave of his animal nature, silencing the voice of conscience, filling the heart with utter impurity; frightful as are its effects upon the body, they are only too truly typical of the havoc which this sin makes in the spiritual nature of its victim.

Another crime encouraged by drunkenness is dishonesty. “It’s hard for an empty sack to stand upright;” the extreme poverty produced by intemperance is at all events a temptation to act dishonestly. If people, rather than deny themselves gin and whiskey and beer, will take their furniture, their tools, and clothes to the pawnbrokers—if they will sell even their beds and lie upon straw, rather than go without drink—I can scarcely suppose that they will stick at anything, that they will most religiously abstain from taking other people’s property, when it stands in their way. Most of those very common cases, in which young men in offices and shops embezzle their

employers' money, are traceable to this source. It is not so much the love of money, as the craving after licentious indulgence which they cannot afford. The miserable boys and girls who prowl about the streets and steal, are almost without exception driven to this course by the intemperance of their parents, who leave them to the dreadful alternative—theft, or starvation. And nearly all crimes of violence, assaults, stabbings, man-slaughters, murders, are the progeny of this most prolific of all sins. On the testimony of statesmen, parliamentary reports, the inspectors, governors, and chaplains of prisons, police magistrates, sheriffs, recorders, and judges of assizes, it can be most fearlessly asserted that nearly all the crime of the country is to be reckoned among the *costs* of this one evil. To crown all, this sin, if persisted in, involves as its last *cost* the soul; for it is written in a book, which I believe to be of divine authority, and the divine authority of which I suppose many of you also recognise, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Venial as this sin may seem to some, lightly as it is regarded, considered by many as a failing, an infirmity, designated by many such apologetic terms, it is classed in the Scriptures among the foulest offences of which a man can be guilty. Even if there were no scriptural protest against it, the effects which it produces are proof enough to any sensible man that it is a practice which God hates. By these temporal effects God gives us all fair warning; he does not leave us in doubt as to the moral aspect of our conduct!

"Five shillings and *costs*;" only think of the tremen-

dous meaning of this word *costs*, when rightly understood. Four and sixpence—nonsense! the *costs* are poverty, disease, idiocy, madness, loss of character, loss of self-respect, domestic misery, disobedience in children, the ruin of a man's family, prostitution, theft, violence, murder, dark and endless perdition, body ruined and soul undone, all lost for evermore; this, it strikes me, is the proper way of estimating the *costs*.

Let me then persuade you ever to shun this devil of intemperance. On economical grounds I would urge sobriety, and especially just now; for again let me remind you, we are just entering on a period of trial which will tax working men to the very uttermost. Willful waste always produces woeful want; but without pretending to be a prophet, I feel certain that willful waste now is next to suicide. By your regard for your health—by your regard for reputation—by your self-respect as men—by your love of domestic happiness—by your concern for the welfare of your children—by the value of your everlasting interests—by all that is worth having in time, and worth hoping for in eternity—I conjure you to avoid these *costs*, by avoiding the sin. And speak to your neighbors, your shopmates, who are in danger of something far worse than the ordinary “five shillings and costs;” explain to them the real meaning, the awful extent of the *costs*. If, for your own safety and the setting of an example, you deem it right to abstain altogether from tasting, touching, handling anything of an intoxicating nature, do so; but at all events let perfect sobriety be your invariable rule, and urge perfect sobriety upon all.

And so shall the words "five shillings and costs" be seldom heard in our police courts—so shall we escape these *costs*, pecuniary, physical, social, and spiritual—and, by God's blessing, we shall become a happy, a virtuous, because a sober, people!

LECTURE XI.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT has charms for a working man, which those who do not eat their bread in the sweat of their brow can scarcely be expected to understand. The toils of the week are over, the implements of labor are laid aside, the working world washes the dust off its face, and looks with pleasure for the coming day of rest. The factory bell, that rings on Saturday afternoon, is the very bell which rang on Monday morning; but it seems to have a more cheerful sound, and to partake of the general joy; the man who rings it appears to ring it with a hearty good will; however hoarse and cracked it may be at other times, it becomes musical on Saturday evening; and its welcome voice sends a thrill of happiness through ten thousand hearts, and causes ten thousand faces to brighten up with gladness. And how punctually the summons is obeyed! In the morning, when it sulkily calls to work, it is a very common thing for men to be two, three, four, or five minutes behind; but who ever heard of any man's making such a mistake as to continue his work for one moment after the first sound of the Saturday evening's bell? On the contrary, that

sound is waited for with anxious anticipation. Men look at their watches every three minutes for half an hour before the time; and if the bell were the signal of fire on the premises, there could scarcely be a more instantaneous or more general rush for the door than I have often seen, and I must confess, often joined in, when that sound of jubilee is heard. It is marvellous to observe what life it puts into our operative brothers. If any one thinks that the six days of work have tired them out, that their strength is exhausted, that they are ready to faint; and if, under this impression, he pities the fagged, jaded, used-up sons of toil—let him know, for his consolation, that there is an unfailing remedy for this sad state of things; let him rest assured that the most prostrate workman will revive, and be himself again, be fresher far than on Monday morning, when, on the Saturday afternoon, the minute hand of the clock is at twelve, and the hour hand at four. At that time the very face of the clock beams with benevolence, and relaxes into a smile; and such a position of its hands, combined with Saturday afternoon, does more to drive a working man's dull care away, more to warm his heart and give him joy, than all the sympathising speeches and expressions of pity with which the philanthropic portion of the upper orders condescend to favor what they term the working classes.

Saturday night, then, is to millions of our people a time of much enjoyment, and the prospect of it greatly lightens the toils of the whole week. Since it is such a boon, it may be well just to ask, To what are we indebted for it? Now that which chiefly causes Saturday night

to differ favourably from other nights is the fact that it is followed by a day of rest. Saturday night borrows most of its beauty from the Sunday; if this were not a day of repose, that would not be an evening of enjoyment. For the Sunday, I need scarcely say, we are indebted to religion, to Christianity. And it is instructive to observe that when the French Revolutionists overthrew all religious observances, although they did reserve for the people a day of rest, they gave only one day in ten; they professed to be the staunch and ardent friends of the people; many of them were men of the people, men who had sprung from the humblest callings, and risen to the highest offices in the State. One might have expected from them, at the least, one day in five. After removing the yoke of religion because it was so heavy, because it pressed so severely on the shoulders of the people, an Age of Reason might have been expected to lighten the burden; but, instead of this, that burden was increased from six days' work to nine without an interval of rest; the people lost sixteen days of repose in the year. And thus you perceive that, in one respect at least, and that a very important one, infidelity was far from being as generous as Christianity; the so-called Age of Reason was not so considerate of the comfort of working men as what was termed the Age of Superstition had been, for more than a thousand years. Indebted, then, as we are to religion for the Sunday, and therefore for the chief elements of Saturday night's advantageousness, it would seem to me but fair that this should be thankfully remembered, and that as religion should be honored on the Sunday, it should at least not be dis-

honored on that evening which derives from the Sunday so much of its brightness, which owes to the Sunday its power of diffusing so much happiness, and which, but for the Sunday, would not differ very favorably from any other evening of the week.

On Saturday evening, men generally receive their wages, and this, it must be admitted, is a pleasant fact in a man's existence. But here I am reminded that in very many instances the pleasure arising from this circumstance is very considerably diminished. For many morning quarters are lost, and in some trades Saint Monday is most scrupulously observed; and the worship of Saint Monday is so fatiguing, that it requires Tuesday to get over it; and the process of getting over it is so severe sometimes, that the early part of Wednesday is also required; frequently has Saint Monday been known to floor a man for the whole of the week; and hence it comes to pass that the full wages of six days' work are very seldom received by a large number of men. Those lost quarters and Saint Mondays have a most disgusting appearance on Saturday night; they rob the Saturday night of much of its pleasantness; they make it a very gloomy period; for how can a man be very comfortable as he goes home with fifteen shillings in his pocket, and with the reflection that if he had not been such a block-head he might have had ten or fifteen shillings more? I wonder how he can face his family under such circumstances. I wonder that he is not utterly ashamed of his unmanly conduct; for unmanly it certainly is, and unmanly in the extreme, when, though it was in his power to earn a full week's wages, he makes only four or five

days. He who would have the full enjoyment of the Saturday night must do the full week's work, and then he will have the consciousness that so far he has done his best for his own welfare and that of those who are dependent upon his toil; and Saturday night must needs be miserable, and ought to be miserable, if it bring with it the remembrance of a misspent week. I do not wish a man to become avaricious, but I think that he may take a lawful pleasure and a justifiable pride in earning all that he honestly can earn. If he loves his family, he will do this, for he will feel that every hour of lost time is so much comfort and happiness taken from those that are dear to him; and again I say that Saturday night depends in some measure for its happiness upon the manner in which the week has been spent; four days' wages instead of six will make Saturday night anything but pleasant to the man who has willfully lost his time.

Wages are often paid on Friday, and this is believed to be, on many accounts, a preferable system. It would be well if the Friday night were more generally chosen, were chosen as generally as possible. Such a plan would obviate the necessity for marketing late on the Saturday evening. I do not know whether anything is gained in a pecuniary sense by earlier marketing, but I am sure you will agree with me that it is a hardship that so many persons should, through late marketing, be deprived of all the advantages of the Saturday night. Many offices are closed at two o'clock on Saturday, giving the clerks the remainder of the day; a very large number of manufactories shut up at four; almost all our operatives are set free by six at the latest. There is a good deal of

agitation for a half holiday on the Saturday, but there is a large and useful class of persons who seem to be almost forgotten, to whom Saturday is the severest day of the week, and Saturday evening the severest part of that day. The payment of wages on Saturday necessitates late purchases; hence, drapers, grocers, druggists, bakers, butchers, and shopkeepers generally, with all the young people in their employ, are engaged until ten and eleven o'clock, and sometimes until midnight; and thus there are thousands in every large town to whom Saturday evening brings no relief, affords no enjoyment, but is, on the contrary, a time of excessive occupation. And they are not only deprived of all the opportunities of recreation and instruction which the Saturday night affords to others, their Sunday's rest is also seriously interfered with; not only is it in vain, so far as they are concerned, that this hall, and, through the example set by this hall, so many other public rooms in the town, are filled with refreshing and refining music on the Saturday evening; not only is it in vain, as far as they are concerned, that the office closes at two o'clock, and the factory at four; it must also be borne in mind that the excessive occupation of the late hours of Saturday, and excessive occupation in the hot and oppressive atmosphere of a shop that for many hours has been blazing with gas, cannot but tend to unfit them for the rational and religious enjoyment of the day of sacred rest. On other evenings the shopman's hours are late enough, and, indeed, too late, in most cases; but on Saturday evening, when all the rest of the people are enjoying their leisure, such hours are really intolerable. If, then, wages can

be paid on Friday, or if, at whatever time wages are paid, all marketing can be done early, the great Christian law, the great golden rule, finds here a fair case for conscientious and careful application: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

So selfish are mankind that the slavery of the shopman, chained behind his counter until eleven or twelve o'clock, is scarcely thought of by those who would consider it a shocking and unbearable invasion of their rights to be compelled to do a hand's turn after four on the Saturday afternoon. The public too often regard the shopman as if he were part and parcel of his shop, as insensible to suffering as his own counter, as hard in constitution as his iron scale-beam. On behalf of this numerous and useful and respectable class I have often pleaded, and would now plead again. The public, and the public alone, can set them free, and make their Saturday evening what it ought to be. But if we were all to make this a matter of conscience, to remember that Christ's great rule is applicable to such a case as this, as well as to cases of greater importance and magnitude; if, remembering this, we abstained as much as possible, and out of a regard for the comfort if not for the rights of others, from all late shopping transactions, I do not see why, with wages paid on Friday, and all due care exercised in our household economy, the shops and the markets should not be closed at an early hour; how early I shall not presume to say; but, at all events, early enough to leave much of the Saturday evening free for amusement, for instruction, and for that quietude which is a fitting preparation for a happy and

profitable Sunday. And while the deserted appearance of the strictly mercantile streets so early on the Saturday, and the silence of all the mills and factories after four or five o'clock, suggest the thought that the great bulk of the population is set at liberty, it would be wrong to forget that so large a proportion of our working brothers and sisters were prohibited from sharing in the general repose, wrong to do needlessly aught that shall prolong their occupation beyond those limits which nature has marked out, and which cannot be transgressed without results injurious alike to both the body and the soul. If late hours were to the shopman what they are to the mechanic, something might be said in their favor, the grievance would not be so heavy, perhaps there would be comparatively little to complain of. For overtime with a mechanic means extra wages, and each hour of overtime is generally worth more than an hour of ordinary time; and, accordingly, I have known such a man to make not only six days between Monday morning and Saturday evening, but also six days more between Saturday evening and Monday morning. But of this the assistant in a shop knows nothing, he does not get a farthing for his long hours; and overtime with him simply means extra work, extra fatigue, and nothing to show for it, nothing to compensate him for the unnatural strain upon his constitution and the unfair tax upon his time. A Saturday night for all should be our object, and a Saturday night for all, or very nearly all, is practicable; and I hope to see the day when, through a conscientious regard for the health and happiness of our fellow-men, the shops, as well as the factories, shall

be closed early, and all employed in shops, as well as all artisans, shall have their Saturday evening's freedom and enjoyment. But while late shopping on Saturday night is bad enough, a worse practice than this extensively prevails. Many persons defer their visits to the greengrocers, and other tradesmen, until Sunday morning; thus rendering it impossible for not a few to attend a place of worship on the earlier part of the Sabbath, unless they are prepared to submit to a loss. It is true they are not compelled to open their shops; but I think you will admit that it is unfair to put them into such a position as entails either the loss of money or the loss of religious privileges.

But it would be better for many to be chained to the counter until midnight, or even until sunrise, than to spend the Saturday night as it is too often spent by them. Unhappily, the very title of this lecture is suggestive of much that is foolish, of much that is wicked, of much that is miserable; for Saturday night is to multitudes a season chosen and set apart for extravagance and dissipation. There is, at least, one truth which Saturday night never fails to illustrate with many striking examples, and confirm by many infallible proofs, viz., that "a fool and his money are soon parted." There are some who make haste to be rich; there are more who are in a desperate hurry to become poor. You might suppose that to have a £5 note to spare was the greatest of all calamities, and a deposit in the Savings Bank an unpardonable sin. You might imagine that the crown of human felicity, the object by all means and at any cost to be obtained, was parish relief, and a habitation in the

poor-house. To this, at all events, many are rapidly bringing themselves, with a zeal worthy of a better cause. There is a man, who has worked hard most of the week, and I perceive that he has received twenty-six shillings for his labor. But it is a heavy burden to him, poor fellow! He can carry three hundred weight with ease; but to go home, a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, with such a load as twenty-six shillings, is more than he can do, with all his strength of bone and muscle! If the money were red-hot, he could not be in a greater hurry to get it out of his hands; he seems to have a perfect horror of it. Yes, "A fool and his money are soon parted" is one of the best texts for a Saturday night's sermon; for, within an hour of the receipt of their wages, ten thousand fools have parted with a considerable proportion of their wages. Something, at all events, must be spent; it would be absurd, unnatural, monstrous to allow a Saturday night to pass unhonored by a single act of devotion at the shrine of Bacchus! There is no god who has such faithful worshipers as he; his temples are thronged, and his priests and priestesses can scarcely get through his laborious service on a Saturday night. By great numbers it is considered quite a matter of course that, however soberly the rest of the week has been spent, it ought to finish up in a drinking bout, and the temperance of the other evenings is rewarded by intemperance on Saturday night. In that jollity which leads a man to spend his money so freely, there is an appearance of generosity; your tippler is for treating everybody, and cannot endure the shabbiness which buttons his pocket against the claims of good fellowship. But I do not

know a more disgusting exhibition of selfishness than such men present; they will meet together, and treat each other, and be most lavish of their money, while their own families are starving. Let such men remember that they ought to be just before they are generous; and that if they are just to their wives and children, they will never have a sixpence to spare for standing treat, and all that sort of nonsense. Saturday night, then, is to many a snare and a destruction. Perverted into a season of intemperate festivity, it brings no comfort to the homes of thousands; it is disgraced by wild uproar and shameful extravagance, and want and misery follow in its train. And a misspent Saturday night leads, as a matter of course, to a misspent Sunday; in fact, by many the Sunday is valued chiefly on account of the leisure which it affords, to enable them to sleep off the effects of the Saturday night's dissipation. Nor do the results end there; the physical constitution often requires a portion, or the whole of Monday, to recover from the shock which it has received. The Saturday night's work necessitates a Monday morning's visit to the pawnbroker's, and thus many live on from week to week, their whole existence poisoned by the abuse of Saturday night.

Happily, however, there are counteractives to these elements of evil, and dissipation, though extensive, is not the rule, but the exception, even on Saturday night. In this town, and in many others, entertainments of an altogether unexceptionable character are provided for the people, and well supported by the people. Saturday evening concerts, cheap, to suit a working man's pocket, and good, to educate his taste, are, as far as I can learn,

successful, and highly successful, wherever they have been established; and the low and disgusting free concert rooms, with their obscene songs and drunken performers, cannot compete with these genuine amusements, which, while they charm the ear, also refresh the heart. Much has been said of the power of music; it has a mighty influence over our emotional nature; it can cause the most melancholy countenance to brighten up; it can compel tears to start from the eyes of the most hardened; it can disperse the sorrows that fill the heart of many a weary and care-worn fellow-mortal; but the greatest instance of its power is this, that it can draw men in multitudes from the scenes of uproar and dissipation; that it can do much towards emptying the public-house on the Saturday night.

The economical effect of these entertainments is worthy of notice, is one of their best features to a practical man. If we cannot estimate how much better a man is, intellectually and morally, through hearing some good song, some master-piece of musical composition, we can calculate within correct limits how much money these entertainments are the means of saving. It may fairly be assumed that two thousand men who attend a concert at threepence, would spend elsewhere, on an average, one shilling each at the very least, for one shilling is nowhere at the tavern. Here, then, we have a direct and positive saving of about £75 for each such concert; and if to this we add the saving of a very large amount which Saturday's excess requires for Sunday, and the saving of time on Monday morning, we may, without fear of exaggeration, assume that every such concert is a

saving of at least £100. I believe that every such concert in this hall keeps so much money in the people's pockets, preserves so much money for the people's comfort; and, at the rate of thirty-six concerts per annum, carried on as these have been for fourteen years, this single institution must have led to a saving of about £50,000. But £50,000 are a bagatelle compared with the deliverance from moral degradation, from utter infamy, effected by these amusements on behalf of men, and, let me add, on behalf of women too. Nor has the cause of religion been the least partaker of the benefit; in proportion as these concerts redeem Saturday night from vice, they redeem the Sunday from profanation. And in fact, on every account, economical, physical, moral, and religious, the Saturday evening concert, wherever it is well conducted, is one of the very best institutions of the age. It is rapidly extending. Let us hope that it will extend far; that it will find its way into every town, into every considerable village; that its value may be recognised by good men everywhere—so that, established over the length and breadth of our country, it may counteract the delusive charms of the tavern, draw multitudes from the dangerous and disgusting scenes of vice, fill the people's hearts with rational delight, save the people's money in substantial millions sterling, purify the moral atmosphere of Saturday night, and minister mightily and constantly to the due observance of the Lord's day.

I have no doubt that I am now addressing many who spend the Saturday evening, not in dissipation, but in the enjoyment of such amusements as those just noticed;

and I hope that in doing this, they are not selfish, like the mere sensualist, but that they often afford the gratification of the concert to the members of their families. But if I may be permitted to say a word or two about amusements, I would observe that the passion for the most harmless amusements may be carried to a pernicious extreme. It is with much regret that I perceive, amongst young men generally, a disposition to take it for granted that their time should be divided between work and pleasure, and that the evening, Saturday evening in particular, is, as a matter of course, to be devoted to amusement. My dear young friends, there is something for us to do in our leisure, wiser, manlier, nobler, in all respects better, than to amuse ourselves, and engage in the preposterous and dreadful work of killing time. There is something weak, something effeminate, something contemptible, in this excessive love of pleasure, though the pleasure loved be neither expensive nor immoral. If, evening after evening, you crave after the excitements of public amusements, it is very evident that your intellectual and moral nature is in a deplorable state of weakness and disease. How are you to become intelligent as men of business, how are you to become wise as citizens of a great and free nation, how is your religious life to be developed, if those golden hours of leisure are to be frittered away in amusements? It is not a sufficient apology to say that your recreations are harmless, that there is nothing in them that can shock the most fastidious virtue or offend the most earnest piety. These amusements do not fulfil the purpose of your life. When we become men, we should put away childish things, and bend our energies to

earnest pursuits. Let Saturday evening, therefore, be sometimes spent in harmless pleasure, but not always. Set before yourselves some higher object than this, and let Saturday evening be oftener devoted to the acquisition of substantial and profitable knowledge, and the exercise of your mental powers. Read, but do not read solely for amusement, as so many do; read that you may become wiser, abler, better men. And there is another reason why the Saturday night should not be given solely to pleasure, however innocent, and it is this, that the Saturday night precedes that day which ought to be especially consecrated to the service of the Supreme Being. In some reflection upon this, and preparation for this, the Saturday evening will be most rationally and profitably spent. The sceptic may sneer at that exquisite poem, one of the best that Burns ever wrote—"The Cottar's Saturday Night," in which the father of a family is represented as opening and turning over "the big ha' Bible," and reading to his assembled family

"How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed,
How he who bore in Heaven the Second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head.

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Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear ;
Together singing their Creator's praise,
In such society, but still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere."

I say at this, the sceptic may sneer disdainfully; but such a mode of closing Saturday evening is worthy of every thoughtful man, who feels that it is his noblest privilege to worship God, and to commit himself and all the objects of his love to the Divine protection and mercy. Let not merely the Sabbath's rest from toil, but also the Sabbath's rest in God, be anticipated on the Saturday night. Oh! what a picture of peace, of purity, of wisdom, of godliness, is that which Burns has drawn; with what holy light the cottage shines, what happiness is depicted on every countenance! Contrast with this, the drunkard's Saturday night, its uproar, its wastefulness, its profanity, its stupefaction. Contrast with this, an evening of mere amusement, with its poor frivolities. My friends, you feel that there is a grandeur about that cottage scene; that there you see the best way of finishing the week, and preparing for the day of rest; and if it be so, why not adopt that way, and make it yours? Would that in every home, whether the cottage of the poor, the mansion of the rich, or the palace of the noble, such a scene were oftener witnessed; so that everywhere the Saturday night be closed, not in shouts of revelry, but in songs of praise; not in the language of raging and ruffianly blasphemy, but in the calm and holy accents of thankfulness and prayer. Let it not be supposed that I object to such harmless recreations as I have noticed, for I have expressed my high approval of them; but at the same time I plead for something more earnest, more manly, more progressive, more worthy of us as intelligent beings, who cannot think of regarding amusement as the main purpose of existence, and cannot afford to give to

amusement all our leisure, or even any considerable portion of it; and I plead for the rational recognition of the goodness of Him who has preserved us through the week, and with the prospect of whose sacred day, we bring the Saturday to a close.

There is one other aspect in which the Saturday night may be regarded by us. It seems to be typical of the close of life, when we shall all rest from our labors. And if Saturday be the reckoning time between master and man, it may remind us of that period when the Great Master of us all shall reckon with his servants, and give to each according as his work shall be. What are we to receive, what can we rationally look for, as the wages of our work of life? Let us see. What have we done in the way of serving God, in the way of obeying his laws, and honoring his will? I am afraid that we have done nothing, or that, whatever we may have earned by occasional obedience, we have lost by systematic disobedience. The best man, if he reflects, will have to admit that God is his creditor, not his debtor; that God in his Providence has already rewarded him far beyond his deserts; that, instead of wages, he must rather expect a heavy fine on the Saturday night of life. But happily, God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. He has promised not to deal with us according to our sins, not to reward us according to our iniquities. He has shown us

“How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed,”

and reminds us that if we trust in Him whose guiltless blood was shed, that debt we owe him, however large,

shall be freely and forever blotted from his book, and remembered against us no more. I do not know how you feel, my friends, in the contemplation of that Saturday night which shall bring us face to face with Him, whose we are, and whom, all our life long, we ought to serve. Possibly you may think that you have done something worthy of a great recompense, exercised self-denial, endured suffering, done deeds of charity and usefulness which merit some acknowledgment from God; but do not accuse me of mock humility, do not suspect me of hypocritical self-disparagement, when I say most solemnly that I can entertain no such hope for myself; that I am but an unprofitable servant, and deserve nothing more than I have already received, nor anything like so much as that; and if you talk of wages, the Saturday night of life will be to me what a common Saturday night is to the man who has been wasting his time all the week. But I do not on this account despair of that Saturday night. I think of that "guiltless blood," and in the sacrifice of Christ I find a source of hope. I have not earned heaven by my efforts to abstain from sin and to do good; but I know of one who earned it for all who trust in him—who earned it "by his agony and bloody sweat, by his cross and passion, by his precious death and burial, by his glorious resurrection and ascension." Oh! it was dearly, nobly earned, when He who "was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich." My friends, I have no right to pronounce any of you vicious; I am bound to suppose that many, very many, I would hope all of my hearers, are sober, chaste, truthful, humble, generous—in one

word, virtuous men. Be it so, but I think you will agree with me that, when God reckons with you on the Saturday night of life, these virtues will be found to have received an abundant recompense in this world, and that there are no wages, absolutely none, due to you; and therefore I invite you, whatever be your virtues, or whatever your vices, to unite with me in confiding in that Saviour, whose obedience and sufferings do afford us a reasonable ground of trust. And so, when the final Saturday night is closing round us, when the implements of toil shall be forever laid aside, and the workshop shall be returned to no more, when the death-bell shall ring us out of this world of labor and of sin, though no reward of merit may await us, there will be the better reward of grace; and that everlasting Sabbath, of which all earthly Sabbaths are the type, the earnest, and the promise, shall dawn in heavenly glory on our souls, and dawn never to fade away!

LECTURE XII.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THE motto of my address, this afternoon, is taken from an old song, and a good old song too, which a worthy Scotchwoman sings, as, in anticipation of her husband's return home after a long absence, she feels that "there is no luck about the house while her good man's away." In a manner somewhat different from this I am going to apply the good Scotchwoman's words. I am afraid that there are a great many people, both men and women, both parents and children, who have to say most ruefully, "There is no luck about the house," unless indeed it be very bad luck, and of this there is plenty. But by luck we generally understand good luck, comfort, happiness, prosperity, plenty, unless the contrary is specified. Strictly speaking, luck is either good or bad, for luck is that which befalls a man. It may be one person's luck to win £1000, another man's luck to lose as large a sum; but we almost always attach a favorable meaning to the word when we use it by itself. How the word luck, which originally is as applicable to unfavorable as to favorable circumstances, has almost, if not altogether, lost the former meaning, I do not know. The

same process has taken place with regard to the words happiness and fortune—words which, like luck, are in strict truth as applicable to evil circumstances as to good; while just the opposite process has taken place with regard to the word accident—another neutral term, which is now generally used in a bad sense. But, not to spend more time on these enquiries, though luck was once a neutral word, it is such no longer; it has lost its unfavorable sense; and so when we say that there is no luck about the house, we mean that there is no comfort, no prosperity, about the house. To ascertain why there is no luck about so many houses, and to show how these luckless houses might be lucky, is what I shall try to do on the present occasion.

But let me first say a word or two upon what I consider to be a great mistake in connection with what we call luck, and that is, the notion that luck, good luck, happiness, prosperity, comfort—call it what you please—is altogether or very greatly a matter of chance, or something to which one man is destined, and from which another is excluded by irresistible fate. This idea prevails very extensively. People say of a prosperous man that “he is always in luck’s way.” “Give a man luck, and throw him into the sea,” says an old proverb; that is, there are some men whose fate it is to prosper, who cannot help prospering, no matter in what unfavorable circumstances they are placed, no matter what they do, or what they refrain from doing. I do not know whence this very common notion of luck has arisen, but I think it most probable that it has its source in idleness, imbecility, and envy. An idle man does not like to admit

that his prosperous fellow-tradesman owes his success to his industry, for this would be a reflection upon his own indolence; a brainless fellow is unwilling to allow that the man who gets on is at all cleverer than himself; and the envious man will not give his advancing neighbor credit for a single good property. So the idle, the imbecile, and the envious agree that it is not talent; no, it is all luck; "Only give us the same chance, and see whether we don't get on equally well. There's So-and-so, the draper, or Mr. Such-a-one, the builder; why there's nothing in him; he is a great thickhead; but somehow or other he has made his £20,000; it is more by good luck than good management; circumstances have favored him; small thanks to him for getting on—he could hardly help it." Whatever may have been the origin of this idea of luck, which regards it as something superhuman and mysterious, or as a matter of incalculable chance, it is, I firmly believe, altogether incorrect, and exceedingly mischievous. The causes of one man's success and of another's unsuccess are not mysterious, they can be discovered; are not accidental, they can be calculated. Certainly there is

"A divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will,"

or, as the proverb says, "Man proposes, God disposes;" and many of the best laid schemes of mortals strangely fail, and, contrary to all expectation and calculation, come to nothing; but usually the Divinity that shapes our ends shapes them in accordance to laws known or knowable; and God, in disposing human events, in disposing them according to his sovereign will, does so, ne-

vertheless, in no fitful or capricious manner, but in conformity with great principles, which wise men will study, and, studying, will understand. Nor do I deny the force, the prodigious force, of external circumstances, which sometimes render good luck impossible, or all but impossible; yet circumstances, though powerful, are not omnipotent, and, at all events, there are very few whose circumstances are so desperately unfavorable as to render all good luck impossible. I must therefore beg of you never to allow yourself to suppose that your welfare is not in your own hands—that you will be either lucky or unlucky according to the incalculable caprices of chance, or the arbitrary decrees of fate. Your character, not decrees, your conduct, not fate, will determine your luck; and if there is no luck about your house, I would advise you to enquire, carefully, why such is the state of the case.

If there be luck about your house, in your house, in all the events of your life, comfort, happiness, prosperity, even all that heart can wish, I much rejoice in the fact. I have no doubt that such a state of things is the result, in a great measure, of talent, diligence, temperance, self-denial, and general conformity with moral law. But let us not consider ourselves altogether the architects of our good fortune. Perhaps we owe much to our parents—perhaps we owe much to our friends; and I am sure that we owe much, very much, to our heavenly Father, to our best friend—God. For if we have the intellect, the bodily health, the virtuous dispositions that have led to success, these are his gifts; and if external circumstances have been favorable, it is he who arranged these

circumstances for us, and placed us in the midst of them. A man who has made his way, and struggled bravely with difficulties, pursued successfully some well beaten track, or, exercising his ingenuity, made a sure path for himself, may with an honest pride think of his career; but that honest pride should ever be tempered by that humble thankfulness which recognises the Supreme Being as the fountain of all happiness. "Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." Had his sustaining hand been withdrawn, had your health given way, or your intellect been deranged, where would have been the prosperity, the comforts that now surround you? where your power to accumulate the blessings of this life? In all our luck, in all our success, let our hearts gratefully adore his goodness, for we must all feel that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it, except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain!" While I am prepared to oppose, and to oppose to the utmost, the idea of the idle, the imbecile, and the envious man, which is that luck is a matter of chance or of destiny, and altogether beyond the sphere of human influence, altogether independent of character and conduct, I would just as strenuously oppose, as little better than atheistic, the opposite extreme, which ascribes everything to man's effort, and refuses to recognise the superintending care and providence of God.

But, while hoping that many of my hearers are able to say, cheerfully and thankfully, that, notwithstanding the badness of the times, and the hard struggles of life,

there is some luck about their houses, some success, some prosperity, some comfort, I cannot but fear that there are many others whose state is most exactly described by the words of the old song; and many more who, if they do not take good heed to their ways, will one day feel that "there is no luck about the house." If we can point out some of the chief causes of this lucklessness, we may be doing a service both to those who now experience it, and to those who are evidently on the way to it. That there may be luck, good luck, the best luck, about every man's house, and all through every man's house, is my hearty desire; and I think that this is possible for many men, for most men, if not for all. Of course, if luck meant money only, I could not reasonably cherish such a belief; for no such state of society can be devised as shall make all men rich and independent of labor. But luck means happiness in all its elements, and wealth is not an essential element of happiness. The wealth may be great and the luck small; the wealth may be little and the luck great; for "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth;" and "better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Well, my friend, you say, "There is no luck about my house; I am a most unfortunate man; everything goes wrong with me; I can't save money; I can't pay my way without great difficulty; my family is reduced to want; my house is a scene of great discomfort; 'Home, sweet home,' says the old song, but my home is anything but sweet; can you tell me how to make it so? Can you show me how I may have luck about my house?" I

will try to do so; but I must bespeak your kind forbearance. In pointing out the causes of bad luck, I may not describe your case, I may notice mistakes which you have not made; now, if the cap does not fit, I do not at all wish you to wear it. Some of the caps which I shall ask you to try on may fit, with a little alteration, which you can make yourself. If none of them are at all near the mark, if they are all too large or too small, reject them; but the caps which I shall mention do fit a great number of people, this I am sure of; but the worst of it is, that the man whom the cap of rebuke and correction fits best is generally the man who most loudly protests that it does not fit him at all; and when a man angrily says, "These remarks don't apply to me," I always take it for granted that they are only too applicable.

"There is no luck about the house." There are some houses about which it would be foolish to look for luck; some about which luck is impossible, near which luck will not come; at all events there is one element of luck, and a very important element too—health—that fights shy of a great many houses. Of such houses there is a large number in every town, and in our town as great a proportion, perhaps, as anywhere else in England; houses that are badly contrived and badly constructed, badly ventilated and badly drained, houses that are crowded together to the exclusion of light and air, houses that are built in the immediate neighborhood of works and factories that give forth offensive odors and unwholesome vapors, houses that from the cellar to the garret are crammed with men, women, and children, a

family in each room, and ever so many lodgers beside; houses of this description are not likely to have much luck about them, the marvel is that they can even have human life about them. I am only too well aware that great multitudes are compelled to inhabit such miserable dens, that the wages of their daily toil,—would that it were daily, but, poor fellows! daily toil would be to them a luxury, they can get work only two or three days in a week, perhaps not so often,—but I am only too well aware that the wages of their daily toil, when it really is daily, are insufficient to command a healthier home. At the same time, while deeply sympathising with such men, I cannot but notice the fact, that many workmen who are, or who ought to be, in the receipt of high wages, occupy such miserable abodes. Perhaps there is no luck about your house because it is unhealthy, damp, dark, close, unprovided with such accommodation as is indispensable to sound health; and if you do not suffer, the members of your family do, and will, as long as they remain there. Now, see whether you cannot get out of that house, which bad luck, in the shape of bad health, has marked for its own, and which I trust society, in its sanitary progress, will one day mark for destruction; to escape may be impossible in some cases, but very possible in others. Make the attempt, try whether you cannot, by a wise economy, remove into such a house as luck may find it possible to live in.

“There is no luck about the house.” Well, it is not likely that there should be luck about any house if the head of the house is in the habit of drinking to excess. Luck and intemperance are sworn foes. An old proverb

says, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." This is not always true, for many a poor man's house is a scene of harmony, peace, and love. Poor men love their wives, and are loved by their wives, love their children, and are loved by their children, as affectionately as rich men, and often more so; but I would propose a modification of this proverb which I am sure is true—When drink comes in at the door, luck flies out at the window. "There is no luck about the house." No! not if the occupant spends a large portion of his wages and his time at the tavern; not if he goes off on the spree; not if he associates with riotous and dissolute companions; under such circumstances there can be no luck about any man's house, whatever be his talents, whatever be his income, and whatever be his opportunities of success; luck has renounced him, and will renounce him, until he mends his manners and reforms his ways. I have seen, and you have seen luck in many a house, abiding there, smiling there, making everything so comfortable there for a time, until the head of the house, in an evil hour, forsook the steady ways of sobriety, and then luck was off—packed up all its traps, stripped the house bare, and departed; promising, however, to return, if the drunkard would become a sober man again.

Did you ever hear the word husband explained? It means literally the band of the house, the support of it, the person who keeps it together, as a band keeps together a sheaf of corn. There are many married men who are not husbands, because they are not the band of the house. Truly in many cases the wife is the husband.

for in many cases it is she who by her prudence and thrift and economy keeps the house together. The married man who by his dissolute habits strips his house of all comfort is not a husband; in a legal sense he is, but in no other, for he is not a house-band; instead of keeping things together, he scatters them amongst the pawn-brokers. Gin has been honored with many names, but the best that I have seen is a very old one, at least a hundred years old, and it is this, "Strip me naked." This is what is sold over the counter of the gin palace. Glasses of "strip me naked!" If any man is in the habit of frequenting such places, let him remember this. He will probably see there evidences of the truth of this designation—men, women, and children whom gin has nearly stripped naked, and whose squalid appearance presents an extraordinary contrast to the splendor of the painted, gilded, gas-lit palace. Certainly, if people will have gin, *alias* "strip me naked," they can't expect to find much luck about their house. These remarks may not apply to any one present. I do not say that they are applicable; but I am sure of this, that the cap which I have shown you fits a great many heads; or, to change the metaphor, this is a shoe that pinches a great many feet. And if the question be asked, Why is there no luck about this house, and that house, and the other house, aye, and ten thousand more? am I not right—do I not state the plain unvarnished fact, and is not this the English of it?—there is no luck about these houses, because their occupants are too much given to intoxicating liquors.

"There is no luck about the house." No; it is not likely that there should be luck about it, if the wife is a

thrifless, idle, gadding gossip. The husband may be sober, steady, industrious, and in the receipt of capital wages; but I should like to know what amount of wages would be too great for an idle and intemperate wife to make away with. I have spoken of the etymology of the word husband—the band of the house; and from this etymology every married man may learn that it is his duty, as a husband, to exert his diligence to keep the house together. And now let us see whether the word wife has not a lesson too. It literally means a weaver. The wife is the person who weaves. Before our great cotton and cloth factories arose, one of the principal employments in every house was the fabrication of clothing; every family made its own. The wool was spun into thread by the girls, who were therefore called spinsters; the thread was woven into cloth by their mother, who accordingly was called the weaver, or the wife; and another remnant of this old truth we discover in the word heirloom, applied to any old piece of furniture which has come down to us from our ancestors, and which, though it may be a chair, or a bed, shows that a loom was once a most important article in every house. Thus the word wife means weaver; and, as Trench well remarks, “in the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest, in-door, stay-at-home occupations, as being fitted for her who bears this name.” The days of weaving at home are past and gone. Even the old spinning-wheel, which we used to see so often in the cottages of the peasantry, and to hear humming the live-long day, is almost obsolete. The mill and the power-loom have taken the place of the homely machinery of former times, rendering this descrip-

tion of occupation needless and unremunerative in private houses. But though that form of domestic industry exists no longer, its principle is not transitory. The wife is no longer a weaver, the spinsters no longer spin; but still there are home duties to be attended to, that ought to be all the better attended to, inasmuch as spinning and weaving have been dispensed with, have been taken from the cottage to the factory. And there is no luck about many a house, just because those home duties are not discharged; because the wife, in putting away her loom, and ceasing to be a weaver, has lost the weaver's character as well as the weaver's occupation—has lost the industry, the stay-at-home and work-at-home spirit which distinguished her when she sat at the loom all day, and when, as Solomon says, “she sought wool and flax, and worked willingly with her hands—when she laid her hands to the spindle, and her hands held the distaff—when she was not afraid of the snow, for all her household were doubly clothed.” No; there can be no luck about the house if the wife is a slattern and a gossip; if the house is not well washed and well swept; if the hearth is not kept clean, and the fire not kept bright; if the food is not well cooked, and the clothes are not carefully mended; if attention is not paid to all those little items of household comfort, which form so large, so very large, an element in every man's happiness. Luck will not dwell with drink; and luck has quite as strong an objection to dwelling with dirt, and disorder, and gossip. Again you say, “These remarks don't apply to me; my wife is as tidy and industrious a woman as ever wore a wedding-ring.” I rejoice to hear it, my friend; and if she is what you

say, which I have no manner of inclination to doubt—if she is what you say, and if you are sober and industrious, I should be very much surprised to learn that, notwithstanding all, there is no luck about your house. No; these remarks apply to none of your wives. But it's no use pretending, you know, that every wife is a pattern of tidiness and thrift, an angel in the house. I wish it were the fact; but it is not; and in many a house the secret of its lucklessness, if that secret must be told, is, that the husband's industry is not backed by the wife's attention to home duties.

"There is no luck about the house." Well, luck there cannot be, if men, and women too, will be extravagant. And extravagance has many forms, and exists amongst persons of all classes. There are extravagant noblemen, who have mortgaged their estates, who are obliged to live cheaply on the continent, and there is no luck about their houses, princely and magnificent as many of them are. There are extravagant merchants, who live in great splendor, and all manner of good luck seems to surround their houses until a crash comes, and then the hollowness of such a life is seen. There are extravagant tradesmen, who live far beyond their means; and I ought not to deny, and will not deny, that there are extravagant clergymen, of all denominations, who have not paid for their black coats, and who would choose any text to preach from, rather than those words of the Apostle, "Owe no man any thing." But extravagance finds its way into the dwelling of working men, too. Do not be offended with me, my operative brothers; am not I just as much a working man as any of you? I

am not become your enemy because I tell you the truth, and the truth is, that many of our hard working men are exceedingly extravagant, many who, perhaps, are not guilty of the extravagance of intoxicating drink. In the worst times they contrive to live on what they get, in the best times they manage to spend every cent of their wages, partly, I admit, in honorably paying the debts contracted in the period of depression, but partly also in needless and culpable waste; in food more luxurious than is necessary, in finery of dress, in costly amusements, and in various other ways, money that might be lodged in the savings bank is squandered, and hence "there is no luck about the house." Well, you tell me that this is not your case; you and your wife are a saving and economical couple; you make every shilling go as far as possible. Be thankful that is so; and if my remarks don't apply to you, pass them by, my friend, and continue in your thrifty and economical course, and may God bless you and your thrifty wife, and give you happiness and peace.

"There is no luck about the house." What, a house healthily situated, a house in which there is sobriety and industry on the husband's part, tidiness and staying at home on the wife's part, economy on the part of both, and still no luck about the house, no comfort, no happiness! How is this? Let me point out another enemy of good luck. It is not likely that there will be luck about the house if there be peevishness, bad temper, and quarreling. These things poison all the springs of domestic life, and render luck, happiness, comfort impossible, though the master of the house be in the receipt of

£10,000 a year. Drink, dirt, extravagance all drive luck away, and discord in the house produces the same effect. It is not strange that there is no luck about the house, when the wife attacks the husband and the husband beats the wife, or when, refraining from these extremes, they are surly, sour, snappish, snarling in their remarks, or preserve a moody or ill tempered silence, broken only by growls. No; each must try to bear the other's infirmities, and to outlive and outgrow his or her own; remembering that, in the words of the sacred writer, "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord." A little consideration, a little patience, a little forbearance will do wonders in the course of time. But certainly all jarring and discord in the house will drive luck away from it. Again I say, that my remarks may not apply to any man or woman present; but still, in enumerating the chief causes which produce lucklessness about the house, and make people's lives so burdensome and sad, I cannot but notice this. For in how many cases does the unmanly conduct of the husband spoil the wife's temper, break her heart, and drive her to intemperate habits; and on the other hand, in how many instances does the violent, vixenish disposition of the wife compel the miserable husband to find his refuge from her clattering and abusive tongue in the comparative quiet of the public-house!

"There is no luck about the house." No, there cannot be if the children are not properly trained. And

here we find another prolific source of lucklessness. That boy is allowed to have his own way; he is never chastised at all, or chastised in an unreasonably severe and brutal manner; his education is neglected; he is allowed to form his own companionships, and to spend the Sunday in the streets or in the fields. That girl is not instructed in household duties, not taught to be neat and cleanly, not checked in her natural passion for finery; and what with disobedient sons and slatternly daughters, comfort in the house is an impossibility. "Train them up in the way they should go," "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," in habits of obedience, of diligence, of cleanliness, of honesty, of piety, and you will find that children, instead of being a burden and a curse (at which sad conclusion many have arrived), "are a heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord, like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, and happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." But of course such training implies, as its chief element, parental example on both the father's and mother's side. We are the educators of our children; we, far more than school-masters, and we by our example, more than by our precepts. It is all in vain that the old crab says to the young one, "Why do you walk so crooked, child? walk straight." How is the young crab to walk straight, with such an example continually before it.

"There is no luck about the house!" Well, permit me to ask how the Sunday is observed at your house; is it a day of idleness, of pleasure-taking, of feasting, and of dissipation, or a day of rest from toil, and of holy occupation? For although I do not sympathise with

those who would condemn a man who has been shut up in a shop all the week for walking forth into the country on some part of the Sunday, to breathe the fresh air, which he cannot get in the heart of a great and crowded city, still I regard it as a Divine command that a seventh portion of our time should be kept holy, and the right observance of this day I consider essential to our comfort. If it is spent in dissipation, the physical benefit of it is lost, it proves deeply injurious, and the result often is that men lose time, money, and situations through this cause. I do not know that there is anything which more commonly leads to a man's being discharged from work than the irregularity arising from a Sunday of pleasure-taking. But you do not spend the Sunday so. You are a sober man, and you spend the Sunday in a rational way. But what is that rational way? The most rational that I know of is to spend it in quiet and serious reflection, in the company of our wives and children, in cheerful but not frivolous conversation, and in the public worship of Almighty God. Thus the Sunday will prove a day of refreshment to both body and soul, a day of rest, a day of instruction, and of profit too; a day on which, if you think of it, you may earn in the form of wisdom and knowledge something more valuable than the wages of a working day, something that will be of service to you on the working day, and help you, guide you, strengthen you amid the temptations and the trials of life. I shall not attempt to trace the connection between misspent Sundays and every kind of bad luck. I hope that I am free from all superstition on this matter, when I say that such a connection does exist. I appeal

to the testimony of facts, and facts assure me that thousands of unfortunate and unhappy men have themselves declared that their ruin can be traced to misspent Sundays as its source. In this there is nothing mysterious. If the day that is set apart for rest, for instruction, and for worship, is given to folly and to sin, the man deprived of the rest and the instruction, and of all the blessings which the worship of God secures, must needs stand at a disadvantage, and no wonder if there is no luck about his house. I leave it to the most careless and godless man to say, whether the abuse of the day of rest and worship is not likely to have a most injurious effect upon himself and upon his family.

“There is no luck about the house.” I do not think that there will be, or that there ought to be any luck about the house of a man who does not recognise the authority of God, and pray for his blessing upon himself, his family, and his business. Is it not a reasonable thing that the Divine Source of all happiness should be gratefully adored, and that we should put ourselves under the protection of him in whose hands is the disposal of all events, and the sovereign control of all circumstances that can affect us, favorably or otherwise? I do not say that we should serve God for the sake of temporal advantage; if we serve him with no better motive than this, we shall serve him in vain; but, at the same time, irreligion is the main cause of the lucklessness of which so many houses are the scene. True godliness must be based on better grounds than the expectation of secular good; yet that secular good is one of the gifts of godliness is certain. Godliness, fostering as it does every virtuous principle,

requiring temperance and chastity, diligence and prudence, truthfulness and integrity, forms the character that can scarcely fail of commanding a good share of what men call "luck." "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways; for thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands, happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee."

If, then, instead of dirt there is cleanliness, instead of drunkenness sobriety, instead of idleness industry, instead of confusion order, instead of extravagance economy, instead of discord peace, instead of parental neglect parental care and discipline, instead of misspent Sundays Sundays consecrated to physical rest and religious worship, instead of ungodliness the fear and the love of God, the house in which these abide must needs have luck about it; and its happy occupants, living in peace, in comfort, in plenty, will never have to utter the complaint which forms the motto of this lecture. And now, in conclusion let me say from my heart, "The Lord prosper you; I wish you good luck in the name of the Lord."

LECTURE XIII.

THE ROAD TO HELL
IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS.

“Is there a hell?” asks one; “or is not all that we are told about it the creation of superstitious fears, or the invention of a cunning and self-interested priestcraft? If there be a God, at all, surely he will not be so hard upon us as to condemn us to endless misery, because we don’t do exactly the right thing in this world?” Many persons are very unwilling to believe in a hell; but they are generally persons who have good reason to dread such a belief; for their consciences tell them that if there be such a place, or such a state, they are candidates for admission whose claims will never be disputed. If we trace the history of this belief, however, we shall find that it has not been entertained by superstitious people alone, but by the wisest and the best men of every age, heathens as well as Christians; and this fact ought of itself to shake the unbelief of the boldest and most hardened, and most intelligent sceptic. He may be very wise; but if so, then he knows very well that far wiser men than he have believed in the future punishment of sin. He may be a very able reasoner; but he will surely admit that abler reasoners than himself have arrived at conclu-

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sions exactly opposite to those at which he has arrived. Perhaps you say, "I don't intend to pin my faith to any man's sleeve; I don't care what conclusions others have arrived at; I will confide in the exercise of my private judgment, and think for myself." Very well; think for yourself by all means; but remember, the man who always confides in his own judgment, must be immensely conceited, and will probably soon bring himself to grief. Perhaps the next time you are very ill, you will exercise your private judgment, call in no medical man, and do the doctoring yourself; and if ever you are so unfortunate as to have a dispute that brings you into a court of law, though your opponent secures the ablest counsel, you will rely on your private judgment, plead your own cause, and have, what a well-known proverb tells you you will have, for your client. Or, if you have to buy a horse, you will ask no man's opinion, but confide in your own judgment—a very dangerous experiment, I should say, for most men. Perhaps, though you have never been at sea in your life, you are prepared, in reliance upon that infallible judgment of yours, to take a ship to any part of the world. The fact is, that we do not in one matter out of a thousand confide in our own judgment, but in the judgment of others; and the soundest conclusion of private judgment is this, to be guided by the men who are most likely to be best informed upon this, that, or the other question, whether it be commercial, scientific, historical, or theological. A sound and sensible private judgment will in many things, and in most things of great importance and difficulty, be distrustful of itself, and feel that there are other judgments more worthy of

confidence; and therefore I submit if many of the wisest and best men, if nearly all the truly wise and good men of every age, with all their differences of opinion upon other points, have unanimously agreed in the belief of a future state of retribution, this fact claims every man's respectful attention; and no one who wishes to have credit for good sense, will say that the belief in a hell is nothing more than a superstition, or an invention of priestcraft.

The question, Is there a hell? resolves itself into this, Is there a moral governor of the world? Is there a moral law? Is there such a thing as sin? For if there be, then there is such a thing as punishment for sin, and that punishment, whatever form it assume, may be designated hell. Yes; there is sin, and there is punishment for sin, punishment which we often witness, which falls upon many a man before he leaves this world. The disgrace and ruin which are so often the consequences of a dishonest life, and even of some one dishonest act, the poverty of the idler and the drunkard, the shattered health of the profligate, are instances of the manner in which sin is punished even in the present life. But still, there is not for all sin such a reckoning in this world as meets the claims of righteousness and justice. There are many men whose evil doings pass undetected and unpunished, whom neither the laws of man nor the laws of nature can reach. There have been many tyrants in the world, who shed much innocent blood, but whom no vengeance ever overtook on earth. "Murder will out," says the proverb; but if by this is meant that murder will in every case be discovered by man, the proverb is

altogether false, for we have known many cases of most atrocious murders, the perpetrators of which have not been found out, notwithstanding all the efforts of the police. In fact, when we take into our account the numbers of infant children found dead, and who appear to have died by unfair means, I should say that the greater number of murders remain in mystery.

Again, let me ask, what punishment is inflicted on the seducer, whose crime is even greater than that of the murderer? And there are thousands of dishonest men, who, by their fraudulent dealing, come to great wealth, and live in splendor, and "they are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued as other men; therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment; their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart can wish." "The tabernacles of robbers prosper; and they that provoke God are secure, into whose hand God bringeth abundantly." "Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper; wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously?" To say that such men—the tyrant, who has trampled all law beneath his feet; the murderer, who escapes detection; the seducer, whose crime is treated with such leniency, and scarcely considered a crime at all; the robber, whose robbery happens to be legal, or, if illegal, is dexterously concealed—to say that such men are punished by the stings of conscience, is ridiculous. If conscience have so little power as to deter from wrong-doing, depend upon it, it has but little power to punish when the wrong is done. History records the names and deeds of thousands of men, cruel, blood-

thirsty, treacherous, who, as far as we can see, suffered little or nothing in this world, and certainly suffered nothing that could be regarded as the just reward of their atrocious deeds. But besides these rascals on a grand scale, whose scoundrelism was so remarkable as to become matter of historical record, there have always been far greater numbers of more obscure sinners who have prospered in their wickedness, and gone down to their graves in peace, experiencing, even in the prospect of death, no avenging terrors, no retributive remorse. And do you not feel that such men ought to be punished? that, if they go unpunished it is wrong? Our sense of justice cries out for the punishment of such men. There is no moral government of the world if they are not judged for their evil deeds, if they are allowed quietly to go down to the grave and become extinct. Vice is connived at, and virtue is discouraged, if there be no future retribution; and in fact, if there be no hell, there *ought* to be one, most decidedly. Hell a superstition! Nay; it is what our sense of right demands, it is what our reason considers in the highest degree probable.

So far I have said nothing of the Scriptural statements which bear upon this subject, because I have been desirous of showing that, even apart from such testimony as the Bible affords, our common sense, when it reflects upon the fact that so much evil goes unavenged in this world, feels that a future retribution is absolutely necessary, to vindicate the claims of righteousness, and to clear the government of God of the charge of excessive unfairness and partiality. But the testimony of Scrip-

ture is in exact accordance to these deductions of common sense. I shall not now go into the important question, What claim has the Bible to our belief? How do we know that it is God's word—that it contains a revelation of his will? There may be sceptics here, but I have not time to argue out this point. I can only afford room to say, that while there are men of learning, ability, and candor, who doubt and deny the authority of the Bible, the majority of learned, able, and candid men are very firmly convinced that the Bible is "no cunningly devised fable," but indeed and of a truth "the Word of God;" and moreover, I believe that this conviction is gaining ground, not losing it; that there is on the part of able and learned men as strong a belief in the Bible now, in the full light of modern science, as there was three hundred years ago, when the light of science was comparatively dim. The more the Bible is studied, the clearer becomes the evidence of its divine origin; and the more nature is studied, the more deeply are its facts found to harmonise with the statements of the Bible. For reasons far too numerous to mention now, I can say, I think, with all candor and earnestness, that I believe the Bible to be entitled to our profoundest deference; and that what it says upon the subject now under our consideration, as well as on other subjects, is worthy of our most solemn attention. I quite admit that in the Scriptural descriptions of a future state, of both heaven and hell, there is much that is highly figurative; outer darkness—everlasting burnings—the worm that dieth not—the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone—the bottomless pit; these may all be figurative expressions,

but they are all indicative of misery and despair, all significant of the terrible effects of sin unrepented of and persisted in. In the present life, men may suffer much, and do suffer much, in body and mind, as the obvious consequence of their sins; and we have only to transfer this capability of suffering to another life, and that an endless one, and then we may form some idea of the wretchedness of hell.

And with these conclusions of reason and statements of Scripture, most men's consciences harmonise. Let men disguise their apprehensions as they can, still there is "the dread of something after death;" a fear that it will not be all right with them in the other world—that they will be called to account for their thoughts, feelings, words, and works—that there really is a judgment to come, which there is no escaping—and that they have little to hope, and much to fear, as the eternal result of their conduct in this period of probation and trial. Those very resolutions of amendment, which are so often broken, are so many evidences of this fear, so many attempts, futile attempts, to "flee from the wrath to come." There is a hell, then, no doubt of that—there is, there ought to be, there must be. I believe that there is a heaven, too; but it strikes me that the evidence of a hell is, if possible, stronger than that on the strength of which we believe in a heaven; for, if heaven be a state of rewards, we may very reasonably ask, Who can claim any reward at all? We are all, at the best, unprofitable servants, and God is not our debtor. Apart from the testimony of the Scripture, I do not think that I should believe in a heaven; for the

heaven of those Philosophers, who speak so much about future rewards, appears to me to be all moonshine, if it be a heaven in which men are to receive eternal happiness as the wages due to them for what they have been and done on earth. Apart from the testimony of the Bible, my conclusion would be this—there may be a heaven, but there must be a hell; there may be some virtue that ought to be rewarded in a future world, but, I know that there is a great deal of sin that ought to be reckoned for in the other world. You say, “God is infinitely good.” Yes, and because he is infinitely good, I believe he will punish sin. It is no mark of goodness when a man, and especially a magistrate (which God is), winks at wrong-doing; and if you have a notion that God is too kind, too good-natured, to inflict pain on any of his creatures, it will be well for you to consider what suffering, what anguish, what torment God ordains as the penalty of transgressing natural law, although we transgress it in our ignorance. By mistake, you drink a deadly poison; well, then, you must die. It seems very hard, perhaps, that for that mistake you must be cut off in the prime of life, and taken away from your wife and children, who depend upon you for support. But so it is; the natural law is inexorable, and the poison operates as effectually as if you had taken it with the express design of destroying yourself; and is it not evident from this, that while God is good and merciful, still he conducts all things according to fixed laws? And if pain and death be the penalty of transgressing these laws of nature, is it very surprising, is it a thing incredible, that far severer suffering should be the ultimate

result of violating, and willfully violating moral law? If pain and death are the results of a mistake, is it incredible that "tribulation and anguish" should be the results of a sin?

But to our proverb. There are two versions of it, "Hell is paved with good intentions," and "The road to hell is paved with good intentions." I have chosen the latter, and I will tell you why. My reason is this, that I do not think the other version true; I do not believe that hell itself is paved with good intentions. Lost souls are not capable of good intentions; they have become wholly bad, and are "unto every good work reprobate." They have become like unto Satan; that resemblance to the devil which was commenced on earth is perfected in hell; all goodness has forsaken them—they cannot even repent; they have settled into a sullen, gloomy, and implacable hatred of God, of themselves, and of each other. This is their sentence, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still." And if they were capable of good intentions, I do not see of what service such intentions could be, if, as the Scripture assures us, their portion is everlasting contempt and endless despair—if they are deprived even of hope. I do not believe, then, that hell is paved with good intentions, unless it be with the fragments of good intentions made and broken in this life; and therefore I have adopted this other version of the proverb, for I do find that the road to hell, from its beginning to its end, from the first step to the last which a man takes in the ways of evil, is paved with good intentions. The man, in many instances, is perpetually resolving to amend, to

repent, to reform, to retrace his steps, to forsake the path of vice and crime, and turn his feet into the ways of virtue, godliness, and peace; and good intentions, alternating with bad conduct, make up the sum total of his life. To some of those good intentions, which are often formed, but seldom carried out, I must now advert; and they present us with a miserable exhibition of human weakness and folly. I do not say that it is foolish to form a good intention; but to persevere in forming them, and departing from them, is, I think, proof positive of very great foolishness, and great ignorance of one's own heart.

A large space on "the road to hell is paved with the good intentions" which young men, and, I might add, young women, too, form, on their first introduction to scenes of pleasure, revelry, and dissipation. They are invited to go and see a bit of life; only to see it; that's all. It's well they should know what is going on in the world. They can go to the races, but they must not bet; they had better not do that; they will be swindled to a certainty; but the fresh air and the recreation will do them good. True, there may be many questionable characters there, and more than questionable practices; but there's no harm in seeing a race. And so they go, with intentions, if not good, at least perfectly harmless. But that going to the races has in many instances proved one of the first steps on "the road to hell." They have paved their way so far with their innocent intentions. The billiard-room is first visited, in much the same spirit. Let us go and see such or such a celebrated player performing his astounding feats. It's a wonderful sight;

there's no occasion for us to play; in fact, we should be great fools to play with him, at any odds in our favor; but we can look on. Cards, too! Well; what harm is there in a game of cards, as long as you don't play for money, or limit yourself to a merely nominal sum—a sixpence, for example? It is an innocent amusement; it is an exercise of skill—a wholesome trial of temper; at all events, it is an agreeable way of spending an hour or two, and better far than mere empty talk and uncharitable gossip. And then, again, the theatre; we read plays; why not go and see them acted? where's the difference between the theatre and the concert-room? are not the plays licensed by authority of the Lord Chamberlain? and who ever heard of a Lord Chamberlain's doing anything wrong, or licensing anything immoral? But we say many of the plays *are* immoral, and shockingly so. Well; but if they be so, that's no reason why I should be corrupted by them. Can't I take what's good, and leave what's vile? Certainly, in most theatres there are flaunting harlots, bedizened in their finery; but to me they will prove more revolting than attractive. I go only for the purpose of being gratified, and possibly instructed, by the performance. Then the free-and-easy. Well; one can go there, too, and take no harm; there's nothing immoral in listening to a good song; and if some of the songs are foolish, very few, scarcely any, of them are decidedly bad. There is rather strange company in such places; but I am not obliged to associate with them, and can keep myself to myself. In the same way, without any bad intention, the dancing-saloon is visited. Is there anything wrong in dancing? at all events, I can

go and look on. And there are dancing-saloons from which improper characters are excluded—highly respectable places—where everything is conducted with propriety. The public-house, too, is first frequented, with no immoral design. No one begins his public-house career with the intention of becoming a sot; but cheerful society is to be met with; it's a pleasant, sociable way of spending an evening; such a man can sing well, such another can tell a good story; and a good deal of information about business is to be obtained in that social circle. Thus most amusements, however dangerous their tendency and fatal their results, can be entered into, and generally are at first entered into without any bad intention; nay, some good intention may be pleaded for entering into them; and each beginner, in his ignorance and self-confidence, thinks that he can resist temptation—that he can use pleasure, without abusing it—that he can go as far as considerations of health, economy, and morality allow, and then stop, then draw back, uninjured by his familiarity with evil. But a man cannot take fire into his bosom, and not be burned. He yields to the temptations into the midst of which he has willfully rushed; his resolution fails him, not perhaps at the very first, but he is gradually drawn into the fatal circle: his good intentions have deceived him, and “paved his way to hell.”

Thus also is it usually with the first steps in dishonesty. A young man is sent off about his business, discharged without a character, perhaps prosecuted, convicted, and sent to prison, guilty of purloining or embezzling his employer's property. Possibly enough he has

seen his employer purloin the property of the public, been taught by his employer to purloin the property of the public, and so been systematically trained to become a thief; but if you trace the history of such a man, it will often be found that he had fallen into extravagant habits, habits of dressing too expensively and living too expensively, habits of drinking, habits of dissipation; he had become the companion of men better off than himself, and he must needs vie with them, and try to appear their equal; hence he got into debt, and was pressed and threatened by his creditors. To escape this exposure, he resolved to borrow—stretched a point of conscience as to borrowing without leave—made use of his employer's money, honestly intending to replace it. He did not think that theft exactly; it was not quite the thing, but still he made a great virtue of the honesty of his intention. So he took the money, not altogether without qualms of conscience, but still he administered to his conscience a soporific draught of good intentions, which lulled his conscience to sleep. He did replace the money; he made his promise good, and this encouraged him to play the same game again, to play it often, perhaps, the good intention always excusing the fraud to his conscience, always standing godfather to the deed; until at last the borrowed sum was too large to be repaid, the difficulty became insurmountable, and now, a discovered and convicted thief, his character gone, his prospects ruined, his power of making an honest living almost utterly destroyed, and little else open to him than a life of disgrace and crime, he finds that he has "paved his road to hell with his good intentions."

I know of no one who forms so many good intentions as the intemperate man. Every now and then he determines to become sober. No one is more thoroughly convinced of his folly; if he does not see that his conduct is sinful, he can't help seeing that it is foolish. When he has been off on the spree, and spent every halfpenny, and pawned his watch and his foot-rule and his Sunday clothes and his furniture, when he is suffering from hunger and the blue devils, when he finds that he can't get a stroke of work to do, and remembers that it is all "along of that drink" in which he has indulged; he is humbled and ashamed, and angry with himself, and often vows that he will for the future abstain, or, at all events, he will restrict himself within moderate bounds; he hears a lecture, or he reads a tract, or some kind neighbor expostulates with him, and he resolves that henceforth he will be a very different man; he will stick to his work; he will take his wages home to his wife; he will get his things out of pawn, and they shall never again pass under the shadow of the golden balls. He will be steady at last: he tells you that you may rely upon him; he is angry if you are doubtful; he is ready to bet you anything in reason that he will keep his word—"Do you mean to insult me, by saying that you don't believe that I can keep it?" But let him get to work again, let him get into the company of men who frequent the pot-house, and it's very soon all up with his good intentions. One by one he casts them beneath his feet, and with them "paves his road to hell." So also have I seen it with the rake, the profligate, the man of dissipated sensual life. When he begins severely to feel

the effects of his sensuality, and finds that he has undermined his health and wasted his strength, perhaps some little nobleness of mind is left in him, and he feels how degrading, how brutish, how unworthy of a rational being his past life has been; and conscience, too, is awakened, and he is stung with remorse and agitated with fear; he sees that it will not do to live as he has lived. He must give up those riotous companionships; he will become a man of regular habits; he will exercise that self-control which every man worth calling a man does exercise; he will bring his passions into subjection to his reason and his conscience. It's all very fine; it's a great deal too fine; such good intentions are like one of those exceedingly clear, fresh, beautiful mornings, which so often are the harbingers of very rainy days. This penitential fit soon passes off.

When the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
When the Devil got well, the devil a monk was he.

Let the profligate recover a little, and he is tempted again to frequent the scenes of his former dissipation. Now he despises himself for having been so soft as to think with seriousness. He is young still; he will enjoy life while he can; and when he is advancing in years, then he will reform, and with this good intention "he paves his way to hell."

Is it not so with most of us, although we may be neither drunkards, nor profligates of a still lower grade? We are conscious that we have done wrong, that our conduct needs improvement, our character reformation. Sometimes, perhaps, we think, "What if we were sud-

denly to die in our sins!" The death of a relative, or other friend, brings such thoughts into our minds. Perhaps a sermon has thus affected us, and made us think of eternity; and we have resolved to give up this sin and that, and live soberly, righteously, and godly; to overcome such and such bad habits, such and such bad passions. Like the man in the parable, many of us have said, "I will arise and go to my father;" but we have not gone; we have gone only part of the way; our repentance has been repented of, and we have gone back. Our companions have called us back; our own evil hearts have urged us back; gloomy views of religion have driven us back; the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil have lured us back; and we have gone and entered the devil's service again, and tried to satisfy ourselves with the filthy husks; and we feel that these good resolutions of ours are our condemnation—that we are more guilty, now that we have broken them, than if we had never formed them. Kept, they would have paved our way to Heaven; broken, they have "paved our way to Hell." But the grand delusion, the master deception of all, the commonest and most successful of the devil's devices, is the good intention to repent and reform at some future period. It is true that life is very short, and proverbially uncertain; it is true that we are daily exposed to accidents and diseases which may hurry us away without a moment's preparation; it is true that our friends and neighbors are thus carried off before our eyes; it is true that when a man has to contend with great physical suffering, or is laid prostrate in extreme weakness, it is no time for such exercise of mind and soul as repentance

for sin and trust in God demand ; it is true that a death-bed is of all places about the very worst, and most unlikely, for the conversion of the soul ; but still almost every man says to religion, "When I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee." If you think that as years advance (supposing that many years are granted you, and that you will live to be old), you will be more inclined to consider religion, and to become religious, you are laboring under a great mistake. Time does not soften the heart, but continuance in evil hardens it. The probability is that to the last you will talk about some more convenient season, and thus your good intentions will day by day and year by year "pave your road to hell.

I do not find fault with good intentions, for in themselves they *are* good, but a good intention not carried out becomes an evil, a snare, a source of condemnation. It is better not to promise at all than to promise and not perform. Good intentions prove the existence of conscience ; prove that conscience is not altogether asleep ; prove that we know the difference between right and wrong, and when they are not fulfilled they prove that our sin is sin against knowledge and against conviction. Ignorance, though not a justification, is a mitigation, for "he that knew not his lord's will, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes ;" but ignorance cannot be pleaded by the man of good intentions ; he is that servant who knew his lord's will and did it not, and therefore "shall be beaten with many stripes ;" and whatever be the misery of hell, the remembrance of good intentions unfulfilled must be one of its most bitter elements. What shall I say of good intentions ? Shall

I condemn them—shall I advise you not to form them? Far from it. I would to the utmost encourage every resolution of amendment, every intention to forsake an evil habit, to restrain a vile passion, and to do what is right in the sight of God and man. But I would encourage you to make them in dependence upon the strength of God.

Our own strength is weakness. I do not say that we are all equally weak, and that no man has naturally a particle of moral strength, or the strength and ability to keep a good resolution; but I can very safely appeal to the facts of your own history, to the records of your own memory, to the testimony of your own consciences, when I say that we have all of us been too often overcome by temptations, and seen too many excellent and beautiful intentions scattered to the winds, to rely much, to rely at all, upon ourselves. Solomon says, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool,"—wise and weighty words these. A man may trust in the strength of his arm when he has some work to do; he may trust in the cunning skill of his hand when he has some delicate operation to perform; he may trust on his knowledge and judgment when he has to pronounce and act upon some opinion on a matter of trade, of science, of literature, or of politics. Yes, all this self-reliance is allowable, is to be commended; but "he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." Most men, of any experience, know this, for in fact they are well aware that their hearts have often made fools of them, that their hearts have promised much and performed little, that, in the inimitable language of one who knew his own heart and the

heart of humanity well, "when they would do good, evil is present with them." I think, then, that it would be unwise to encourage good intentions, to say to men, Resolve to do this, and resolve not to do that, be determined to abandon such a vile practice, and to cultivate such a virtuous habit,—unwise, I say, and well nigh useless, thus to counsel men, without at the same time remembering the pitiable weakness of human nature, and therefore pointing them to Him in whom alone is our strength. Resolve! yes, resolve by all means to forsake the scenes of sensual amusement; to lead a life of perfect sobriety and chastity; to conduct all your business with unimpeachable integrity; to overcome every sin, however easily besetting; and to be a godly man; but trust not in your own heart, or these resolutions will be like many that are moved, seconded, and passed at public meetings, and when the fine speeches have ceased, and the assembly has dispersed, are forthwith and for evermore forgotten, proving themselves mere matters of empty form, and cheap compliments which people pay to philanthropy. Trust not to your own hearts, but to Him who, knowing our moral weakness, tells us that "they that wait upon him shall renew their strength," and in all duty, strengthened by him, shall "mount as on the wings of eagles, run and not be weary, walk and not faint!" But there is one good intention, and just one, which, if carried out, will, by God's blessing, save our souls from that hell, the existence of which is so certain, and the fear of which is sometimes awakened in our hearts. Form the intention of believing in Jesus Christ—of trusting in him as your deliverer, your Redeemer, and the

propitiation for your sins; and may you have the strength to act accordingly. You may be sober, you may be chaste, you may be truthful, but these virtues will not take away sin. The first matter—the matter of highest importance—that which alone can be the turning point which shall set you right, and put you in the right path—is, trust in Christ. This once accomplished, your good intentions, faithfully carried out, will pave your road to heaven—will be the steps by which, with God's help, you shall climb higher and higher in all virtue, until you reach that perfection of the soul which itself is heaven, and without which no heaven is possible for man.

LECTURE XIV.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

AMONG the writings of the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, there is a small tract called "The Way to Wealth, as clearly shewn in the preface of an old Pennsylvania Almanac, entitled Poor Richard improved." One of Franklin's editors gives us the following information as to the origin of this tract. "Dr. Franklin, as I have been made to understand, for many years published the Pennsylvania Almanac, called 'Poor Richard' (Saunders), and furnished it with various sentences and proverbs which had principal relation to the topics of industry, attention to one's business, and frugality; the whole or chief of these sentences and proverbs he at last collected and arranged in a general preface, which his countrymen read with much avidity and profit."

I think that the wise sayings contained in the preface of "Poor Richard" are well worthy of our study, and therefore I propose on this occasion to select a few of them, and to offer some remarks by way of commentary and application. In this tract, "Poor Richard" represents himself as standing amongst a crowd of people collected at the door of an auction room, and as the sale

had not commenced, they of course began to talk of the badness of the times. Like the weather, the badness of the times is a topic that never fails. It seems very absurd that when I meet my neighbor, I should deliver myself of such a speech as this—"It's a beautiful day, sir," a fact of which my neighbor is as fully aware as myself; still we do something like justice to the weather, for (unless we be farmers, who are often very hypercritical in this matter) when the weather is good, we say so; but who ever heard a man congratulate his neighbor on the goodness of the times? One might suppose there never had been good times since the beginning of the world; and many persons seem to think their own times worse than any which have passed by. If this impression be correct, then, year by year, and generation after generation, the world has been becoming a harder and more unpleasant place to live in; our times must be very bad indeed, and we of all men that ever lived, must be "most miserable." I hope it is scarcely necessary to say that this impression, from whatever cause it takes its rise, is utterly unfounded; no past generation can be mentioned, which would not have great reason to envy us and our times, if they could be informed of our condition; to murmur at the badness of the times, betrays great ignorance, great ingratitude, or both; we, and not our remote ancestors, are the people who have a right to say, not boastingly, but with profound gratitude to God, "The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places, yea we have a goodly heritage." Still men do fret themselves about the badness of the times; the times may be good, but they are never good enough; demonstratively better

than past times, yet far inferior to that ideal perfection which, with more or less of distinctness, men image to themselves. Perhaps in this disposition, unhappy and ungrateful though it be, we may recognise an evidence of a very great and important principle; man's discontent with the world, even at its best estate, goes far to show that the world is not his rest; that there is something in store for him, if he will but aim at it, greater, better than the world; time is never good enough; no, for man's real good is stored up in eternity. You may doubt your immortality, you may deny it, you may ridicule the idea of it, but your restlessness, your dissatisfaction, your perpetual craving after something that is always beyond your reach, ought, I think, to admonish you of the probability, the high probability, of a nobler state, to which it is your duty to aspire; and the way of obtaining which, I for one do most firmly believe God has pointed out to us in that King of Books, which, for reasons too numerous to mention now, I feel sure is His own Word to mankind—His loving message to his wayward and benighted children!

Well, these people, whom "Poor Richard" met at the auction room, talked of course of the badness of the times, and of course threw the blame upon the Government and taxes; for men are very unwilling to believe that their poverty, their difficulties, their calamities, are the result of their own folly and misconduct. The group in which "Poor Richard" found himself, appealed to an aged man, "What think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be able to pay them? What would you advise us

to do?" The old man had diligently studied "Poor Richard's Almanac," and, proceeding to give his advice, he based his counsels upon the sentences and proverbs with which for many years the almanac had been garnished. He gave utterance to a very weighty truth, when in the exordium of his sermon, he said, "The taxes laid on by Government are very heavy, but we are taxed twice as much by our idleness—three times as much by our pride—and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement." There is a self-imposed taxation, of which we seldom think, but a taxation of enormous magnitude. If all men were industrious and steady, the poor-rate would scarcely amount to a farthing in the pound, and that great palace of indolence, the almshouse, would immediately be "to be let." The enormous expense of police and prisons is, every farthing of it, a self-imposed tax, a part of the price which we have to pay for sin. Those most costly establishments, the army and navy, could be dispensed with, and as a matter of course would be dispensed with, if all nations were wise enough, and virtuous enough, to abandon, by common consent, the exceedingly unprofitable game of war. Consider, too, how heavily people tax themselves in order to keep up a grand appearance; reflect upon the innumerable extravagances of luxury; it is one of the crying evils of the age, that great numbers of people are not content to live within their incomes; "they spend the Michaelmas rent in the Midsummer moon;" they are impatient of the least restraint upon their expensive tastes; every man tries to outshine his neighbor, not in

virtue, but in vain and vulgar grandeur. Only think how heavily many persons tax themselves in the one article, or rather, I should say, the one department, of dress; they are so infatuated as to think that it is a certain style of dress that makes the gentleman or the lady; the tailor can make a gentleman of any "snob," the milliner can transform into a lady, a woman who never in her life was guilty of uttering one sentence of correct English. Omnipotent tailors! Who shall utter again that ancient calumny, which alleges that it takes nine of you to make a man, whereas the deliberate belief and affirmation of this age of progress is, that any one of you can make any number of gentlemen? In eating and drinking, too, there is a heavy, self-imposed taxation; there are many, it is true, who can scarcely secure the necessaries of existence, but thousands who must have luxuries at any price, and have so habituated themselves to them, that the slightest self-denial would be intolerable. At one time, there were sumptuary laws which regulated every man's dress, and presided over every man's table; we do not wish to see those foolish old statutes revived, but their principle was good; it was just this: that every man should cut his coat according to his cloth;" that every man should live as he can honestly, and not dishonestly, afford to live; let every man enact and enforce his own sumptuary laws, and he will free himself from much heavy and unnecessary taxation, and find that it is possible to live, and to live with comfort too, even when "the times" are nothing to boast of.

"Poor Richard's" commentator is down upon the idle folk; and very properly; he will not tolerate idle-

ness; "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." There is much time squandered; most men certainly work six days in the week, when work is to be had; but it is often considered a great hardship to be obliged to labor thus from day to day. The toiling millions are often represented as objects of pity. Now, this is all nonsense; what else should men do? How can they employ their time better than in work? The man who has no work is the man who claims our pity. Some, undoubtedly, have to work too hard, their hours of labor are protracted to an extent injurious to health, and detrimental to intellectual culture and moral elevation; but ten or twelve hours a day for six days in the week, will injure no one, but will most decidedly do him a great deal of good. "The stuff that life is made of" is most shamefully squandered; morning quarters lost; evenings spent in no useful pursuit; hours and half hours—no end of them—thrown away; fifty-two Sundays in the year, a full seventh portion of our time, which might be consecrated to the highest purposes; in many cases no satisfactory account can be rendered of such days, but an account very unsatisfactory, and one which will not bear reflection. We have not many holidays, it is true, but the few we have are generally squandered in dissipation. People complain of the shortness of life, but it strikes me that life is quite long enough, considering how it is usually spent. You talk about the value of human life, and human life is valuable; but still, if we are to estimate life by its utility, it may be worth one's while to enquire whether there are not many horses, asses, and

dogs, whose loss would be more severely felt than the loss of here and there a member of the human family. We have a most singular expression, to this effect, "killing time;" this I think shows that, short as life is, it is longer than many people well know what to do with; "killing time." Time, then, is something which we dislike, something which under certain circumstances, we feel to be oppressive and painful, therefore let us kill it. The same mournful fact appears in our word "pastime;" we want something that shall cause the time to pass by unobserved; we wish time to steal away, we wish it to get on faster. Time is capital, but with many it is capital lying dead and unprofitable. My friends, do not squander this precious "stuff of which life is made;" study and ascertain well the purposes for which it has been given—the secular and spiritual purposes of this brief life, and husband every moment carefully, applying it wisely and well.

There is much truth in this saying of "Poor Richard"—"Many without labor would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock." You see this illustrated in the lives of gamblers, in the lives of schemers; such men seldom get on, with all their cunning; there is very little doubt that this is true of those scoundrels whose vocation is to deceive and to rob poor emigrants, and who are a disgrace and a curse to this town—a nuisance by all means to be put down, if possible. I don't believe that the trade of a crimp, or a landshark, or a mancatcher, is profitable after all. Have faith in honest work; there is more to be got by it than by cunning or knavery of any kind; it is of course infinitely preferable

on moral grounds—it is also far preferable upon merely secular grounds.

“He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor,” says “Poor Richard.” So the man who has a trade is not very badly off, he has no reason to complain of his lot; he has no landed property perhaps, but he has a property in his skill and his labor, which may be much more valuable than a considerable number of acres. But let him regard his calling as an office of honor too; work, however looked down upon by the people who cannot perform it, is essentially an honorable thing; it may not be very profitable, but honorable it always is; there’s nothing to be ashamed of in it; the man who has reason to be ashamed is the man who does nothing: let the coxcomb be ashamed of his kid gloves, but never let a man who works be ashamed of his hard hands: a hammer is a much more honorable implement than a gold-headed cane; and a man hard at work, with his shirt sleeves turned up, is a great deal better worth seeing than a dandy dressed in his best “bib and tucker.”

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies!”

“If we are industrious,” says “Poor Richard’s” commentator, “we shall never starve, for at the working man’s house hunger looks in but *dares* not enter.” I am afraid that in saying this, we say rather too much; I do not think it is in the power of every working man to keep the wolf from the door, or even to prevent his coming into the house. The unskilled laborer, in particular,

may find this impossible; his wages are low, even when he is in full work, and bad weather and many other inevitable causes may abridge his labor, so that he may be compelled to pass week after week without employment. Why did he not save when he had full work? It is very easy to ask this question—it is very easy to answer it too; he could not save. It is wonderful how far some well-to-do people would make sixteen shillings a week go; a man of £5,000 a year often fancies that he could save something out of nothing! He lays down this rule with great emphasis—"Always live within your means; never spend more than ninepence out of every shilling you get, and then you will always have something to spare." Now, if a man gets one hundred shillings a week, or fifty, or even twenty-five, it may be possible for him to live and to support his family on the ninepence, and save the odd threepence; but when the shillings are only eighteen or fifteen, life, even on the barest terms, imperatively demands the whole twelvenpence, and it may be more, so that the poor fellow can hardly keep clear of debt; the fact is, that hunger is almost always prowling about such a man's door, and when work is scarce, hunger will enter, and there's no preventing it. But "Poor Richard" is quite right if we understand him to speak of the skilled artisan, the man who can command good wages, from twenty-six shillings a week and upwards to fifty shillings, three pounds, or even more than that; if hunger gets into that man's house, it is and must be in most cases his own fault; there is no excuse for such a man's being in a state of destitution; there must have been mismanagement somewhere—on his part or on the

part of his wife; he has been "squandering the stuff that life is made of"—he has been losing morning quarters—going off on the spree—illustrating in some pot-house the truth of the proverb, "A fool and his money are soon parted;" or his wife has been thriftless and extravagant—a slattern, a gossip, a lover of finery or a lover of gin; "If a man would thrive, he must ask his wife's leave," or all his industry, and income as well, will be in vain. Skilled artisans, there are many of you here; I ask you to ponder these words of "Poor Richard," and say whether they are true. He says, "At the working man's door hunger looks in, but dares not to enter;" you are the best judges: just ask, now, whether it is not possible to keep hunger out. He will of course look in at the door, but is it not in your power to slam the door in his face—to turn this devil out if he has got in, and to keep him out once you have compelled him to make himself scarce? Surely this may be done, if a wise economy is strictly observed; otherwise, with all your skill, and all the wages you make, you will experience the truth of what "Poor Richard" says, when he reminds us "that a man may keep his nose to the grindstone all his life, and die not worth a groat at last."

And that is a fine saying of his—"Diligence is the mother of good luck." It is pitiable to see how much superstition there is with reference to what people call "good luck." There are people so ignorant, so foolish, so idiotic I might say, as to go to astrologers and other wiseacres to consult them about their luck; and where the superstition does not sink to this depth, there is still an impression that good luck and bad luck attend certain

individuals in a mysterious manner; one is always lucky, another always unlucky—one gets on and cannot help getting on, another is always sticking in the mud, and he thinks it is his fate—"He that is born under a three-halfpenny planet will never be worth two-pence." Now good luck is, as "Poor Richard" says, the offspring of diligence; it's not the luck that makes the man, but the man that makes the luck. Unlucky is a word which may be translated unwise; generally a man is lucky because he has good sense and uses it, and a man is unlucky because he is a fool and acts like a fool. "Misfortune lives next door to stupidity." There is no mystery in luck; no planetary influence has anything to do with it; no charms of the fortune-teller can secure it; none of his spells can drive it away; nor is it a thing of chance; it is most plainly and unmistakably the result, the natural and necessary result, of wisdom, diligence, and integrity. "Fortune has no power over discretion," says Solon. Some men complain of their bad luck; they have no reason to complain; the luck is bad because the man is bad; the luck is always as good as the man; the luck, whatever it be, does in most cases represent the real value of the man. If we are not industrious and frugal, diligent in acquiring, and economical in spending, I should like to know what right we have to expect good luck. If "there is no luck about the house" it's because there is no common sense, no industry, no economy about the house. Every man may have good luck if he will, but he must work for it, and he must deny himself for it, and he must wait patiently for it; good luck does not come all of a sudden, it quietly and

gradually grows up around us; it is what we reap, and we reap according to our sowing; if we sow idleness, extravagance, prodigality, we must reap bad luck, and it serves us right; if we sow diligence, prudence, frugality, we shall reap good luck. Luck is a very common toast; "Here's luck!" says a man, as he raises the pot of beer or glass of rum to his lips. If you want good luck, it won't come because you honor it with a toast; luck is not a goddess whom you can propitiate by drink offerings: "Here's luck!"—there's some common sense in it if you mean luck for the landlord, but I certainly do not see (perhaps you do) what connection there can be between your spending sixpence, or it may be six shillings, in drink, and your coming to the enjoyment of good luck.

"Poor Richard's" commentator gives some good advice with reference to the best mode of spending money. He was addressing people who had come to attend a sale, all of them expecting to make some good bargains; now, I think we ought to know enough of the auction system, as carried on in some quarters of the town, to convince us that the less we have to do with it the better. How kind and disinterested it is of the gentleman who stands at the door with small bills in his hand, who is so afraid that any person should pass by and miss such a chance! How earnest he is!—how he implores us to consult our own interest! Most philanthropic auction touter!—would that all ministers of religion were as energetic as thou; standing there in the cold and wet, and lifting up thy voice incessantly! Many of our shopkeepers are in the habit of immolating themselves, making enormous sacri-

fices; some time since the walls of Liverpool were covered with the startling announcement—"£10,000 worth of property to be given away!" This man "has bought a bankrupt's stock," and invites us to share the spoil; that man is "going to give up business, and it is positively his last week;" the other "is about to make extensive alterations, and must be cleared out by such a day!" Now there is a very wise saying, which many have found to their cost to be true—"A great bargain is a great pick-purse." "Poor Richard" says—"Buy what thou hast no need of, and thou shalt soon sell thy necessities;" and he administers the sagacious caution—"At a great pennyworth pause a while." The fact is, nothing is cheap if we do not want it; a horse, which to one man would be cheap at £50, would be to me very dear at £5, unless I bought him with the intention of selling him again. It's the customers, and not the articles, that are "sold" at these attractive auctions, and by those tradesmen who make enormous sacrifices. "Cheap John" is the dearest tradesman in the world; generally speaking, he is an incarnate lie, and when he shouts, "Sold again," you can tell, from the twinkle of his cunning eye, that "sold again" means, "another fool taken in." The old saying is, "Good wine needs no bush;" the more the mock auctioneer, the cheap John, and the sacrificing tradesman say in praise of their articles, the more are they to be suspected. It must be bad stuff that requires to be so pressed upon the market. These affairs are called "sales;" I would suggest a slight alteration, and call them "sells;" only fancy, "A sell by auction"—that's what ought to be painted on that dirty little black flag; how

well it would look, if we saw in a shopkeeper's window, the announcement "Great and important sell!" this, however, would be the true statement of the case, as my friend, the sacrificing shopkeeper, well knows. Poor man! he has sacrificed himself so often, that I wonder there is anything left of him; I only wish he would invite me to be the officiating priest; I can assure him that his next sacrifice would be his last; under a strong sense of duty, I should certainly make a "holocaust" of him, and add him to the "noble army of martyrs" who have magnanimously consecrated their lives and fortunes to the public good.

Against debt, "Poor Richard" says some strong things, and things worthy of being remembered. "Creditors have better memories than debtors." I was going to say that it is a very miserable thing to be in debt; but the statement must be qualified, for many persons in this condition do not feel at all unhappy. "If you wish to sleep well," say the Spaniards, "buy the bed of a bankrupt;" a proverb which indicates not only the luxurious ease to which such a person accustoms himself, but also his delightful indifference to the claims of his creditors; other men may have their sleepless nights, but a man who has smashed, or is about to smash, for £50,000, enjoys a perfect exemption from care; some men are ashamed to meet their creditors, but many men have face enough for anything, they are *all face*. I do not say that it is always possible to avoid debt, but it is always highly desirable to do so; the man who, as the saying is, "goes on tick," pays "through the nose" for what he gets, and "through the nose" he ought to pay.

Long credit means a long price, and very properly; you have no right to complain if a heavy interest is charged: until the coat is paid for, it is borrowed, not bought—of course you must pay for the loan; as long as you are in debt you are at your creditor's mercy, with regard to both the price and the quality of the articles with which he supplies you. Nor is this the only disadvantage of debt, it has a most demoralising tendency, for, as "Poor Richard" reminds us, "Lying rides on debt's back;" all sorts of untruths are told in excuse for the non-payment of debts; habits of mendacity are thus contracted, and meanness, cowardice, utter moral degradation, are the frequent results of this pernicious and disgraceful practice. The utmost facilities are offered, it is true; the tradesman will trust you, the traveling draper comes round, and tempts you with most seductive offers: you shall pay him so much a week, and he won't be hard upon you; there are loan societies, the very object of whose existence is to enable a man to get into debt, and to entrap his friends into the same enviable position. The loan society says, of course, "My object is to enable you to pay your debts," but the debt is only transferred from a tradesman, who perhaps has some of the "milk of human kindness" in his nature, to a society which, having "neither a soul to lose, nor a body to be kicked," cannot be expected to exercise mercy, and thinks itself exceedingly benignant if it condescends to do justice; the motto of every loan society should in all honesty be—"He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing." Certainly, every facility, every temptation, is presented to the man who is willing to run into debt; and the "upper

orders of society," as they are termed, set a very bad example to their humbler fellow-citizens in this respect. If some tradesmen were to divulge the secrets of their books, it would be seen that hundreds of the "tip-top" folk walk in borrowed clothes, ride in borrowed carriages, drink borrowed wine, eat borrowed dinners, read borrowed books, and sleep in borrowed beds. The things are ultimately paid for sometimes, not always, for very frequently Mr. Windbag suddenly collapses. He is found to be in embarrassed circumstances, which often means he is discovered to be a swindler. He offers the munificent sum of 2s. 6d. in the pound, and thinks that he acts with honor, and even with liberality.

If any of my hearers have scores against them, I would respectfully call their attention to the fact, and beg them by all possible and honorable means, to clear those scores off. Retrenchment must be the order of the day; there must be effort, there must be self-denial. It is far more creditable to be seen in shabby clothes that are your own, than in the grandest outfit that is only borrowed. Never be so mean, so unmanly, so dishonest, as to become the slaves of fashions that are too expensive for you.

"Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

Don't be ashamed to tell the truth, and say of this, that, and the other thing, I can't afford it. Be determined that your expenditure shall be the obedient servant of your income, and not your income the poor over-worked slave of your expenditure. "Poor Richard" tells us that "pride breakfasted with plenty, dined

with poverty, and supped with infamy." The rage for living in a certain style, without considering whether it can be supported, is one of the most serious evils of the present age. It seems to have escaped our observation that, though

"Vessels large may venture more,
Little boats should keep near shore."

In these times, every frog is ambitious of swelling himself to the dimensions of an ox. Now, if frogs are determined to do this, they must burst, and they ought to burst.

"Poor Richard's" commentator, having exhorted his hearers to be industrious, frugal, and prudent, very properly reminds them that these, though excellent things, "may all be blasted without the blessing of heaven;" therefore, he continues, "Ask that blessing humbly." If your object is merely to get rich, I cannot advise you to ask the blessing of God; but if you desire to be preserved from the miseries of poverty—if you desire to stand clear of debt, to pay your way honestly and honorably, to bring up your family in comfort, to afford your children a solid education, to make some provision against bad times, sickness, and old age, so that you may never be dependent upon charity, and never see more than the outer walls of the almshouse, and to be able to do some little service to the world by lending your aid to the enterprises of philanthropy and the undertakings of Christian zeal—if this be your ambition, you may, I think, with a clear conscience, invoke the help of God; for all such objects as these appear to me to be in conformity with his will. And rely upon it, a

religious life, a life of humble and grateful dependence upon God's mercy—that mercy which found its highest expression in the gift of Christ, for the salvation of the human soul—a life of such dependence is that best calculated to gather to itself the true elements of present welfare. “Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.” I do not wish to bribe men, by telling them that “godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come;” nevertheless it is very true; it is capable of abundant demonstration. “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.” The principles which religion inculcates, the state of mind which religion produces, are most exactly calculated to lead a man into that position, of all others the most enviable, in which, shielded from the bitter blasts of penury, and protected from the burning rays of uninterrupted prosperity, the evils of each extreme are happily avoided; and the mind, freed alike from the cares of want, and from the cares of wealth, is set at liberty to give its attention to other and far nobler objects. The soul, like the body, thrives best in a temperate zone.

LECTURE XV.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

SHOCKING bad times these: nothing stirring, nothing doing; no enterprise, no confidence; dullness reigns in all markets; depression is the order of the day; the wheels of commerce, which we have seen turning with such velocity, scarcely move at all, or, what is worse, in many instances, move fast enough, only the gear has been reversed; and, instead of turn a-head, half speed, stop her, back her, are the orders given to the engineers. Men of experience say that they never saw such a state of things; that the country never passed through such a fiery trial; and that there is no immediate prospect of any great improvement. There is much speculation, much inquiry, much discussion, much asseveration, as to the causes which have produced this crisis, and prostrated for a time, and so long a time, the commercial activity of this country, and of the world. One man traces the calamity as clearly as possible to this; another can demonstrate to his own satisfaction that it has arisen from that. It is my duty to leave the settlement of such questions to those who are deeply learned in the science of finance; and I do so with some hope that they may

settle it, and yet with much fear that the science of finance is, as yet, very imperfect; that it is a long way behind most of the sciences; and that, though men have been buying and selling for thousands of years, still the philosophy of commerce is thoroughly understood by very few even of those engaged in it.

This, however, is certain, and this it would be well ever to bear in mind, that, be the times good or bad, the Creator and Preserver of the world always makes ample provision for the wants of all. It is not from any deficiency either in the quantity or the quality of his gifts, but rather from our own defective wisdom, defective honesty, and defective humanity in the apportionment and appropriation of those gifts, that all the difficulties, the perplexities, and the miseries arise. The human race is like a family, whose table is liberally and constantly supplied, for every one bread enough and to spare; but one man in his rapacity seizes more than his rightful share; another in his folly squanders his rightful share; another in his ignorance is swindled out of his rightful share; another in his idleness won't exert himself to obtain his rightful share; and another, in his weakness, cannot get near the table, but is rudely and unfeelingly thrust aside, or trodden under foot, by his greedy brothers, and so goes short of his rightful share, and is happy if, dog like, he can pick up a few of the crumbs. If there is any man, here or elsewhere, throughout this country, who has had and will have no dinner to-day, let him rest assured of this, that God provided him a dinner, and it is either his own fault or that of his fellow-men, that he has it not; and it is the

business of the science of finance not to provide the dinner, but to show how each man may honestly get it day by day and every day. In the productive powers of the earth, there is for all mankind an inexhaustible source of supply. These never fail, though they may be subject to local variations; so whatever the times may be, let God be thanked, he has done his part; and however poor we are, it is not God who has stinted us; he has made the provision, he is ever making it for us, keeping all the machinery of nature in constant operation, and so producing everything that man can possibly require; but having created us intelligent and responsible creatures, with heads, and hearts, and consciences, he leaves in our own hands, commits to our good sense, our industry, our justice, our humanity, the distribution of that boundless wealth, which it is his glory and his joy to shower down upon the world. I think it is of importance to bear this in mind, because when we are in want we are often tempted to fret against God, and to ask, Where is the justice, where the mercifulness of the Divine Being, that we are brought to such a state of suffering as this? It is not God who has brought us to this state. Last year there were spring showers and summer sunshine and autumnal fruits, even as in other years; last year, like other years, was crowned with his goodness. "If the fig tree had not blossomed, and there had been no fruit in the vine, if the labor of the olive had failed, and the fields had yielded no meat, if the flock had been cut off from the fold, and there had been no herd in the stall;" if the coal seams had been exhausted, and the mines of iron and copper and lead had

been worked out; if the last forest tree in Norway and in America had been cut down; if every acre of available land on the habitable globe had been tilled and the tillage proved unproductive; then we might wonder at the dispensations of providence, and murmuring against God, though even under such circumstances inexcusable, would be not altogether surprising. But this has not been our case. There has been no utter failure, nor, as far as I am aware, any extraordinary deficiency, of any one article necessary for the comfort of the human race. God was, in all his gifts, as liberal last year as usual; therefore, if in our poverty and distress we grumble, let us not have the audacity to grumble against him.

But you may ask, What consolation is it for us, in our extreme want, to be told that there really is abundance, though we cannot lay our hands upon it? Is not this an aggravation of our misery? I think not; and I believe that, if you reflect for a moment, you will think with me. For this fact, that there is abundance, that the grand source of all, the power and mercy of the Creator, never fails, this fact enables us to hope that the evils under which we groan are at least curable. If, on the other hand, the present distress could be traced to the failure of some of the processes of nature, to the breaking down of some of the machinery of the universe, to the gradual diminution of the solar heat, to some derangement of the great water system by which the earth is irrigated, to the decay of the earth's productive powers, to the exhaustion of its mineral treasures, then we should have a panic indeed; the world would very reasonably be filled with consternation and despair, we

should tremblingly anticipate the dissolution of nature, and the end of all things, and we should ask, in agony, Is there a God?—Is there a God? and the dim sun, and the dried up river-courses, and the barren earth, and the empty mines would seem to say to us, No, there is no God; you have no Father in heaven that cares for you; there is no hope for you, there is no help; deliverance is impossible; in the course of time you will all be frozen up, and you must starve and miserably perish. Such horrible fears would be justifiable, would be inevitable, if our distress could be traced to natural, and not artificial causes; if it arose from a diminution in those supplies with which God has ever favored the world; and I consider it a very great consolation to know that this distress is artificial; that it is man's work, not God's; that it arises from our ignorance, our indolence, our greediness, or our inhumanity, or from all these in greater or less proportions, and not from any lack of either the power or the goodness of Him whose tender mercies have for so many ages been over all his works. Yes, it is man who has disarranged things, so that bad times alternate with good; so that in this human family one brother has luxurious plenty, and another brother cannot get a crust of bread; but men must try to arrange things better, and so to exalt righteousness, to check rapacity, to encourage industry, to put down idleness, and to cultivate benevolence, that, by the blessing of God, the voice of complaining shall never be heard in our streets, and pauperism, with all its horrors, may come to a perpetual end. Political economy is a great and noble science, great and noble because of the im-

portant object which it proposes to accomplish, and which is nothing less than to determine how every human creature shall be put into a position to obtain his full share of that bountiful provision which his Creator has made for him. May the wise and honest men, who devote their attention to this great study be multiplied; may their exertions be crowned with success; may they be free from the trammels of prejudice and party; may they be preserved from all fallacious reasonings and unsound though plausible conclusions; and may the result be a wise and fair distribution of all the gifts of God, according to man's rights and talents, so that every man may rejoice in his portion, and gratefully recognise the all-abundant goodness of the Lord!

But while we leave to financiers and political economists the solution of these great and difficult questions, which they only can be supposed to understand, and upon which their opinion only is worthy of deference, we may, perhaps, be permitted to exercise our common sense in relation to so very common place a saying, as that which I have chosen for my motto on this occasion. "Waste not, want not." It is a maxim which, in the midst of this distress, may, perhaps, be profitably meditated upon, and from the study of which some not altogether useless hints may be obtained for our individual guidance. Whatever be the state of trade, want is a thing we always see—and a horrid sight it is. The man who can witness it without the most distressing emotions is not to be envied. If you can walk these streets, and see the numbers of strong men, willing to work, but unable to obtain employment; the multitudes

of poor, ragged, and barefoot children, strangers to all the comforts, and even the decencies of life; if you can pass by the squalid, wretched abodes which so abound around us on every hand, and feel no pity, no concern, you must be a very heartless person, or, if you have a heart at all, it would serve excellently well for a paving stone, in a street where the traffic is the heaviest and the greatest.

At the present time there is undoubtedly more want than usual, for, throughout the country, there is very general distress, extending to almost all classes; and how the poor have managed to live through this winter, without going, by hundreds of thousands, and almost by millions, to the parish, is more than most of us can understand. Their patience has been great, their fortitude has been heroic, and a finer testimony to their strong good sense we could not have known, than the fact that, with very trifling exceptions, there has been no riotous disturbance, nor, as far as I can judge, has there been any great increase in the number of beggars; from which I gather that the begging class are not always the poorest—that, at all events, there are great multitudes of our people who are ashamed to beg, who have too much self-respect and honest pride, to go from door to door, abjectly asking for relief. No; they will suffer in silence and in obscurity, and submit to almost any amount of physical hardship, rather than degrade themselves by joining the ranks of the worthless scoundrels who constitute the great majority of street mendicants. There is much want; but it is not the working people alone who have to suffer. Probably, most of us, whatever our

position, have felt the pressure of the times. Merchants, shopkeepers, master tradesmen, as well as our operative population, have been affected, and in not a few cases ruined, by the storm which now for so long a time has been raging in the commercial world, and which has not yet altogether subsided, nor wholly spent its desolating force. It seems a fitting time, then—if one time be more appropriate than another—to consider this maxim, if not as it respects the past, as it bears upon the present and the future,—“Waste not, want not.” It is proverbially a useless thing to cry over spilled milk, but not altogether useless to inquire and to remember how the milk was spilled, what it was that we stumbled against, and how it came to pass that we carried the jug so unsteadily and so carelessly that its contents were shed upon the ground.

There are three things which we are much in the habit of wasting, but which we ought carefully to preserve—money, time, and health. The waste of money is not confined to any particular class. Perhaps, indeed, it is as general, and certainly more inexcusable, amongst persons of large means, than amongst those whose incomes are exceedingly limited. For, as Archbishop Whately, in his *Annotations upon Bacon's Essays*, observes—“Take the numbers of persons of each amount of income, divided into classes, from £100 per annum up to £100,000 per annum, and you will find the percentage of those under pecuniary difficulties continually augmenting as you go upwards; and when you come to sovereign states, whose revenue is reckoned by millions, you will hardly find one that is not deeply in debt; so

that it would appear that, the larger the income, the harder is it to live within it." In other words, the richer a man is, the poorer he is; the more he gets, the less he has to spare. Many persons, whose income has increased, and is now four or five times what it once was, will admit that they are now very little, if at all, better off. They have lived up to their means, and saved nothing; perhaps they have lived beyond their means, and are in truth very hard up. For this is one of the follies, or rather I should say the vices, of the times. Most men's idea of the style they should live in quite keeps pace with their commercial progress, and often far outstrips it. They forget that "one swallow does not make a summer;" and, having an extraordinary run of good fortune for a time, they think it is to be always so. "Summer has come," say they to themselves; and they come out in summer style, and soon learn their mistake when, in the height of their fancied summer, there comes a bleak and wintry wind, a sharp and cutting frost, and their fine flowers are forthwith destroyed.

It is not well to be looking always at the gloomy side of things; but still, the man who can never see a cloud anywhere on the horizon of his prospect must be very deficient in his optic powers. Surely every child, every blockhead, ought to know that "it is not always May." And how often do we see a man like a butterfly, that, unfortunately for itself, comes out before its time! It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. If fortune smile upon him too early, there is great danger of his being betrayed into extravagances, which he will not be able to support, and which he will be almost as unable

to retrench; for, once he has adopted a given style of living, it is a very humbling thing to alter it on the economical side. Nay, if he were to do so, when he is in difficulty, his prudence would be deemed imprudence; it would shake his credit; it would proclaim his poverty; therefore he will retrench nothing, but rather will become more magnificent than ever, hoping that the dust of his carriage-wheels, blown into the eyes of his creditors, may blind them. And thus many live upon false appearances, and clothe themselves with lies; their whole course of conduct is a deception; they belong, in fact, to the swell-mob. Brought up, perhaps, in a very humble style, and strangers in their youth to every thing of a luxurious character, they nevertheless are persons of such large views that nothing short of the utmost elegance and splendor will satisfy them; their desires expand; they strive to outshine each other, and every foolish wish becomes an imperious want, and must be gratified, at whatever cost. It seems to me that a good deal of money is wasted in dress, and that by men, as well as by women. Young men whose salaries are considerably under £100 a year often think it necessary, in order to keep up their dignity, that they should dress in a style which many men of ten times such an income would consider far too expensive. In amusements, too, a great deal more money is spent than is necessary for healthy recreation; in fact, the healthy recreations are for the most part very inexpensive; but if men will go to singing saloons and dancing rooms, and indulge in amusements of the vicious class, they will find their pleasures so expensive as to make a very serious inroad upon their pecuniary means, however

ample those means may be. But perhaps the greatest waste, the greatest extravagance, is the money spent on intoxicating drink and tobacco. Some people consider it sinful to consume these articles in any quantity, however moderate. I confess that I am not exactly of their opinion. I believe such things could be dispensed with, and that a man would not suffer in his health by dispensing with them. In like manner, I believe that gloves, and even hats, might be abolished without any very injurious consequences; stockings are quite a superfluity. Perhaps we might save house rent; for might we not, Diogenes like, live in tubs? Pickles, too, and mustard and butter and tea and coffee might all be abstained from, to the advantage of a man's purse, and not at all to the detriment of his physical health; and it is said, and I dare say there is a good deal of truth in the statement, that animal food is a luxury, and not by any means a necessary of life; at all events, vegetarianism is practised by thousands of people, engaged in all sorts of work, and they assure us that they feel all the better in consequence of the adoption of such a diet. I have not yet made the experiment, but I know men who have. I once knew a man who assured me that his eating and drinking cost him only one shilling and sixpence a week, and sometimes considerably less, and yet the fellow looked just as well, as strong, and as hearty as the generality of men, and a great deal better than thousands who indulge their appetite to the utmost. Undoubtedly a great deal might be saved in the eating and drinking and smoking departments. Possibly we could all live on oatmeal porridge, and nothing else; nay, Humboldt, I think, somewhere

tells us of a tribe of Indians who live in trees, and eat pipeclay six months of the year. But I do not advise such extreme self-denial, and if I did, I am very well aware that nobody would think of taking such advice. Still, let every man consider for himself wherein he can effect a saving, and ought to do so. There is no doubt that many millions are needlessly expended upon food and drink, to the great impoverishment of the people, and especially the working people. The most determined advocate of a moderate use of intoxicating beverages, and of tobacco, will admit that the waste of money upon these articles is enormous; that, viewed altogether apart from the demoralising effects of intemperance, the extravagant expenditure in this direction is one of the greatest evils of the age, and the parent of nearly all the pauperism, as well as nearly all the crime, of the country.

The consequences of all this waste are wretched and disgraceful. Thousands of people are helplessly sunk in debt, who might have a handsome balance to their credit. It is true that many don't care about being in debt—consider it rather a joke than anything serious; like the bankrupt whose liabilities were £25,000 4s. 6d., and who, on being asked what he could pay, replied, with a smile, that he thought he could pledge himself to pay the odd 4s. 6d. A fast man would consider himself degraded into the rank and file of the slow men if he paid his tradesmen's bills; it is part of his creed never to pay them if he can possibly avoid doing so. He considers it the height of impertinence for his tailor to expect the settlement of his account; and if he is pressed for it, he

threatens to withdraw his custom. But a person who has the slightest sense of honor and self-respect (which the fast man seldom has) will always consider himself degraded by being in debt, when his debts are the consequences of his own folly and extravagance. He regards himself as very little better than a thief; and truly there is not much difference. Debt, at all events, if not the extreme of dishonesty, is the extreme of shabbiness. And it is very difficult for a man in debt to speak the truth; he has recourse to all sorts of mean and wretched evasions; he is obliged to invent this false story and that; in fact, few things are more demoralising than debt. And, as a matter of course, extravagance usually ends in poverty; the poor-house is simply the asylum of the wasteful man; and probably not five per cent. of the adult inmates have been compelled to go thither by circumstances over which they had no control. Now, surely something may be done, if we will only set about it resolutely. I have no right to interfere with any man's domestic economy, whether he is rich or poor. It is not for me to prescribe the style in which he should live, and I hope that I shall ever avoid such impertinence. But still I may be allowed to suggest that retrenchment should be the order of the day. I may be allowed to caution young men against that extravagance which has been the ruin of so many; I may be allowed to say, Don't be in such a hurry to come out in a magnificent style. You will gain neither happiness nor respect by such an unwise and suicidal course. Moderate your desires. Your wishes may be many, but your real wants are few. Take counsel of your purse, and remember

that there are bad times as well as good, and that all men, however successful, are liable to heavy losses and tremendous reversions of fortune. Sit down, then, and deliberately and carefully count the cost. Never *set* anything *up* without a very reasonable assurance that you can *keep it up*. Keep within compass, a long way within the compass of your means, if it be practicable. A working man may ask how it is possible for him to retrench, when he has to keep a wife and five children on a guinea or twenty-five shillings a week, and when work is scarcely to be obtained. In his case retrenchment is difficult, no doubt, but it may not be altogether impossible. Most of us, I dare say, will find upon careful scrutiny that we indulge in what may be perfectly lawful, but very inexpedient. At all events, no money need be wasted at the gin-shop and the beer-house, the two great sinks into which thousands of our people cast a large portion of their hard-earned money. Whenever you are tempted to enter such places, may these words come to your mind, "Waste not, want not;" and if you act in accordance to this principle, you will resolutely pass by the door. If the man who now through the badness of the times is so very hard up, and half starved, had only saved what in the course of the last few years he has spent, altogether needlessly, upon the quarts of ale and glasses of rum and gin, he would be in circumstances of comfort and plenty, and the bad times would scarcely be felt by him. In fact, of all men in the world, a steady, industrious, and economical working man occupies the safest position, whatever the times may be; the merchant, the banker, the master tradesman may be ir-

retrievably ruined ; but the utmost that a working man can expect to suffer from a commercial crisis is to be unemployed for a few weeks ; and if, by dint of economy and laying up something for a rainy day, he can manage to push on for that period, the moment business revives he is nearly as well off as ever.

But there is also another act of wastefulness, as common and as injurious as the waste of money—we are, unhappily, very prone to throw time away, as if it were of no value, as if it could not be appropriated to useful purposes. I have reason to think that this is very much the case with young men. Most of them have a few hours to spare in the evening ; I wish they all had time at their disposal, and that all work ceased at six o'clock, when I think it ought to cease, and might cease, excepting under extraordinary circumstances. But how is this leisure time employed ? Our young friends tell us that they must have recreation. They would fain have us believe that they are quite knocked-up, jaded, almost tired to death by the occupations of the day. Both mind and body have been so actively employed, that they must have amusements of some sort, and in these must spend the evening. Now I do believe that all the talk about excessive occupation, and the fatigue consequent thereon, is in many cases all nonsense. As a rule, young men are not over-worked. Even where the hours of labor are too protracted, the actual amount of exertion is not so very great ; perhaps the hardest part of the day's engagements is having so little to do. When I see young men coming from their offices and their workshops, they do not appear to claim any great amount of com-

miseration ; they have not the pale, haggard appearance which might be expected to distinguish men worked almost to death. They can stand and they can walk ; stand and walk better then, just as they come out of the house of bondage, than four or five hours later, when, as I observe, in some cases, they require assistance, and have to be carried home. No ; this talk about excessively hard work won't do ; it's all stuff. Not one young man in ten thousand has to work too hard, or is subjected to too great a strain either of mind or body, in his daily occupation. The hours of work may be too long, but that is quite another matter ; what I maintain, without fear of contradiction, is, that his work, in itself, is not so dreadfully laborious. I pity him for his imprisonment, when he has to remain behind a counter until nine, ten, and eleven o'clock at night ; but I don't at all believe in the exhaustion of mind and body, of which we hear so much. A working man is generally just as fresh and active at six in the evening, as at six in the morning ; he often lives three or four miles from his place of work, and can walk home with perfect ease, and without the slightest sensation of fatigue. And as to the mental strain endured by our young men in offices, their minds must be extremely attenuated, if they are conscious of any strain at all. But they must have amusement ; very well, by all means have it, then. Time, within moderate limits, is not wasted in amusement. A schoolboy's play hour is as well spent as the hours spent over his books, and often very much better and more profitably spent. But I find that great numbers of young men have become so passionat'y fond of amusement, that they give up all

their leisure hours to it; and it seems to be taken for granted that the evening exists for no other purpose than to be spent in recreation. And so, week after week, and month after month, and year after year pass away, and all the leisure time is devoted to the pursuit of pleasure. I shall not now inquire into the nature of these amusements, and their effect upon the moral character. I believe that most of them are bad; that frivolity, intemperance, profanity, and reveling are their chief elements. I shall not now inquire into their money cost, though this is worthy of consideration, for they cost so much that thousands of youths are by these amusements tempted to depart from the path of rectitude, and to pilfer their masters' property; but I wish to point out the enormous loss of time which is the result of this extravagant desire for amusement. That leisure might be so differently spent, so much more wisely, so much more profitably occupied in the pursuit of knowledge, in the endeavor to become wise and well informed. If you wish to get out of the treadmill of common drudgery, to occupy positions at once honorable and lucrative, you must spend your evenings in something better than mere amusement; you must restrain this foolish love of pleasure; you must exercise a manly self-denial, and give yourselves to reading and reflection, to the acquisition of solid information; not to the reading of light literature, which is only an amusement, and, like other amusements, to be indulged in sparingly, but to the study of such works as will strengthen and improve your mental faculties, and prepare you for such a position as you aspire

to. Waste not this precious time, then. Let me beg of you to devote your evenings to nobler objects than those which engross so many, and leave them, ignorant and helpless, to be mere Gibeonites, "hewers of wood and drawers of water," all their days. The waste of time often takes other forms—forms in which it is obviously about the same thing as the waste of money, for time is money to every man, especially to every working man. There is many a man, who, if he were to lose 2s. 6d. in hard cash, would be very much concerned, and if he were to lose £5, would be almost inconsolable; yet he thinks nothing at all of losing a morning quarter; considers that he is at perfect liberty to lose the whole of Monday; and occasionally goes off on the spree, and stays from his work for a fortnight. Is it any wonder that such a man should come to want? that, on the slightest pressure of bad times, he is reduced to starvation, and obliged to pawn his watch, his furniture, and his clothes? Henceforth be this our motto—to waste no time; to reduce our recreation within reasonable bounds; to work the full six days in the week, when work is to be had; and to devote our evening hours to such pursuits as shall favor our moral culture and intellectual advancement, and so favor our advancement in every way.

Once more, and very briefly, let me advert to another act of shameful wastefulness—the waste of health. The extent to which this prevails is very great. By intemperance and vicious excess of all kinds, men, by thousands and tens of thousands, systematically and voluntarily make themselves weak and wretched, and cut short their

days. Every time you indulge in such vices, if you can call it an indulgence, you drive a nail into your coffin, you dig a shovelful of earth out of your grave. Such conduct is not merely unwise; it is most sinful in the sight of God. We are not our own, but His, and have no right to destroy, or to shorten, or to enfeeble that life, which he gave us for the noblest purposes, that it might be dedicated to his service, and spent in obedience to his laws.

“Waste not, want not;” observe a wise and careful economy in all things; be prudent, without being parsimonious; saving, without being penurious; provident, and yet not avaricious. “Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost,” is a Divine command, and one given by Him whose benevolence was unbounded, and who with a word could create food for famished thousands. The economical man is not of necessity a stingy man. The spendthrift is usually the most intensely selfish of mortals. There is nothing incompatible between the most rigid habits of economy and the most genuine and extensive liberality. In fact, all liberal things are devised, or, if not devised, are certainly carried on, by the men whose prudence, forethought, and thrift have put it in their power to do good. Charity joins with prudence in saying to us, “Waste not, want not; and the charitable institutions of this town, and of the country at large, are limited and embarrassed in consequence of the shameless wastefulness of those who ought to support them, but, having spent all upon themselves, cannot afford to do so. “Waste not,” and then you will want

neither that which is necessary for yourselves, nor that which would render help to those who stand in need of it. If you wish to be charitable, you must be industrious and saving; and you cannot enjoy to the full the luxury of doing good, unless you deny yourselves the luxuries of selfish extravagance.

LECTURE XVI.

TELL THE TRUTH, AND SHAME THE DEVIL.

ENGLISHMEN consider themselves the most honest, straightforward, and truthful people in the world. The Spaniard is chivalrous, the Frenchman is polite, the Italian is treacherous, the Greek is crafty, the German is mystical, the Scot is cunning, the Irishman is given to blarney, the Yankee is 'cute; but if you want a man with no nonsense about him—a man who will tell you his mind, who loves plain dealing, and who can be depended upon—choose an Englishman, by all means. This is what Englishmen say of themselves; but whether such a magnificent character is really theirs or not, may perhaps be questioned. I cannot pretend to such an acquaintance with the natives of other countries, as would justify me in either affirming or denying the truth of this very common opinion; therefore, I do neither affirm nor deny it; but I should like to know on what it is based, and what grounds Englishmen have for assuming that, of all men, they are the purest in their dealings, and the most sincere in their speech. It's all very fine for people to blow their own trumpet; but still, self-praise is no great commendation. This only do I

know, that amongst Englishmen there is so large a proportion of men who are anything but straightforward, fair, and open—so large a proportion of deep, designing, crafty, guileful men, men thoroughly versed in all crooked ways—that, if other nations are, in these respects, worse, and more largely stored with such characters, they must be bad indeed. And certainly, until some better evidence than any I have yet seen is adduced, in proof of the superior truthfulness of the English character, I do not feel at all bound to fall in with the general notion, however grateful and flattering it may be; but indeed, when I consider many of the facts which have recently been brought to light, demonstrating the existence of so many grossly dishonest practices in trade and commerce, I very much fear that, even if Englishmen have heretofore merited their reputation for truthfulness, they are losing it as rapidly as they can. And I really think that a foreigner, after reading our newspapers, such as have been published during the last two or three years, to go no farther back, after observing the course of things amongst us—things political, things ecclesiastical, things commercial, and things criminal—I say a foreigner, after thus studying us as we depict ourselves, might be excused if he came to this conclusion, that the boasted straightforwardness and truthfulness of the English character is all a bag of moonshine, all self-righteous twaddle; and that deceit and duplicity and low cunning and scoundrelism of every description flourished as extensively in England as anywhere else in the world; nay, that in England, and among these truth-loving and lie-hating English, roguery had been culti-

vated to a perfection hitherto unknown amongst civilised nations. I think it is quite time to sing a little smaller than we have done this song of self-glorification. In point of honesty and veracity, we are very little better, perhaps we are even worse, than some of our neighbors. In anything low, dirty, shabby, and untrue, we have men amongst us whom we could back against all the world. You will challenge all nations to beat Englishmen in plain dealing? Now, my friend, be cautious; you will be much safer of winning, if you challenge all nations to beat Englishmen in knavery.

It is a very common thing to meet with a man who boasts much of his straightforwardness and honesty. The probability is that he will insult you, and speak in a rough and most unkind manner. He calls that his blunt, open way. "I like plain dealing, I do; I say what I mean, and mean what I say; I don't mince matters—not I, indeed; out with it—that's my motto; I'll have everything above-board, up right and down straight; you see I am a plain-spoken John Bull—that's what I am." Now, I confess that I always suspect a man who blusters in that fashion about his straightforwardness. The love of truth, like piety and most other things, can very easily be counterfeited. John Bull, indeed! The wolf sometimes puts on the sheep's clothing, to make himself appear very mild and gentle; but the wolf sometimes puts on the bull's hide, and imitates the bull's bellowing, that he may seem to be that honest, straightforward creature, which the Englishman regards as his own best type and representative in the animal world. If a man is a John Bull, he knows very well

that he needs say nothing about it, and probably he will say nothing about it. I have known men obtain a great reputation for this straightforward, thoroughly honest character, who were as far as possible from deserving it, and, in fact, put on their straightforwardness as a mask and a cloak, to conceal their deep, and far-reaching, and over-reaching cunning. I think you may rely upon this—that the man who boasts of his bluntness, and tells you in a voice of thunder that, as for him, he is a plain-spoken John Bull, you may rely upon it that such a man is generally a great rascal. If other people give him a favorable character, well and good; let us hope he deserves it; but most men of good sense will suspect the man who sounds his own perfections. And further, let it be observed that bluntness is not candor, rudeness is not straightforwardness, and bad manners are no evidence that a man is telling the truth.

Now, instead of boasting that as a nation we love the truth and tell the truth, blurting it forth in our native unsophisticated style, not caring whether it pleases or displeases, it is much more sensible and much more honest to consider to what extent we as individuals are really truthful. That truthfulness is a virtue, and a virtue of a high order, that it is right, that it is in accordance to the will of God, every one will admit; nay, even he, who, to his great misfortune, does not believe in a God, still believes that it is every man's duty to speak what he honestly believes to be true, and that it is wrong, utterly wrong, to utter the language of falsehood and deception. Excepting the criminal classes, there is no man, I suppose, who does not feel that to stand before

the world a convicted liar would be about the heaviest and foulest disgrace that could fall upon him. If there be not in every heart the love of truth, there is at least the desire to appear and to be reputed truthful; of all insults, to have the lie direct given to any statement you have made is about the most unbearable. And yet, with all this love of a reputation for truthfulness and the impatience of everything that looks like a reflection upon our veracity, it is a fact that there is very much untruthfulness in society, untruthfulness in various forms. However admirable truth is in itself, still, the immediate results of truthful speech and truthful conduct may be anything but pleasant and profitable; on the other hand, a lie often procures immediate deliverance from some evil, or immediate possession of something desirable. We ought to walk by faith—by faith in the ultimate blessedness of truth, but this faith all men have not attained to; on the contrary, there is a very general belief in lies; men believe that lies can make them rich, that lies can enable them to get on in the world, that lies can get them out of difficulties. They see lies doing these things for many men, and they think that for this world, at all events, honesty is not always the best policy; hence we are all more or less tempted to forsake the truth, to speak and to act untruthfully.

Ministers of religion are not more free from this temptation than other men. Suppose, for instance, that a clergyman who has risen to high preferment in the Church felt some doubts and scruples as to some point of doctrine which he had subscribed to, and was expected to hold and defend, his position, with the certainty of losing it in

the event of his speaking out honestly all his convictions, would tempt him not to tell the truth. Not, however, to clergymen of a church established by law is this temptation confined; its influence is just as powerful over other ministers of religion, whose position is dependent upon the will of a presbytery, or a conference, or a congregation, or, it may be, some one or two persons in the congregation. Possibly, if in his doctrinal discourses he were to speak out what he believes to be the truth, he would be considered heterodox; and if in his practical discourses he dealt with perfect fidelity, he would be pronounced personal by some sinner whom the cap exactly fitted, for men do not like caps that fit very closely. Then, when a man, especially when a rich man, dies, his friends look for a funeral sermon, and the less good the man did in his life the more do they expect him to be extolled; and precious productions some of these funeral sermons are. In the Church of Rome a man cannot be canonized until at least fifty years after his death; we Protestants canonize him the day after his funeral. If we must have such things as funeral sermons, I would submit that they be faithfully constructed on this principle—"Tell the truth, and shame the Devil;" tell all the truth; if the dead man was a screw, let the fact come out; if he was a hard master, let this be honestly declared; if he made his fortune by crooked policy, let that policy be exposed; if he was ill-tempered, let some anecdotes be given illustrative of his bad temper; and if he cannot be held up as an example, let him be held up as a warning. A faithful and thoroughly honest funeral sermon might be very useful; but in this species of

composition, the maxim, "Tell the truth, and shame the Devil," would certainly work a wondrous change, if boldly applied. But I need not enumerate the difficulties which a minister of religion meets with when he attempts to tell the truth—truth which is often so disagreeable to men; truth, to which they will not listen patiently; truth which touches their besetting sins. We are tempted to keep back the truth; and I dare say many ministers, indeed most of them, who know anything of themselves and their duty, are deeply and painfully conscious that they have not always told the truth and shamed the Devil, as they ought. In public, perhaps, it is not difficult to tell the truth, even the whole truth; but in private grappling with individual consciences, there's the difficulty. Easy enough to tell the truth to 1000 men, or to 10,000; but few tasks more difficult fall to the lot of mortal than to tell the truth to one man, and to be faithful, wise, and effective in expostulating with an individual soul. Don't suppose that the difficulty of telling the truth exists only in the region of commercial life, and that in urging this maxim upon you, I urge a maxim which I am not tempted to set aside and to shrink from, and that therefore I cannot sympathise with you in that struggle which telling the truth often renders necessary, and in the wounded conscience which is the result of not telling the truth. I have often engaged in that struggle; I have again and again failed, and my conscience has smitten me; and to "tell the truth and shame the Devil" is one of the most arduous duties of my life, as it is of the life of every man who understands at all what his duties are.

And like ministers of religion, perhaps in many cases far more severely than ministers of religion, men in business find it difficult to act upon this maxim. It would be well, however, if when a man gets into embarrassed circumstances, he at once told the truth and shamed the Devil, instead of waiting, and scheming, and getting into a worse and worse position, until the truth tells itself and shames him. Undoubtedly it is a hard thing sometimes for a man in business to tell the truth when it ought to be told; when his conscience, if not seared and blinded, tells him it ought to be told. Many a man says in his heart, If I were to tell the truth, to make known the state of my affairs to those who have a right to know it, I should obtain no more credit, I should have no more goods forwarded to me, I should have to tell my creditors that I have been trading on false pretences, on fictitious capital. Tell the truth! Nay, there are some who boldly maintain that it can't be done, that they can't afford to do it, that to tell the truth would be the high road to ruin. "What! tell the truth about all that my barrels and bottles contain," says the licensed victualler; "tell the truth about all the doctoring and the drugging and the watering to which these precious mixtures are subjected! why I should lose all my respectable customers, and have none left but the wretches who are prepared to take raw vitriol, so that it allays their thirst for the moment. No, no; I can't afford to tell the truth; pretty well, I think, if I tell no lies, and serve up the drink and say nothing about it." Nor would the druggist much relish telling the truth about the quack medicines which he sells; to say to his

customer, "Now, I tell you beforehand, you will find no life in that life pill, no health in that pill of health. Gout and rheumatic pills ! Yes ; they may give you gout and rheumatism, but as to curing them, it is all nonsense. That balm won't cover your bald head with hair ; that wash won't take the freckles out of your face ; that oil was never extracted from a cod's liver. All these testimonials that you see, about the cure of bad legs, bad eyes, sore throats, weak chests, and nobody knows what besides, all of them, without exception, were written out at a shilling a piece by some blackguard in a London pott-house." Tell the truth, Mr. Grocer ! "Hardly," says he ; "between you and me, and the post, it would not do at all to give the public a wrinkle of our trade : to tell all the truth about the tea, about the coffee, about the cayenne pepper. No ; go and tell my neighbor, the draper, to tell the truth ; he can afford to do it." But the draper, too, shrugs his shoulders, and says, "It's hard, it's very hard ; can't be done, sir, if I must speak out ; can't be done to make a profit ; the public is so infatuated in its rage for cheap bargains, that we must work the oracle, sir, in some way. It is the custom of the trade, sir, the acknowledged, recognised, established custom of the trade. I tell you this in confidence, sir. Tell the truth ! I try to do so ; at all events, I tell no lies, or if I do, they are very white ones, sir, very white, as white as the whitest piece of calico in my shop, sir. But step across to that cabinet-maker opposite, and ask him to tell the truth ; he sells such rascally rattletaps, they all come to pieces before they are well got into your house. Now, there's a man who really does need

your advice." But the worthy cabinet-maker, in great wrath, tells us that he defies competition, that his is the best and cheapest house in the trade, that the public *will* have low priced goods, and therefore must have articles of an inferior class, and it's not his business to tell them how soon the things will tumble to bits. I do not select these trades, in an invidious spirit, as if they were remarkable for the trickery resorted to in conducting them; nor do I in the least doubt that there are very many men in all trades who conduct their business with a strict regard to truth; but I mention these instances just as illustrations of the difficulty which some men find in pursuing such a course. If lies were never gainful, if knavery always defeated itself, if truth in all cases brought an immediate advantage, there would be no temptation to deviate into the crooked paths of dissimulation; but the fact is, that falsehood often pays better than truth, gets rich while truth starves, lives in splendor while truth can scarcely make a living at all.

But, however gainful lies may be, we have the strong and decided testimony of every man's conscience against them. Every man feels that it is a base, degrading, and cowardly thing to tell a lie. There is no sin against which the Bible protests more earnestly or more frequently than this. It assures us that "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord"—that "the getting of treasures by a lying tongue, is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death"—that "all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." On the other hand, the Scriptures abound with encouragements and promises for the man of truth.

“Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle, who shall dwell on thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.” No one will ask, Why should I tell the truth? If such a question be asked, we have an answer, we have many answers at hand, but this should be enough—Tell the truth because you know that it is right. No argument, however, is necessary to demonstrate that lying is sinful and shameful, and in the end, injurious, yea, ruinous. You may ask, How do we shame the Devil when we speak the truth?—for, as an able writer observes, “This saying may seem to contradict the actual experience of things, for how often telling the truth, confessing, that is, some great fault, taking home to ourselves, it may be, some grievous sin, would appear anything rather than shaming the Devil! shaming indeed ourselves, but rather bringing glory to him whose glory, such as it is, is in the sin and shame of men.” But do you not see how every lie glorifies him who is the father of lies? What honor is done to the Devil by every falsehood? Hence every untruth is an act of obedience to him, a truckling to his influence, a homage paid at his throne. It is his delight to deceive, and instigate others to the adoption of deceitful practices; just as God is honored by truth, the Devil is honored by lies. So, when the truth is told, and especially when it is told in the face of a strong temptation to the contrary; when it is told at a sacrifice, and the telling of it involves us in difficulty and in loss, which by a lie

we might have escaped, the Devil is put to shame; it is demonstrated that he is not altogether our master, that he does not altogether lord it over our consciences; we have set him at defiance, we have resisted him, we have conquered him, we have put him to an ignominious flight; and so, however disgraceful to ourselves the facts confessed may be, the confession of them is an honor to us; yea, the more disgraceful the facts, the more to our honor is the confession, and the Devil is shamed.

But to whom shall we tell the truth? Tell it to yourself; tell it to your neighbor; tell it to your God. "To myself? There's no difficulty about that!" Is there not? Are you sure? Think the matter over, and you will find that you are very unwilling to tell yourself the truth, the whole truth, *about yourself*. Men do not like to think about their sins, or to acknowledge even to themselves that they have done wrong; and accordingly they do all in their power to stifle the voice of conscience, and to excuse themselves to themselves; to make the worse appear to themselves the better reason; to find out an apology for this and a justification of that: and when we cannot thus impose upon our consciences, we try to banish from our mind all reflection upon the past and all thoughts of the future. It is often most unpleasant, most humbling, most tormenting, to tell ourselves the truth. Let the drunkard try to do it, let the profligate try to do it, let the man who by his misconduct has ruined himself for life try to do it. Let him faithfully tell himself the whole truth; tell himself what a fool he has been, how he has missed his way, how he has degraded himself; let him tell himself what retribution there is laid up in store

for him. Let the rich man who knows that he has made his money by unfair means tell himself the truth, let him reflect upon the moral bearings of those transactions which have raised him to wealth, let him tell his own soul of that account which must be given of the deeds done in the body. Yes: and let the minister of religion commune with his own heart, and tell himself the truth; tell himself of his own insincerity; of his own innumerable shortcomings, of the opportunities of doing good which he has allowed to slip away, of his want of courage and faithfulness in dealing with men's sins, of the worldly motives which have often influenced him, of the hours he has spent in Idleness, of the men whom he has suffered to die unwarned and unbesought, of the account which he must give of his stewardship. My friends, I for one feel that it is not an easy thing, much less a pleasant thing, to speak the truth to one's-self. When a man knows that his affairs are embarrassed, he does not relish the task of looking into them, he hates the sight of his books, he cannot bear the thought of telling himself the truth. So it is with reference to morals also. If we know anything of ourselves, of that account which exists between us and God, we know that it does not stand square; we know that self-examination would disclose many a terrible fact; and therefore we shrink from telling ourselves the truth, and try to tell ourselves some falsehood, try to make it appear to ourselves that we are better than we really are. Don't say there is no difficulty about telling yourself the truth, few things are more difficult, and few things are less frequently done. Nevertheless it is of importance that it should be done,

that we should not deceive ourselves, that we should boldly and honestly ascertain how we stand. And I ask you each one, on retiring hence, just to do this, to be faithful and straightforward, each one with himself, to take stock honestly of his own life and character, and ascertain how he stands, for time and for eternity.

Then tell the truth to your neighbor; I do not mean that you are to tell your neighbor the results of that self-examination of which I have just spoken; your neighbor has nothing to do with that, unless you find that you have wronged him. But in all the transactions of business, tell the truth. If you are not worth twenty shillings in the pound, call your creditors together and tell them so at once;—they ought to know it; you have no right to endanger their property and keep them in ignorance of the fact. If the food you sell is adulterated, let your customer know it; give him a faithful account of the ingredients and proportions, and then if he buys, he does so on his own responsibility and not on yours. Whatever be the transaction, just tell the truth as to the quantity, quality, and make of the article; let there be no deception or trick of any kind, no advantage taken of any person's ignorance. If the people will have cheap articles, let them have them by all means, but tell them honestly that these articles are the rubbish that they really are. Working men are not very much exposed to the temptation to withhold the truth; but still they sometimes bring themselves into such a position as renders the telling of the truth rather difficult; when they have stayed away from their work, spending their time in drinking and dissipation. On returning to their em-

ployer, the usual excuse is that they have been very ill; and ill, perhaps, they have been; but this is only a part of the truth; out with it all, confess that you made yourself ill; acknowledge that you have been drinking; and depend upon it, that whether you acknowledge it or not, you will not impose on an employer who has his wits about him. You say, if you tell the truth you'll be sacked; perhaps you will be sacked whether you tell the truth or not; and more probably in the latter case; for, though your employer might overlook your intemperance, if he suspects that you are a liar he will scarcely tolerate your presence, if he can do without you. You would be ashamed to tell the truth? Well, but whatever disgrace may attach to the sin that tempts you to lie, the lie is more disgraceful still. The scriptural command is, "putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor;" and this is a rule which our consciences tell us admits of no exception. Certainly there are truths which my neighbor has no right to know; I may be aware of the fact that such or such a person is intemperate, idle, dishonest; but I am not to tell this to every body, nor, indeed, to any body, excepting the man who by employing such a person might suffer from ignorance of his character. But our consciences will inform us with tolerable accuracy what truth we ought to tell our neighbor; our consciences will inform us that in all transactions which involve either profit or loss, there ought to be a full, clear, distinct, and unreserved communication of the truth. All very fine, say you, but it can't be done. Well, then, if it can't be done, we can't be Christians, we can't be saved, we must be damned—for into that holy city,

the New Jerusalem, "there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." If a man says, I must tell lies, at all events I cannot afford to tell the whole truth, I must sometimes hold a candle to the Devil. Well, then, it is my duty to tell that man that he must go to the Devil, and that there's nothing else for him.

Tell the truth to yourself, tell it to your neighbor, tell it also to your God. God knows the truth, for to him "all hearts are open, all desires known, and from Him no secrets are hid." Not by way of giving him any information are we to tell the truth to Him, but as one mean of obtaining pardon. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Now here it is that we see the deep meaning of this proverb, and perceive how by telling the truth we shame the Devil. It would be the Devil's glory to keep upon us the burden and defilement of our sins, and so to secure our eternal ruin. Now, when we confess our sins, what is this but telling the truth to God? and on doing this, we have the promise that He will forgive us and cleanse us from all unrighteousness. So, by telling the truth, telling it to God, in free, full, penitential confession, we deprive the Devil of his victory, we disappoint his hopes, we are freed from that condemnation into which he thought to bring us; and so he is shamed, and gnashes his teeth with rage, when a man tells the truth to God. Yes; tell it to Him who promises to forgive, to cleanse, to save—and who, by the death of His Son, has made provision for the pardon of all who confess their faults. Tell God

the truth, however that truth may tell to your own discredit; however shameful may be the facts confessed, keep nothing back, attempt to justify nothing, to excuse nothing; take to yourself your full share of blame, don't strive to make out a good case for yourself; God knows all. Do you honestly tell Him all; and let your confession tally with His knowledge of what ought to be confessed.

And now you will say, perhaps, that the telling of the truth requires great sacrifices to be made; and I admit that it does, and that in all ages it has been so. But the sacrifice you may have to make is as nothing, compared with those which have been made by others. For the truth's sake, men have submitted to every kind of hardship, insult, and suffering. "The goodly fellowship of the prophets, the glorious company of the apostles, the noble army of martyrs," were all men who "told the truth, and shamed the Devil." They suffered the loss of all things, and sealed their testimony with their blood, because they would tell forth God's truth, and put the spirit of falsehood to shame. Nay, more—(I say it with reverence, but with confidence in the truth of what I say)—this was what Christ did upon the earth; he told the truth and shamed the Devil. By the manifestation of the truth he inflicted on the Devil's kingdom a blow, under the effects of which it is still staggering, and will stagger, to its fall. Sacrifices for the truth! consider what sacrifices have been made, and how you honor the men, and cannot but honor the men, who made them, and thereby proved themselves the noblest of our race. They told the truth, knowing well what the consequences would be

—that their truthfulness would lead them to poverty, to prison, to the rack, and to the flames. They made their choice, and we approve their choice; and, however unwilling to imitate their example, we feel that they acted wisely, and well. And now, if homage to the truth demands some sacrifice, let us not complain, let us not shrink. I admit that it may be inconvenient to tell the truth; but we must bear with the inconvenience. I grant that it may be a pecuniary loss to tell the truth; but we must endure that loss. It is very possible that great gain might arise from some deceptive practice; but that gain is the wages of sin, and must not be coveted. “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” It is the way of the world not to speak the truth; but we must not follow a multitude to do evil. No apology is more common than this. The sanction of custom is pleaded for practices that are utterly inconsistent with truth; but no man of common sense can urge this plea, without knowing perfectly well that it is absurdly false. Two blacks cannot make one white; two million blacks cannot make one white. Custom may give laws to dress, and regulate the usages of etiquette; but custom, however ancient, and however widely recognised, can never make wrong right, can never justify, or in the least degree extenuate, a lie. Let us have faith in truth, and trust it at all times. If falsehood offer you gold, and truth can’t afford you a copper; if falsehood would conduct you to a palace, and truth lead you to a hovel—still, if you would live honorably and die peacefully, choose the truth for your friend and guide. “Buy the truth,” says Solomon,

"and sell it not." Let it be yours, whatever it costs—many men have bought it with their lives—and don't sell it for all the riches and pleasure that falsehood can command; you might as well sell your soul at once. I know that the truth is sold—sold in all the markets in the world; it was sold yesterday, and it will be sold again to-morrow. It is sold by every man who tells a lie, who equivocates, who keeps back any part of the truth which it is his duty to make known. It is sold by words, it is sold by gestures; it is sold by silence as well as by speech, by innuendo as well as by bold statements; it is sold at all prices. One man—a merchant, perhaps—won't sell it for less than £100; another—a free, independent elector—will sell it at a polling-booth for the price of a glass of gin. Buy the truth; you will never repent of your bargain, however great its cost; but if you sell it even for a throne, you'll be a loser. "Let the clock of the tongue be set by the dial of the heart," and let the dial of the heart be shone upon by the Sun of Righteousness. Then you will know the truth, you will love the truth, you will tell the truth, and put the Devil to shame. And hereby you will prove yourselves brave men; for, to speak the truth under all circumstances, and in the face of all risks, requires more courage than is demanded on the field of battle. Of all the valiant men in the world, let him be chief who dares to tell the truth!

LECTURE XVII.

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

It is very generally felt that the subject which I have selected for this afternoon's lecture, is one, the public exposition of which is sternly forbidden by the laws of propriety and the principles of modern refinement. Probably the discussion of such a topic will be most vehemently objected to by those who are conscious of having violated, if not the letter, the spirit of this law; for prudery is generally nothing more than impurity in a cloak; and "ill-deemers," says the proverb, "are commonly ill-doers." If, however, we are to be guided, not by simpering sentimentalists, but by the greatest teachers of religion and morals that the world has ever seen, we shall not shrink from openly speaking of the sins prohibited by the Seventh Commandment. For this, we have the authority and example of Moses, who, again and again, in those laws which he was divinely commanded to proclaim, forbids all manner of uncleanness. Solomon, too, in his Proverbs, takes care that this subject shall not pass unnoticed; and if he had passed it by, the credit which he has received for extraordinary wisdom would be very considerably shaken. The Apostle Paul goes still

further into particulars, and does not shrink from exposing and denouncing the horrible immoralities of his age; and the King of Teachers, the Lord Jesus Christ—against the purity of whose heart no man dares breathe a suspicion—spoke more plainly, perhaps, than any other, against the violation of the Seventh Commandment. Under the sanction of such precedents as these, a Christian minister is safe, and can afford to despise the objections of the fastidious. Of all the cavils trumped up by sceptics against the Bible, I know of none more contemptible than that which complains that the Scriptures speak out too clearly on this subject. It strikes me that, by speaking on this subject as they do, the sacred writers show their honesty, their faithfulness, their moral courage, and their thorough knowledge of human nature. The Scriptures profess to control and regulate all the passions of our hearts; and they would be wretchedly incomplete, if they did not protest boldly against the abuse of the very strongest of these passions. Nay, if they did not so protest, I feel very strongly persuaded that scepticism would complain more loudly, and with far better reason, against the absence of such protestation, than it now complains of its existence in the book. Scepticism would say, and might with justice say, "These men, who profess to be inspired teachers of humanity, know little of man; they have inveighed against his proneness to idolatry, they have attacked his pride, they have sought to check his covetousness. So far, well; but it is a strange, an important, an unpardonable omission, that they have allowed his lustful propensities to pass unnoticed." I would ask the sceptic

whether his knowledge of the world, however limited, or even his knowledge of himself, to say no more, does not teach him that a book, which professes to tell men their duty to God and to each other, ought to contain precisely such bold and outspoken denunciations of licentiousness as are to be found in the Bible, and to be found, I believe, nowhere else.

But it may be asked, Did not the writers of the Bible write for a state of society very different from ours? Were not sins of this description more prevalent, and their sinfulness less clearly recognised, than now? The state of society was undoubtedly in many respects very different, and sins of this class were possibly more common, and men might be less sensible of the guilt of such practices; but the same passions are burning in the human heart, and the same evils exist to an extent that is perfectly frightful. Taking the Commandment in its literal and most limited sense, as implying only infidelity to the marriage vow, the violation of the law is far from uncommon. There are not a few married women, of an utterly dissolute character, as our police reports often abundantly testify; and there are numbers of married men, some of whom stand high in society, who are amongst the most constant frequenters of the brothel, and the most zealous patrons of the prostitute. But the command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," must not be limited in this manner. It includes far more within its prohibitory range, than the violation of the marriage vow. Rightly understood, the Seventh Commandment forbids all fornication. The extent to which this sin prevails cannot, of course, be accurately determined; but

it is a significant and very fearful fact, that one in every twelve of the unmarried women of this country has strayed from the path of virtue.* And if women, with so many prudential motives to resist temptation, with disgrace, poverty, ruin before them, transgress in such numbers, it is very evident that men, who have no such consequences to dread, whom society thinks none the worse of for their dissipation, and who consider chastity, rather than unchastity, a matter of reproach—I say it is very evident that men violate this law in very much larger numbers. Taking into account the very different treatment which a young man's violation of this law meets with from the world, compared with that experienced by the woman who allows herself to be seduced; remembering that in the one case the sin will be, at the very worst, soon forgiven and forgotten even by the most severe moralists, that in the other case, the moral and the immoral alike will sternly withhold forgiveness, make not the slightest allowance, but consign the sinner

* In the year 1851, 42,000 children were born alive in England and Wales upon a total of 2,449,669 unmarried women, among whom widows were included for the purposes of calculation, between the ages of fifteen and fifty-five, or 1·7 per cent. Each of these mothers has taken the first step in prostitution; and conceding to each the trifling expectation of five years of unreformed life, we shall find that 210,000, or one in twelve, of the unmarried females in the country, above the age of puberty, have strayed from the path of virtue. This approximation may be objected to as erroneous, inasmuch as one woman may have two, three, or four illegitimate children; but this is balanced by the undoubted fact that an enormous number of illicit connections are unfruitful, or result in premature or unregistered births.

to an infamy from which recovery is all but impossible—I cannot but suppose that if the commandment is broken by one unmarried woman out of twelve, a double proportion will scarcely be too great to measure the extent to which this law is violated by men, married and unmarried; not one in twelve, but, at the very least, one in six, may be presumed to be involved in this great and abominable sin. And when I state that there is every reason to suppose that one man in six is so destitute of moral principle and moral strength, as to indulge more or less in the lawless gratification of his lust, I am far above the mark which is adopted by the gay and dissipated themselves. For you are well aware that people of this sort regard it quite as a matter of course that a man, an unmarried man, and especially a young man, should set the Seventh Commandment at defiance. The common expression is, “It’s what everybody does.” I do not believe this; I rather believe that there are thousands of young men whom a fear of the physical results of dissipation, or a highly intellectual disposition, or a sense of self-respect, or the higher and better motive, reverence for the law of God, preserves from this great sin—thousands who keep their bodies in temperance, soberness, and chastity, who keep out of the way of temptation, or, if exposed to it, have the strength to overcome it; but still the common postulate, “It’s what everybody does,” though not true, though, as I believe, far from true, is tremendously significant, and justifies us in concluding that our proportion of one in six is no exaggeration, that in all probability a far larger number have sinned and done this evil in God’s sight.

Perhaps, however, as you hear this commandment given by your Creator,—“Thou shalt not commit adultery,” you are ready to say, “God, I thank thee that I am not as other men, * * adulterers.” If it be so, if you have not violated the letter of this law, if you have been sheltered from temptation, or had the prudence, the good sense, the manliness, the moral power, the religious principle to resist temptation, let God be thanked for enabling you to resist fornication and uncleanness, and so far to keep yourself in sanctification and in honor. If you recoil with disgust from the house of ill-fame, and spurn with indignation and loathing the solicitations of the flaunting harlot, so far well; let God be thanked that you have not become the dupe and the victim of the unhappy creature who, through whatever cause, “has forsaken the guide of her youth, and forgotten the covenant of her God.” If you have never tampered with female innocence, nor attempted to corrupt unsophisticated and unsuspecting virtue, so far well; let God be thanked that you have not to answer for the most enormous of all crimes—a crime greater than theft, greater than perjury, greater than murder—little as the seducer thinks of it. But let us deal honestly with this matter. The law, as given by Moses, is, “Thou shalt not commit adultery;” but Jesus Christ, one of whose objects in coming to the world was to teach us how to fulfill the law in spirit and in truth, gives this version of the seventh commandment, “Whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.” Now, if we appeal to our consciences, we shall not find ourselves so

clear of this sin as, while contemplating the law in its letter, we might suppose. The law is not merely "Thou shalt not commit adultery;" it is this, Thou shalt not lust. And what a frightful and disgraceful exposure it would be, if all our hearts were laid open to each other, and all the secret thoughts and hidden desires discovered, and all the half-smothered flames of lust brought to view! How many persons of unexceptionable outward life would stand confessed as whited sepulchres, full of all uncleanness! If the law in its letter is violated by so many thousands, who shall calculate by how many thousands more it is violated in its spirit? Don't boast, then, that you have kept this law; for, taking Christ's exposition of it, which is the true one, you have not kept it; there is no law more commonly violated.

The evil results of this sin are too serious, too great, too startling to be discussed on an occasion like the present; we can only glance at them for a moment. One result is, that a very large number of our fellow-creatures, our sisters, who, in their natural and rightful position, would be useful, virtuous, and happy wives and mothers, filling thousands of homes with comfort and gladness, are consigned to vice and wretchedness and infamy, in which many of them perish, from which comparatively few recover. Another evil, but one of far less magnitude, is the frightful disease which this vice produces, and which proves it to be as certainly a violation of natural as of moral law. If you ask how I know that a life of dissipation is wrong, utterly wrong, I reply, I know this, not merely because God says so in his word,

- but because he says so also in the constitution of the

human frame. Every one of the direful physical results of uncleanness is an enforcement of the command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." And it is to be observed that the mind suffers as much as the body; nervousness and depression of spirits and loss of memory are among the penalties. Truly the ways of transgressors are hard. You say in your songs—

" Let us lead a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure ;"

but Nature says, No; you shan't. Nature says, Your pleasure shall be mixed with misery; there shall be vinegar and gall and wormwood in your cup. I will make it a cup of trembling and of wrath. You shall lead a life of pleasure only on condition of your leading a life of virtue; her ways, and her ways only, are ways of pleasantness. But let us suppose that by virtue of a strong constitution, which every half-grown youth, when he enters a career of dissipation, believes that he possesses,—let us suppose that those horrible physical results are escaped, or that they are experienced in a very slight degree, and soon overcome; it may be all the worse for a man; he is thus freed from one restraining influence, and becomes bolder, and more confirmed in vice. These physical effects may be regarded as a punishment; at the same time they are designed to be a preventive; they are not merely the whip of chastisement; they are also the bridle of restraint; and if the medical practitioner, regular or irregular, were to discover a safe, easy, cheap, and infallible cure for such diseases, it would be a great curse, rather than a blessing. The

more intractable these diseases are, the better; their influence to deter is all the stronger. He who escapes them thinks that he can sin with impunity, but the evil results are seen in his moral nature; for, as Burns says of this sin,

"It hardens all the heart,
And petrifies the feelings."

In fact, one of the greatest evils connected with this class of sins is, that by many, and especially by those guilty of them, they are scarcely regarded as sins at all; they are the very natural, very pardonable, and altogether inevitable excesses of youth; they are follies; they are indiscretions; they are anything but black and abominable crimes against the law of God and the proper order of society. It has been said that in the higher circles of society a man is obliged to keep a mistress, lest he should be laughed at for his puritanism. This, I have no doubt, is an exaggeration; but it is true enough that with some it is a qualification of the complete and fully accomplished gentleman to be a seducer; and the virtuous man—virtuous as it respects this department of character—is despised as a slow, spiritless, dull creature. Accuse a man of lying, and he will knock you down; call him a thief, and he will be ready to put a bullet through your heart; tell him that he has seduced an innocent girl, and he will feel flattered, rather than offended. Here we see the hollowness of the world's morality, and the rottenness of what the world calls honor. If you get drunk on beer or rum in a pot-house, the world will call you a blackguard; if you get drunk on champagne and port at the house of a wealthy friend,

the world will call you a gentleman who is rather fond of good living ; if, in a state of hunger and destitution, you steal a loaf, the world will call you a rascal, and send you to prison ; if you eat with your knife, you will be considered scarcely eligible to mingle with good society ; but if you rob a young woman of her virtue, break her father's and her mother's heart, and drive her to the street, the world will almost congratulate you upon your success, and accept it as a proof that you are a man of spirit, and a jolly good fellow. This, the most daring of all crimes, is regarded rather as a joke ; something to talk of with glee and gusto ; something to afford a subject for banter and merriment. In fact, the Seventh Commandment is one of which a very large proportion of men are proud to be able to say, "I have broken it, and set it at nought."

But not only do great numbers of men think little of the sinfulness of such dissipation, they have the temerity to stand on the defensive. "We are constituted with strong passions, which desire and crave their gratification. It is God that made us, and not we ourselves. To use the language of the phrenologist, our animal propensities are very largely developed, and we can't help that ; if there be a God, we are just what he has seen fit to make us." This argument, however, if it proves anything, proves too much ; if it be a valid apology, it will excuse all sin. The thief may plead his large acquisitiveness and small conscientiousness ; the murderer may plead his huge bump of destructiveness ; the man who is utterly neglectful of all religious duty may exclaim, "Oh, I have no organ of veneration." I am fully pre-

pared to admit that there are great differences of constitution and of temperament; I am prepared to admit that there may be corresponding differences of moral obligation. That which is to one a strong temptation may be no temptation to another. The object which kindles in one breast a flame of vehement desire produces in another the feeling of intense disgust; and a man of cold and unexcitable temperament ought not to deal too severely with a man of the very opposite disposition. But I am not so sure that we are what God made us. I do not think that any of us are exactly what God made us; we are, to a great extent, physically, mentally, and morally what we have made ourselves. You broken-down, haggard victim of dissipation, with your trembling hands and emaciated limbs and bloated face and fiery nose and shattered nerves, do you mean to tell me that you are what God made you? It would be a libel on the Creator to say that he ever made such a thing as you are. No! you are what you have made yourself, what you have been at great cost to make yourself, day by day and night by night, through a long, or perhaps a short, career of intemperance and profligacy. Your body is worn out—you have worn it out yourself; your mind is enfeebled—you have enfeebled it yourself; you are nearly an idiot—you have done all in your power to make yourself an idiot, and, unless you speedily reform, you will soon complete the process. You tell me that your animal passions are ungovernable, that you cannot resist temptation. How comes this to pass? "Oh, I was so constituted." So constituted! nonsense! I tell you there was a time—don't you remember it?—when

you could have resisted temptation if you would ; but you indulged your passions, and with every indulgence your passions gathered strength, became more and more clamorous, until, like spoiled children, they gained the mastery over you. There was a time when you might have crushed the viper, trodden upon it, killed it ; but you took it to your bosom and cherished it. Now, after making a ruin of yourself, in body, intellect, and heart, you stand forth in this dilapidated condition, and say, "I am as God made me." My friend, don't utter such blasphemy ; lay the blame upon your parents, upon your schoolmasters, upon your religious instructors, upon your companions, upon society, and upon yourself, but never venture to reproach God—never think of finding in what you call your natural constitution an apology for sin. For, tell me, How far is that viciously inclined constitution natural, and how far is it artificial ? Think of that : think of the training and the treatment which as a voluntary agent you have given to your constitution. The Chinese women might as reasonably attribute the smallness of their feet to a peculiarity of their natural constitution ; the tatooed savage might as fairly impute the marks on his skin to some mystery of his natural constitution. Let us have none of this nonsense ; we are the architects of our fortunes ; we are the architects of our characters too. From the one block of marble the sculptor can carve an image of Minerva or a figure of Bacchus ; and so of this substance which we call our natural constitution, it is possible for a man, through God's blessing, to form a character admirable and good,

and on the other hand, apart from God's blessing, to form a character despicable and altogether bad.

How are these sins of licentiousness in heart and life to be avoided? In other words, How are we to keep the Seventh Commandment—to keep it in the spirit as well as in the letter? In the first place, there is, or certainly ought to be, the restraining power of conscience. Now that not only Moses, but also Christ has spoken, we know what is right and what is wrong. The man who is accustomed to make light of this class of sins, if he will but reflect, must arrive at this conclusion, that they *are* sins, and not trivial sins by any means. If he take no better guide than philosophy, he will find that they are sins. If he takes the Bible for his counsellor, if he is disposed to pay the slightest deference to its decision, he will find that “whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.” Evil thoughts will arise, bad passions will bestir themselves; this is perhaps unavoidable; but we know that to cherish such thoughts and passions, to encourage them, to dwell upon them, is wrong. And this ought to be enough; the best, the purest argument against any sin is that it *is* a sin. And if conscience had its proper place and proper power in our hearts, its decision would be final, and from its court there would be no appeal. “How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?” was argument enough for Joseph, and ought to be argument enough for every man. But you say, and say truly enough, that conscience is not powerful enough to cope with passion. If, however, a man begins life on this principle of compelling all passion to submit to conscience, conscience will retain its sovereignty, and pas-

sion will be checked; the evil is that passion is gratified, fed, and strengthened, and then conscience is called in, and proves too weak for its adversary.

Well, then, in addition to conscience, there is God's wise and holy ordinance of marriage, of which St. Paul, a wise and honest man, with great plainness of speech, says, "to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband." But in this matter the thing called society is very much to blame. Society very gravely and very solemnly sets its hard, worldly-looking, calculating face against early marriage, counting it a source of great misery. Misery, in a world where God has provided abundance for us all; a world capable of sustaining a hundred times its present population! There must be something miserably wrong in our social system if a young man of intelligence and virtue cannot make so much by his industry as shall support a family. That he will have to struggle hard is very possible; but do you call it an evil thing that a man has to struggle in the world, and that every crust he eats must be eaten in the sweat of his face? Why, it is the noblest, the happiest, and best life of all, is this life of struggling, and the man who is afraid of it is beneath contempt. But cold, hard-faced Society shrugs its shoulders, and looks wondrous wise, and says, that before a man takes such an important step as this, he ought to have secured a competence, and be able to live respectably. My friends, our respectability is killing us. I do not know anything more immoral than our respectability. It is this passion for respectability that prompts men to those deeds of commercial dishonesty, of which

so many specimens are continually coming to light. Society can see nothing respectable in virtuous poverty, but can respect an affluence which secretly indulges in licentiousness. Society is quite content that the daughters of the poor should be sacrificed, in order that its wealthy sons may gratify their lust, and escape the cares and struggles of an early married life. Well, if society, with its notions of respectability, will contravene the imperious laws of nature, and set at naught an ordinance of God, it must abide the consequences, and the consequences are tremendous.

Further, to teach us how to avoid these sins of heart and life, our Saviour lays down this rule, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. * If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee; it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." If I understand this rule aright, it means that the utmost self-denial must be resolutely and rigorously exercised, and everything be carefully avoided that would encourage us, or tempt us to these sins. But you ask, What is the right eye, what the right hand? Give us some plain, practical illustrations of this plucking out, this cutting off. What does it all mean, when stripped of its figurative dress? I will try to tell you what I think may be regarded as right eyes and right hands, which cause us to offend against this law. There is a large class of books, for the most part fictions, which are demoralizing in their tendency. Some of them are obscene and beastly; others are just barely licentious, and these are by far the most dangerous. They detail

the arts and wiles of the seducer, the intrigues of men of fashion, the subtleties of abandoned women. The demand for such books is enormous; I do not hesitate to say that they form a large proportion of the books sold at our railway stations; a book-stall at a railway station is one of the most mournful exhibitions; it discovers a most wretched and debilitated taste on the part of the traveling public. I do not say that there is anything positively indecent or grossly immoral, but on that stand there are scores of works which suggest and foster bad thoughts, or, at all events, fill the mind with vanity and folly. From the cheap London press there issue every week, hundreds of thousands of periodicals, which consist of stale romances, pictures of illicit love, and scenes of disgusting infamy. Well, the passion for such books is intense; to give them up would be to many an act of self-denial, a cutting off of the right hand. If any of my hearers have contracted this habit of reading bad books, works which, while not obscene, familiarise the mind with vice, and pander to a prurient and vicious taste; in your case they are the right eye that should be plucked out, and the right hand that should be cut off. I tell you, and you know what I say is true, you are breaking the seventh commandment all the time you are reading them. Cast them from you; it is surely better to deny yourself this wretched gratification, than that your whole being, corrupted by its pernicious influence, should be cast into perdition. There are some amusements, too, which men love dearly, but which tempt them to offend against this law. On the boards of our theatres operas are brought out, which

have been well described as the apotheosis of prostitution, and comedies and farces which make light of virtue, turn innocence into ridicule, and laugh modesty to scorn; in singing saloons, songs are sung which can only have the effect of fanning the flames of lawless lust; and there are exhibitions in the ball-room, which stare decency out of countenance, and the sole object and sole result of which is to allure men to the brothel. Let no apologist for such amusements tell me that it is not so. The dances in such places are often of a most lascivious character, and men engage in them in order to have their languid and exhausted passions excited. If you are fond of these amusements, or any others which encourage evil thoughts, and under a very thin veil of decency, badly conceal the grossest and most filthy licentiousness, such amusements are in your case the right eye and right hand which cause you to offend. I tell you, and your conscience bears me witness, that while you are anticipating such pleasures, while you are enjoying them, while you are reflecting on them, you are breaking the seventh commandment; you are committing adultery in your heart. Cast such amusements from you; there are others of a healthful and highly moral tone; but it were better to have no recreation at all than that the theatre, the singing saloon, and the hop, should be the portal by which we go down quick into hell. There are companions who may cause us to offend. It is amazing to see the fascination which a bad man, if he be a man of some genius and some wit, exercises over others. Perhaps he has a good voice, and can sing a song well; he can keep the table in a roar; he has a

large fund of anecdotes and stories, varying in their character from the sickly sentimental to the beastly. He lives fast, knows the town, is up to all the dodges of licentious villainy, rolls all the vile and sensual gossip under his tongue; perhaps he is an infidel; or his theology is that of the merry monarch—God won't damn a man for enjoying a bit of pleasure. He takes a fiendish delight in undermining the principles, and ridiculing the scruples of the uninitiated; he is an unpaid servant of the devil, and yet more active and more zealous than many a salaried servant of the Christian church; he leads his victims like a flock of sheep, and he glories in the triumph of his infernal skill. If any of you, my younger friends, have been inveigled thus, and form a portion of some fast-living circle, some group of reckless libertines, your companionships are, in your case, the right eye and the right hand which cause you to offend. Cut them off, cast them from you; forsake that tavern, give up that club, frequent no longer that convivial meeting, which breaks up in the middle of the night, and the members of which, inflamed with strong drink and licentious songs, go madly to seek the gratification of their fevered and raging lusts; "come out from among them, and be separate;" it is better that you should go companionless to heaven, than that, with those sons of Belial, you should be cast into hell.

Now, I have spoken freely on this subject, and if it is not freely and boldly spoken of, it had better not be referred to at all; but it must be referred to; the violation of the seventh commandment, in its letter and its spirit, is one of the sorest plague-spots that afflict the world.

I am deeply anxious that our young men and young women, yea all of us, whether young or not young, should keep ourselves pure, should, by God's grace, be kept from every violation of this great commandment; and as often as we hear it, as often as we think of it, let this be our prayer, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."

LECTURE XVIII.

THE STREET.—PART I.

THE man who lives in a large town has always at command a source of instruction and entertainment, of counsel and of warning. If he have no books, let him sally forth into the streets, and he will find the whole town a large volume, richly stored with information, and open day and night for his perusal. If he cannot afford to pay for sight-seeing, he will find in the streets exhibitions more instructive, perhaps, than the wonders of Sydenham, or the treasures of art recently displayed at Manchester.

Pictures! do you ask for pictures? there are plenty of pictures in the street—some of them very ugly, I admit, but like so many of Hogarth's, true to the life, and very deeply interesting, ugly though they be. If you are in search of pleasure, perhaps you had best go to the country; if you are in quest of instruction, study the town. I have said that a large town may be likened to a large book. Every street of it is a page. I intend to turn over a few of these pages this afternoon, in the hope that we may gather from them some information that may be profitable.

Regarding the streets as pages, there are many of them which, like many pages in many books, are not worth looking at. There are the dull, decent, solemn, and highly respectable streets, which would be excessively indignant if a shop ventured to open its vulgar windows anywhere along their line. Occasionally a carriage rolls along, and now and then a butcher's or baker's cart pulls up at one of the sombre doors; but generally you might fire a thirty-two-pounder from end to end without the slightest danger of inflicting damage on man or beast! These streets I think we may pass by, they are very grand and very gloomy, very comfortable and very stupid.

But still I am unwilling to pass them by without making one or two observations:—in the first place, it is encouraging to know that the comfort and wealth of those streets are the reward of industry; for the most part of the people who inhabit them are men who have risen from the ranks. Perhaps they would not like to acknowledge it, but in many cases their fathers were working joiners, working bricklayers, and their mothers were originally cooks, housemaids, and washerwomen. There's a grand house, owned and inhabited by a worthy man, whose parents keep a greengrocer's shop, somewhere near the docks; and there's another, the occupant of which used himself to stand at a stall in the market, selling Cheshire cheese and Irish bacon; and there's another, don't you see the carriage at the door, and three young ladies getting into it, to take their morning drive? Their father, now an elderly gentleman, sometimes afflicted with a touch of the gout, began life with

selling chips and brimstone matches, for lucifers were not known in those days. "Dear me, is it possible?" you ask; yes, possible for them, and possible for you likewise. "How did they contrive to get on? By what magic was the greengrocer's shop exchanged for this stately mansion, the stall in the market for this grand residence, the chip-basket for the elegant carriage?" By what magic? By the magic of industry, sobriety, and perseverance? "Oh, but they were very lucky!" Well, they made their own luck. "But those were times in which success was possible, men *could* make money then." Those times were no better than the present. There was dear bread, there was heavy taxation, there were manias and panics and bubble companies and bank failures in those times, as in these. "Well, but those lucky fellows were very well educated, and very clever!" Not at all; many of them, as their manner of speech still testifies, have all their lives been perfectly innocent of possessing more than that very little knowledge which is said to be "a dangerous thing;" and as to genius, or mental power, the grand and comfortable street makes no particular display in that line. "How did they get on?" They got on by never going off; never going off on the spree, never going off their proper employment to lose time in idleness. They were thoughtful, sober, prudent, and economical, hard working, always at their post. So, as we pass along this street, which, dull and solemn as it looks, has an air of great comfort, which makes large amends for its gloominess, let us remember how this street arose, that, although it does not relish any allusions to its ancestry, its parents

were poor, narrow, dirty lanes; let us remember that the same prosperous career of industry is open to us all, that no magic, save the magic of good sense, good conduct, patience, and perseverance, is necessary to exchange the greengrocer's cellar for the roomy and comfortable mansion, and the chip-basket for the carriage and pair.

Further, I have to observe, with reference to these solemn streets, that although they have a cold and haughty look, and seem to frown contemptuously upon the dingy courts and alleys that keep at a respectful distance, there is a great deal of kindness in the great solemn street; that street does not selfishly retain all its wealth, but often shells out very liberally. Hospitals, infirmaries, dispensaries, town missions, charitable institutions of all kinds are liberally maintained by that solemn street. Never believe those firebrands who say that the rich care nothing for the poor; so far as I can judge, many of the rich care a great deal more for the poor than most of the poor care for themselves. So let us leave the solemn and highly respectable street, not growling at human selfishness and uttering tirades against the heartlessness and the cruelty and the cold indifference of men who have made their fortunes, but rather thankful for the kindness and munificence with which no small number of such persons act towards their less successful fellow-citizens.

The contrast is very great when, from such streets, we descend to some of those inhabited by the poorer portion of the people. A stranger might suppose that we were very classical in this town of Liverpool, for we have a considerable number of streets which bear the names of

celebrated poets and authors. But,—shades of Homer, Virgil, and Juvenal, of Ben Johnson, Milton, and Dryden, of Addison, Gay, and Roscoe, if you could but revisit the glimpses of the moon, or of the gas-lights, and see the monuments which we have erected to your imperishable glory! How grateful, how flattered you would feel, ye illustrious dead, if you could but take a stroll through those delightful retreats of the muses and the masses, illumined with the glare of a hundred gin shops, redolent with the fumes of tobacco and whiskey, reeking with indescribable filth, and swarming with men, women, and children, for the most part dirty, ragged, and wretched. Many of the streets inhabited by the poor are insufferably nasty; the houses, built in that style called jerry building, for which Liverpool is rather celebrated, are ready to tumble down. There is no sewerage, or, if there be, it is not worthy of the name, for the stagnant water poisons the whole street; the decencies of civilised life can scarcely be observed. Fever, small-pox, and consumption have taken up their abode in those wretched regions, and there they will remain, glutting themselves on the miserable inhabitants. The man who first struck out the brilliant idea of building narrow courts was certainly a genius. What an accursed thing the love of gain is, when it manifests itself in such a form as this; when, to make the most of a few yards of land, it erects houses in such close proximity as to expel both light and air, and builds for men abodes that are not fit for beasts. It is curious and instructive to notice in what very different senses we employ the same word. In the newspapers you often find an item of in-

telligence headed "Court News," and there you read of the Queen and the Prince Consort, how they spent their forenoon, how they were dressed, who took the royal children out for an airing, and who had the honor of dining with her Majesty in the evening. All very interesting this, but there is other "Court News," which it is of more importance we should hear. We might have a Court Journal, detailing that in No. 1 Court, three children died last week of small-pox, and fifteen more are dangerously ill; that in No. 2 Court, not a spot of white-wash has been laid on the walls for fifteen years—that there is no drainage whatever, and that the filth is unbearable and the stench enough to poison a dog; that in No. 3 Court, the sun was never yet known to shine, excepting for half-an-hour in summer, and then only in at the top window of one of the houses, and that not a breath of air was ever felt in the place by the oldest inhabitant; that in No. 4 Court, the residents remonstrated with the proprietor, and asked him to make the place decent, but he swore at them, and told them they might go to a certain place, only one degree worse than the beastly den they inhabit; that in No. 5 Court, there had been a row among the women, who tore each other's hair, gave each other black eyes, smashed each other's windows, and got up a scene of ungovernable fury and disgusting intemperance; that in No. 6 Court, the houses are so crowded that no discrimination is observed in the sleeping arrangements, but a whole family, together with strangers, occupy the same room, while soap and water are almost as rare as venison and champagne; that in No. 7 Court,

the weekly wages of the inhabitants amount to £20, of which £12 are spent at the gin shop in the next street.

That's the sort of intelligence we should have to publish, if we issued a Court Journal for Liverpool, or any other of our large towns. One of the most common diseases in many of those narrow streets and close alleys, is hydrophobia. Don't be alarmed. I do not say that the people have been bitten by mad dogs, but that there is, from some cause or other, a great abhorrence of cold water. Some of the men don't like it, many of the women hate it; and as to the children playing in the gutters, and making dirt pies, and smearing each other's faces with filth, they would scream at the sight of it. There are faces to be seen that do not appear to have been washed these twenty years, and there are floors and furniture that have never been swept or dusted at all. Walking through those districts, one cannot help wishing that such streets had never been built, and that the act of building such houses were made a criminal offence, for they are most destructive of public health and public morality. At the same time, bad as the houses may be, they are rendered tenfold worse by the habits of those who occupy them. There are so many bright exceptions, so many cases in which cleanliness is observed, decency regarded, and comfort secured, in spite of all the disadvantages of the situation, that the dirty, miserable house is left without excuse. There is no necessity for this wretchedness; but if men will spend so much of their money in drink, and if women will sit on the door steps, gossiping and jangling for hours, if they will visit the gin shop to get their drams, then, of

course, poverty and squalor must be the result. The people have the remedy for this state of things in their own hands; no one can help them, if they do not help themselves; they can move out of those back slums, if they will. If they demand better houses, and if by dint of economy they can pay for better houses, there will ever be a supply, but not otherwise. Capitalists cannot be expected to lay out their money in the benevolent project of building better houses; and if they did, their benevolence would be thrown away, unless the people for whom such houses were designed, were cleanly in their habits, for a good house requires a good tenant; as long as there are pigs, there will be pig-styes. That men should quietly settle down in such odious habitations, that they do not make a resolute effort to better their condition—this I look upon as one of the worst signs of the times. There is a contentment which is praiseworthy; but there is also a contentment which is to be condemned, which is to be despised, which is to be scouted. Contented to live in a hole from which light and air are excluded; contented to exist in the midst of filth and uproar and confusion; contented to take up one's abode in a place which must be the centre of disease, and in which every species of immorality flourishes and grows strong and rampant—I could not be contented with this; I should think it sinful to be contented in such a state, as long as my brains and my hands could put forth their energies to set me free from it. Contentment is a lesson often inculcated upon the poor, but I wish that in one sense they were discontented; I wish that they felt an unspeakable repugnance to the filthy habitations in which they

are huddled together. I would say—Don't be discontented with the Constitution, for there's not a better under the sun; don't be discontented with work, for work is the wise and benevolent ordinance of God; don't think of agitating for the Charter, for Socialism, Communism, and all that nonsense; but be discontented with dirt, and darkness, and foul air, and bad smells, and undrained streets, and jerry-built houses, and set to work resolutely to free yourselves from this wretchedness, and to quit forever the streets in which fever and small-pox, and consumption and all other ills, reign and riot over the miserable victims of poverty and dissipation.

With best wishes for the destruction of many of the narrow dirty streets, and for the sanitary improvement of the rest, let us now leave them, and turn for a moment into the busy streets where trade and commerce are in full activity. Very noisy are these streets; but there is something agreeable in the noise, for it tells of industry, energy, and enterprise. All sorts of vehicles are to be seen, from the stately chariot, with its liveried coachman and footman, to the donkey-cart, driven by a ferocious Arab of the streets, whose livery is rags, and who wears upon his head some indescribable ruin of what was once a cap. The parapets are thronged by rich and poor, well-dressed and ill-dressed, happy looking people, and people looking very miserable; there they are, each in his way, and some in very strange ways, trying to live in this competitive world. It is a very animated scene, and one that ought to stir the blood of an idle man, and inspire him with activity. But the busy streets cannot be contemplated with unmingled satisfaction. If

we could believe that all the men whom we see hurrying to and fro about the exchange and the commercial regions were strictly honorable in all their transactions and schemes, we could regard them with satisfaction, and wish them well, but we cannot believe this in the face of facts that are continually coming to light. Many a house of merchandise is neither more nor less than a den of thieves. Some of the men who make a great display are not really worth three halfpence; they are men of straw, fire balloons, soap bubbles. Under innumerable false pretences they obtain money, and get their credit bolstered up, until the inevitable crash comes; this termination is called a crisis. I accept the term; one of the meanings of the word crisis is *judgment*—just the right word; the crisis is a judgment upon dishonesty.

Nor is it satisfactory to see in the busy streets so many announcements which are utterly devoid of truth, and are intended to ensnare the green people, of whom, unhappily, there are so many. Of all the virtues, next to veracity, modesty is that of which many of the busy people are most innocent. Solomon says, "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth, a stranger, and not thine own lips," but our puffing tradesman is wiser than Solomon; he knows that if he were to wait until another man praised him, he would have to wait in vain; so he bespatters himself with praise, in the most fulsome style imaginable. "When thou doest thine alms," and we may add, when thou doest thy business, "sound not a trumpet before thee in the streets;" but it must be confessed that the man who has not the face to

sound his own trumpet is not keeping pace with the times. It is often said that ministers of religion are a self-interested class, intent upon popularity, and greedy of filthy lucre. "Religion is your trade," says Mr. Tripe, "and selling sausages is mine!" But what a precious fuss there would be! what indignation! what cries of "shame!" if we were to advertise our wares after the trade fashion.—"Mr. Timothy Orthodox begs to call the attention of the public to his unrivaled discourses, delivered every Sunday, at a quarter before eleven A.M., and half past six P.M." In one column of the Newspaper you see "Hats! Hats!! Hats!!!" Why not in another advertise "Sermons! Sermons!! Sermons!!!" Moses and Hyam have their poets, and why should not we have ours, to set forth to the world the magnificence of our discourses, especially as they are not magnificent! You would be rather amazed if you read on the walls a placard headed with a picture of a man in gown and bands, and intimating "that the Rev. Dr. Boanerges, having just finished his studies at the University of Oxford, and taken high honors, considers himself the first orator of the age; his voice is one of unrivaled melodiousness and astonishing compass: his manner is so graceful as to beggar description; and as to style and matter, in point of doctrinal and practical theology, in point of earnestness and eloquence, Dr. Boanerges defies competition. N.B.—A superior lot of discourses is in preparation, and will be shortly delivered." Outrageous! Yes, very; but quite as modest is this Dr. Boanerges as the shopkeeper who declares that his is the best and cheapest house in the trade;

that he has such facilities in making purchases as enable him to offer goods at prices considerably lower than any other house, and that his stock is superior to any other in existence. Even admitting the truth of such assertions, their bare-faced and brazen-faced impudence is certainly something remarkable. The trading world is full of the confused noise of these trumpets, blown by shopman after shopman at his own door—a thousand of them—each proclaiming himself a better tradesman than every other.

“Let another man praise thee,” says Solomon, “and if thou art worthy of praise, thou shalt be praised;” thy well-served and perfectly satisfied customers will sound the trumpet for thee; no sensible man will believe thee if thou soundest thy own trumpet; so, if thou hast any sense of honor, lay thy trumpet down, don’t keep the article; none but the hypocrites keep trumpets where-with to sound their own praise. And don’t advertise great bargains, which you know so well are always great swindles. Don’t say that you are prepared to sell at “any sacrifice,” lest some one, taking you at your word, should lay a fourpenny piece on the counter, and walk off with a article worth five guineas, if there be such an article in the lot, which, however, is doubtful. Don’t make your window a trap, well baited with tempting goods at tempting prices, and then by the counter dodge,* or any other dodge, “sell” your unsuspecting

* “Another method to accomplish this result is technically called ‘the counter dodge,’ and consists of the following stratagem: A superior specimen of an article in daily and common use, such as linen, is laid upon the counter, ticketed in plain figures at about half

customer. Such shouting, by means of loud advertisements, reminds one of the old proverb—"More cry than wool." I may be singular; but whenever I see such manifestoes, I say to myself, That's the very place of all places, which, if I have any common sense left, I will not enter—the fellow that keeps that concern makes so much noise that I can't believe him to be an honest man—he sounds his own trumpet; therefore, without fail, he is a hypocrite—he must be! Of course it will not be supposed that by these remarks all advertising is condemned; far from it. Every man is justified in giving full publicity to his business. I only plead for these two things, truth and modesty, in the manner in which the announcement is made; and I would venture the opinion that truth and modesty will in the end prove more telling and more profitable than lies and impudence. The discerning public will not patronise the puffer; but I should remember that some men don't wish for the

its value. It cannot fail to catch the eye of a provident and careful housewife, who immediately resolves to make a purchase of such a bargain. The vigilant assistant, perceiving that the fish is hooked, strenuously recommends the piece of goods, and fixes the buyer's resolution, by informing her that it is 'the last of the kind they have got.' The bargain being concluded, and the stuff measured over, the seller proceeds to wrap it up into a sheet of paper, in reaching over for which he contrives to let it fall down behind the counter, and instead of picking it up, he picks up another piece of the same length, which has been placed there for the purpose. Arrived at home, and when opening out her purchase to exhibit its amazing cheapness, the buyer is strongly puzzled to account for the difference of its appearance now, from what it seemed on the merchant's counter, little dreaming of the trick that has been played off upon her."—*From "Experience of a Draper's Assistant."*

custom of the discerning public, but only for that of the undiscerning.

And, indeed, there is a large portion of the public that is not remarkable for its discernment. The extent to which people will submit to be gulled by sharpers of all sorts, is perfectly astounding. An example of this we have in the success of the quack doctor. This person is to be found in every large town. One of his favorite and most lucrative practices is to take the most shameful advantage of the unhappy victims of dissipation. He promises to cure them speedily and infallibly, and, as if regular practitioners were in the habit of blabbing all the secrets of their practice, announces, as a peculiarity of his system, that the most inviolable confidence will be preserved, and that there is a private back way to his surgery. But if the poor dupe will not pay whatever is demanded, he threatens him with exposure. It is said that some of these men have prostitutes in their pay, for what purpose I leave my hearers to gather for themselves;—but the quack doctor thus gets to know who has been conducting himself in an immoral way, and he has the audacity to write to him, and tell him that if he does not put himself under his care, he will inform his parents; or if the profligate be a married man, which is as likely as not, he will convey the information to his wife. It surely is most disgraceful that the abominable advertisements published by such men, should appear in our newspapers, and even in what profess to be religious newspapers. There they are, week after week, month after month, the same beastly announcements. If the papers profess to lead public opinion, then it is their

duty resolutely to close their columns against such gross immoralities. If the papers say, "It's all a matter of business," then—let us come to a fair understanding—the concern which the papers express for the public welfare is all cant. Highly as we may approve and prize the liberty of the press, we may be permitted to wish for such a censorship as should exclude all filthy, delusive, and dangerous advertisements of this stamp; and if this step cannot be taken, might not our magistrates have power given them to prosecute those who cover the dead walls and boardings with these insufferable indecencies? They may fairly be classed among the obscene publications; and that they should be publicly posted all over the town is a nuisance which we ought not to tolerate. There is an humbler style of quack doctor, who takes his stand in the street; he erects a booth, over which are printed in flaring capitals, the words, "Health for a shilling!" or, "Why will ye die?" I extract from a work on commercial roguery, the following specimen of this kind of street life:—

"My friends, I stand here before you independent, free, and untrammelled by connection with any sect, party, profession, or denomination. * * I am no human butcher or wholesale poisoner. I don't come to you with bad Greek and corrosive minerals, the one to charm you, and the other to send you to your long homes. No, my friends, you see these vegetables spread out before you; these are the produce of your own lovely hills, valleys, and green fields, and during the summer months many of them lend the charm of beauty

to your meadows by their varied colors, and make the air balmy by their sweet fragrance. Not one of these, my friends, but possesses a life-giving essence or a health-restoring principle. The royal poet, who danced before the ark, said that a man is wonderfully and fearfully made;

* * * * *

* * * —(John, give that lady a two-

penny box of pills.)—Yes, my friends, notwithstanding your liability (another box, John,) to disease and death, (Did you say a two-penny box, sir? Another box, John,) here is a safe and speedy remedy (attend to that gentleman, John,) for every disease ‘mortal flesh is heir to.’ My friends, you do well to supply yourselves while I am here—(Two penny boxes, John.) During the course of the ensuing month, I am obliged, by previous arrangement, to visit the following towns—(twopenny box, John); to-morrow morning I leave here for Sheffield, (attend to the lady with the child in her arms, John,) and from there to Chesterfield (cure the headache did you say? Why, my dear fellow, one box would cure a horse’s head, which is four times the size of yours), then on to Derby— (Give the child two pills at bed time, and continue the dose for a month.) From there I go to Nottingham, Newark-upon-Trent, (hand these pills to the lady, John,) Gainsborough, Lincoln, Brigg, and Barton-upon-the-Humber; (’tis well I told you I would be away for a month; take my advice and lay in a good stock,) then I go to Hull, Beverley, Driffield, Bridlington, Scarborough, Whitby, and Stockton-upon-Tees, (two large boxes for that lame gentleman, John,) Darlington, Durham, Sunderland, Shields, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne;

(ah! poor man, your swimming in the head arises from long hours of labor at a sedentary employment; two large boxes, John,) then I go to Hexham, Haltwhistle, Brampton, and Carlisle (my friends, your anatomical man-killers would transport me if they had the power. * * * I hold my authority from a higher power than that which deutes them to poison and kill by the knife); then I go to Penrith, Shap, Kendal, Lancaster, Preston, and Manchester.”—*Language of the Walls*.

I once heard one of these worthies addressing a crowd of gaping dupes; he was dressed in a college cap and gown, and had quite a professional appearance. After a few touching remarks upon the neglect with which he had been treated by a prejudiced public, he spoke somewhat as follows:—“How extraordinary, how mournful, that the human mind will not have truth at any price!” (this was too bad, for the human mind—or, at all events, human bodies, with or without minds—were at that moment purchasing, as fast as they could, what the professor alleged to be truth; in the form of boxes of pills.) “There was Spurzheim, the discoverer of Phrenology; he was not believed. Then there was Harvey, the discoverer” (I think the professor said, the inventor) “of the circulation of the blood; he, too, had to encounter opposition. The illustrious Galileo was imprisoned because he boldly maintained that the world moved round the sun” (by the way, every man who has a crotchet which the world won’t believe, thinks he is a second Galileo); “and the great Apostle of the Gentiles, Saint Paul, they said of him that much learning had made him

mad. In this manner, I, too, am treated; it is the common lot of genius; but, gentlemen, it is an honor to suffer in such company, and in such a cause." The "gentlemen" were greatly moved by this appeal, and every one of them who fancied there was anything the matter with him forthwith bought a box of pills. I passed by again in about half an hour, and heard Spurzheim, Harvey, Galileo, and Saint Paul again referred to in explanation of the obstinate incredulity of the human mind, which will not have truth at any price. From the professor's dictum I beg leave to dissent; it strikes me that the human mind is far too gullible, too credulous, too ready to receive for truth anything that comes in the name of truth—anything, whether a quack medicine for the body, or a quack medicine for the soul, whether a professor of mesmerism or an apostle of mormonism. I wish there was more scepticism, more of a spirit of inquiry, more of a disposition to submit everything to the decision of reason, and then the degrading superstitions and fanaticism which make such fearful havoc amongst our people would be scouted with contempt. We have too many soft heads and hard hearts amongst us; what we want are, hard heads and soft hearts—hard heads to make us wise, and soft hearts to make us good.

I have not quite exhausted my subject; there are other varieties of street life which are worthy of notice, and of which I intend to speak when we meet again.

LECTURE XIX.

THE STREET.—PART II.

I INTEND this afternoon to continue and conclude my remarks upon the phenomena of street life.

A greater misfortune can hardly befall an honest and industrious man than to be out of employment; in a large number of instances, men who are out of work have themselves to thank for their idle and destitute condition; they say they have been sacked, but when you inquire into the facts of the case, you find that they have sacked themselves. But amidst the fluctuations to which all trades are subject, it is very possible for the steadiest person to find that his services are no longer required, and when this is the case, such a person's first care is to get something to do. He cannot bear to be idle; even if he has been able to save something, and is not altogether hard up, so as to be obliged to draw upon the liberality of his uncle, still he is uncomfortable, he is even wretched, until he is at work again. Now in these times, almost everything is turned to profitable account, and as there are men who live by the idler's love of idleness, so there are men who live by the steady man's

love of work. Hence you often see such an announcement as this :

“PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—Persons in search of employment, either as a source of income, or to fill up their leisure hours, may hear of such by return of post, by which from £2 to £3 weekly and upwards may be realised in town or country, and by either sex—station in life immaterial—by enclosing twelve stamps, with directed stamped envelope, to Mr. W. A., F—— street, London.” This is very tempting; and one is inclined to ask wonderingly—What is the “profitable employment?” How are the £2, £3, and upwards to be made? I never had the curiosity to inquire, but I have heard of a worthy fellow who sent his stamps to one of these fortune brokers, and was, by return of post, advised to try selling hot potatoes in the street, at night. It is no uncommon thing to see an advertisement which promises “A fortune for five shillings.” Every day, a large number of men carefully and anxiously scan the columns of the newspapers, for advertisements of situations. Perhaps they little know the heartless trickery of some who advertise. A young man sees such very desirable information as the following: “Wanted, a respectable person, to fill a responsible situation, with a liberal salary. All communications to be prepaid, with a stamp enclosed.” The fact is, that there is no situation at all, but if one or two hundred persons apply, the advertiser nets one or two hundred postage stamps—and the applicants hear no more of him; or it may be, that he writes by return of post, stating that the situation can be had for two shillings and sixpence, or five shillings,

so each applicant sends the required amount ; the scamp clears, perhaps, £50 ! Write to him again, and your letter will come back through the Dead Letter Office. The same swindling practice is carried on by what are called "Servants' Registry Offices." The young man or young woman out of employment, and walking about the town in search of it, is attracted by a large board, bearing a great number of notices. All sorts of persons are wanted ; one would suppose that the supply of labor was far beneath the demand for it. Merchants are in want of clerks ; coal proprietors are in want of agents ; wholesale houses are in want of travelers ; drapers, grocers, and ironmongers want assistants ; in all kinds of trades, apprentices are wanted ; country gentlemen appear to be in great want of grooms, butlers, and gardeners ; hotel-keepers seek for waiters, and the general public require housemaids, nursery maids, and good plain cooks by the score. How comes it to pass that so many people are out of employment ? If we are to believe the registry offices, the demand is enormous and perpetual. But are we to believe these offices ? Let the following case, which appeared a little while ago in our police reports, decide this question :—

"Detection of a swindler.—A man named R. P., keeper of a Servants' Registry Office, No.—, L— Street, was placed in the dock, charged with swindling between forty and fifty young men, who appeared in court, by promising to procure them situations on payment of an office fee of two shillings and sixpence. R. L., the first witness, stated that he saw in the defendant's window an advertisement for a collector of the rents of fifty houses

for a retired gentleman, and made application by letter, at the same time paying the entrance fee of two shillings and sixpence. He never received any answer to his communication; and when he called at the office yesterday, he found that the letter had never been opened. J. H., a middle-aged man, had paid three half-crowns for situations as bailiff, coachman, and gardener, none of which he had obtained. The evidence of the other witnesses was of a similar nature. * * * The prisoner was remanded for seven days, in order to afford time for inquiries to be made as to the extent of the prisoner's frauds; some hundreds of letters being produced, which contained valuable testimonials, and would greatly inconvenience the parties who had made such applications."

What "the extent of the previous frauds" turned out to be, I am unable to say; but here was a tolerable specimen; fifty men in one body appearing against him. It is very certain that this fellow's victims, men and women, must have numbered many hundreds. Here, then, is a specimen of the Servants' Registry Office. I should be very sorry to say that they are all alike; such an institution is capable of being very useful, for capital and labor are often in search of each other, but neither can very easily find the other; the Servants' Registry Office is a medium whereby capital and labor can come into communication; but still, the facts which I have quoted, and which are only a few out of many which I might mention, are sufficient to prove that persons out of employment are very unwise if they trust to the promises made at those offices. As I before said, a steady man

out of work will give almost any thing to obtain remunerative employment, and there is a number of scoundrels who take advantage of this eagerness for work; generally speaking, you may take it for granted the Registry Office is a swindle. If you ever are tempted, through want of employment, to enter one of these traps, baited with a score or two of promising announcements, remember the fifty young men who appeared against Mr. R. P. The plain English of—Wanted a collector of rents—a porter—an apprentice—a servant of all work, is this—Wanted half-a-crown; you are not wanted at all. Don't be so silly as to suppose anything of the kind; the only thing that is wanted is your money. I believe, however, that in some cases, I would hope they are very few, the iniquity of the registry office goes far beyond this swindle. Such institutions have been known to provide young and innocent victims for the seducer, and tenants for the brothel. The libertine and the bawd have been known to advertise through this medium, and therefore it behoves young women to be particularly careful how they submit themselves to the tender mercies of the registry office; it is possible that the places for which they apply are not shams, but most terrible realities.

No lecture on the streets would be complete without some notice of the public-houses. An inn is one of the necessities of life in a civilised country, and among a people whose business renders it necessary that a large proportion of them should be very frequently engaged in traveling; and unless the liberty of the subject is to be most impertinently interfered with, the traveler, at

his inn, should be allowed to command wines, spirits, and beer, if he wishes for them. But our thousands of public-houses and beer-houses have not been called into existence by the requirements of the traveling public. A very large number of them are not frequented, are scarcely ever entered, by "bona fide" travelers; they owe their support entirely to the depraved habits of a large proportion of the general public, and the majority of their customers are not five miles from home in twelve months. The public-house, as nearly all public-house advertisements proclaim, is supported by the neighborhood, which is often styled "a first rate drinking locality." The greatest pains are taken to render these places attractive; they are fitted up regardless of expense, but it pays to make them splendid; so there they are, for the most part well situated at the corners of the streets; the windows are of superb plate-glass; the gas fittings very ornamental; and outside, over the door, there is invariably a great lamp. Sometimes this lamp is very appropriately made in the shape of a barrel, with staves of red and white glass alternated. Occasionally the lamp has a revolving light, being thereby all the more likely to attract attention. There is one point, however, in which the gin-palace differs from most other shops. The draper keeps his doors open; he has no desire whatever to screen his customers from observation; he would rather show the public how many customers he has at his counter; but the gin-shop is invariably provided with doors, which yield to the slightest pressure, and then close of their own accord, very much after the manner of a trap. The doors are partly of glass; but

the glass is either ribbed or frosted in a very judicious manner, so that the too inquisitive passer-by can see nothing of what is going on inside, the windows being generally too high from the pavement to admit of being looked through. There is something significant in this fact—something hopeful in it. It shows that either the gin-seller, or his customer, or both, have some sense of shame left—a lingering consciousness that that sort of business is not “quite the thing”—that it is rather disreputable to be seen in such places; and for their own interest they had better continue to have their doors and windows so constructed that the public, while passing, shall not see what is going on inside—that the public may not see the barman serving out drink to poor ragged boys, who have to stand on tip-toe in order to see over the counter—that the public may not see the drunken mother quieting her child by pouring whiskey down its throat—that the public may not see the soft sailor lad treating three or four prostitutes, and so spending his hard earned wages—that the public may not see the haggard, filthy, ragged wretch, who has committed a theft in order to obtain his dram. Wisely made windows and doors! But let me ask the publican, Are you ashamed to show all the world what is going on at your counter? then it is a wonder you are not ashamed of the infernal traffic altogether. I tell you you are a coward, and your doors and windows prove it. You know that your premises are hell on a small scale—you know that people would be disgusted, almost alarmed, if they saw the abominations of which that shop of yours 's the scene!

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If the people did but know and consider how they are cheated in the matter of drink, they would perhaps feel more reluctance about entering those poison-shops. Of all adulterations, there is none so systematic, so extensive, as the adulteration of intoxicating beverages. In London, and I suppose in all large towns, there are what are termed Drink Doctors, and there is probably no intoxicating liquor which does not experience the benefit of their skill. The wines sold in most of the public-houses are filthy, poisonous compounds. The following information is given on the authority of Mr. J. Mitchell: Alum is added to new and poor red wines, for the purpose of brightening their color; and to pale, faint-colored port, Brazil and logwood is employed, together with elderberries, or bilberries. In cases where an additional stringency is required, oakwood saw-dust is used, and it is by means of the above substances that wretchedly bad foreign and home-made wines are converted into "Genuine Old Port," which is sold at the public-houses at a high price, thus yielding to both the wholesale and retail dealer a handsome profit. * * * Some of the salts of copper are occasionally employed to impart an additional stringency to wines. Amongst other dodges, it is common to stain the corks used for port wine, so that it may seem that the wine has been a considerable time in contact with them, and therefore long in the bottle." Speaking of the drink doctor, a writer in "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal" says, "Under his miraculous management, three hogshheads of proof gin from the distiller's shall, in the course of a single night, be transformed into seven substantial hogshheads

of 'Cream of the Valley.'" One of the ingredients commonly employed by him is vitriol. In managing beer, the D. D. is also very successful; he can make bad good, and weak strong, and the merest trash he can convert into XXX; and, above all, he is well versed in the modes by which beer and porter are made provocative of thirst. Thus a large number of substances, some of them harmless, others exceedingly injurious, are used in the preparation of the various compounds sold at the gin-palace and the jerry-shop. I find in one recipe for making porter, no fewer than fifteen ingredients, amongst which are *coccus indicus* and lime. By the addition of sulphuric acid, new beer is in a few moments converted into old, and by the use of chalk or soda, old beer becomes new. You often see that a public-house to let, has this recommendation, "Free from brewer and spirit merchant." Undoubtedly, this is a valuable point to the tenant. A brewer and spirit merchant, if respectable men, as many of them are, would perhaps, for their own credit's sake, supply something not altogether poisonous, and would see that it was not tampered with; but when the house is free from brewer and spirit merchant, the tenant is of course at perfect liberty to buy, to make, and to sell the most abominable trash that he can possibly impose upon his undiscerning customers.

Now there are many reasons why a man should not frequent the gin shop. I shall at present mention only this one, and I think that, apart from the others, it ought to be enough. You are, in most cases, if not in every case swindled; you do not get what you ask for, but some filthy and unhealthy mixture, often containing

deadly poisons. If mine host were to tell his customers the real composition of the "Mountain Dew," the "Real Old Stingo," the "Cream of the Valley," the "Old Tom," very few of them would venture to touch these now highly popular beverages. You order a bottle of good old port, and the honest fellow brings up a bottle, and says—"There, gentlemen, is a mixture of cider and brandy, with a decoction of logwood;" you call for a glass of brandy,—it is supplied, with the information that it contains, besides the brandy, some tincture of the grains of paradise, cherry laurel water, spirit of almond cakes, oak sawdust, and burnt sugar to give it "complexion;" you ask for a pot of beer, and it is distinctly stated that some of its elements are vitriol, alum, aloes, and copperas. Were such information faithfully supplied, I apprehend the number of customers would rapidly diminish, though there are some who rather admire the strength which is thus given to their favorite beverage, like the man who, on being asked sixpence for a glass of whiskey, which, though genuine, he did not relish, exclaimed, "Why, down at So and So's, I could get a glass of whiskey for sixpence that would burn my liver out." Well, you are swindled, at all events, if you go to such places, and on this account, if there were no other, it is a very unwise thing to give way to the habit; you are encouraging a wholesale system of cheating and poisoning. About the doors of these places we behold some of the worst features of street life. On any morning, but chiefly on Monday morning, you see numbers of men, lounging and loafing by the gin-shop. This is one of the most disgraceful sights

which our large towns present,—the dirty, unwashed, unshaven, ragged blackguards, who ought to be at work, and might be at work—there they are, ready to sell their souls for a pot of beer or a gill of whiskey. If a man have the slightest regard for his character, he will never be seen in this disgraceful position. If he has no work to do, he had better stay at home all day than form one in that group of good-for-nothings, who hang on at the doors of the public-house, and whose countenance and dress too plainly proclaim the sort of business that is done there. In this respect they may be of some use as scare-crows, to terrify the, as yet, uncorrupted, and warn them off the ground. Ugh! it's enough to make one shudder, as one looks at them. What faces! Are they faces? Man made in the image of God! There's a great deal more of the image of the devil—on the countenance of one is written dishonesty; on that of another, ferocity; on that of a third, idiocy; while all look wretched. Many of them are very young, mere boys; they have been neglected from their infancy; the gin shop has absorbed all the money that ought to have been spent in feeding and educating them; they inherit the vile habits of their parents; they gain a precarious living by begging and stealing; they rush to the gin shop with the results of the day's mendicancy and dishonesty, and it is not often that the extreme youth of the customer is objected to by the man at the bar; he sells the fire-water as readily to the child of ten as to the man of thirty. You cannot walk far in our streets at any time, but especially on a Saturday night, without encountering drunken men, and quite as many drunken

women, reeling from one public-house to another, and uttering the most profane and disgusting language. Truly, it is time that all good men were wide awake, seeing after these home heathens, remonstrating with them, appealing to their consciences, warning them of the terrible results of such dissipation, and though last, not least, providing for them in abundance better places, in which to spend their leisure time soberly, rationally, and at the same time pleasantly, and at the smallest possible cost. Much has been done in this direction, and I believe that much more will be done. The good men of this country have faith enough, hope enough, strength enough to wrestle with this greatest of all our social evils. I believe that improvement is visible already. It is something that the gin-shop is compelled to make itself grand and captivating; it is something that it is obliged to have high windows and swing doors; it is something that sober entertainments attract greater crowds than drunken ones; and I do believe that it is by providing the better things that we are to draw men away from the worse. The gin-shop has a depraved appetite on its side, but it has nothing else; that depraved appetite is strong, certainly so strong in some that we are almost tempted to despair; but the Working Men's Associations, and the People's Concerts, and the Public Libraries, have good sense and conscience and economy on their side—have withal God's blessing on their side; and it would really be wrong to doubt these better things, together with others, which good men may devise, will ultimately get the victory over the worse things.

Street beggars deserve a few moments' notice in this

lecture. I have had, during the last ten years, a tolerably large experience amongst this class of persons, and the result of my experience is simply this, that about ninety-nine out of every hundred are utterly undeserving of help, and, further, that it would be positively wrong to help them. When I remember the cases that have come before me, I can conscientiously say that I am exceedingly sorry that I was weak enough to give away so many shillings and sixpences, though they have not been very many, for I confess I have never been bountiful to beggars. In almost every case in which I have given money, food, or clothing, I have discovered that I was imposed upon. I remember once giving a man half-a-crown to help him to go to Dublin that very night; he told me a very plausible story, professed to be a very religious man, and of the same church as myself. I saw him next day coming out of a gin-shop, and on asking him why he had not gone to Dublin, he cursed me to my face, and swore he had never seen me before in all his "born days." I once gave a begging minister five shillings. I discovered soon afterwards that in his book he had altered the 5 to a 10, and the reverend scoundrel had the impudence to tell me that, for a name like mine, five shillings was discreditable, and therefore, to raise my character for generosity, he had taken the liberty of committing the forgery. I have, perhaps twenty times, lent a man a shilling or half-a-crown; in one case I think it was returned. Beggars are almost always as dishonest, though not as daring, as the swell-mob. Their pitiable stories are never to be believed. I have seen a lame beggar shoulder his crutches at nine o'clock at night,

and walk off as nimbly as possible to some public-house in a back street. These fellows can be blind, deaf and dumb, club-footed, anything in fact, for the occasion. If I am not greatly mistaken, I have seen a man in Market street, Manchester, stone-blind, and in a few weeks afterwards found him somewhere in Liverpool, on crutches, but with his eyes wide open. Young beggars tell you that their father and mother are both dead; there is truth in the assertion, they are both dead *drunk*. The children who are carried or led through the streets, are hired at so much a day, a high price being given for a cripple. I am so thorough a sceptic with regard to beggars, that I scarcely believe that the man whom I see apparently destitute of legs, has not managed to stow away his legs out of sight, through some cunning trick or other. Now it may appear rather harsh to say, Never give these beggars anything, unless you give them a taste of a rope's end; yet I do believe that an immense amount of mischief results from the misapplied sympathy which these lying vagabonds manage to enlist on their behalf; to help them is to encourage idleness, to reward dishonesty. The money you give them will infallibly be converted into ardent spirits, and if you give them food or clothing, it's all the same; you maintain them in their profligate course. Don't let them work upon your feelings, then. It's their trade to invent most pitiful and heart-rending tales, of colliery accidents, shipwrecks, explosions of boilers, being confined in hospitals and infirmaries, protracted sickness, and nobody knows what; set it all down as false, from the beginning to the end, and deliberately shut the door in their face. Ah! you

say, you, a Christian minister, telling us to treat the poor thus! your Master would not have acted in this manner. Now it so happens that my Master did act in this manner. On one occasion, He fed a large number of people, when, in consequence of their listening to Him, it grew too late for them to go and buy their supper; but the next day, when they went after Him, not to hear him preach, but to get another supply of food, He gave them to understand that it was not His intention to encourage idleness; and on that occasion, although He gave them good advice, and although with a word He could have fed them, He sent perhaps some thousands of beggars away without a morsel. Helping the poor is one thing, helping impostors is quite another; the country swarms with impostors, from the miserable wretch who pretends to be paralysed, and holds out his shaking hand, which drink has caused to tremble, to the genteel and sanctimonious rascal who advertises in these terms: "To the wealthy Faithful, whose acts are based upon love alone.—An appeal is made on behalf of a brother who requires help to the extent of £150 or £250. Matt. xxv. 40." This finished hypocrite might well appeal to those whose acts are based "on love alone;" it was no use appealing to those with whom good sense forms a portion of the basis on which they act. What, then, are these miserable street beggars to starve? There's no fear of them; leave them in the hands of the police; no man in this country can starve; there is legal relief for him; but he who is too proud to go to the workhouse, ought to be too proud to beg. We all of us

know poor people who are worthy of our help; let us help them, and we shall have nothing to spare for vagrants and impostors.

It was my intention to say something about what may be called street literature; but I do not think it worthy of more than a passing notice. The second-hand bookstalls are a valuable institution to poor men; many a good book can be picked up for a trifling sum, and I think it is due to state that thoroughly bad books are very seldom to be found exposed for sale. But there is another department of street literature that is exceedingly contemptible, and that is the ballads which you find arrayed on strings along a brick wall. This retreat of the muses, generally guarded by an old woman, seems to be pretty well frequented, especially by sailors. The songs are for the most part insufferable doggrel. There is one of a rather unusual character, so far as its subject is concerned, for it is a controversial poem, in which heterodox views are thus learnedly and poetically held up to reprobation:

“The holy Scripture it clearly shows us
How wicked force of heresy,
By king Pharaoh that was supported,
To the laws of Moses would not agree,
Till with a plague they were all afflicted
With snakes and serpents throughout the land;
When the Israelites they were persisting,
The sea entombed them by God’s command.”

The poet, in his last stanza, speaks with becoming humility.

"To bring these verses to a conclusion,
I won't intrude on the muses nine ;
All good Christians that will peruse them
I hope you will excuse a stupid mind."
* * * *

Most of the ballads sold in the streets appear to be the productions of "stupid minds." There seems to be comparatively few of the fine old songs, of which we very justly feel so proud. Generally speaking, there is neither poetry, nor common sense, nor even sentiment ; no wit, no drollery, nothing but the workings of "a stupid mind." If the people delight in them, I am very sorry, for the fact argues a great want of intelligence and of good taste. Some of the songs are dirty, but very few of them at all instructive in their tendency. There is, however, enough of obscenity to bring them under the notice of the police. I can only regret that any portion of the community should be so utterly degraded, both intellectually and morally, as to derive the smallest pleasure from such wretched trash, and I cannot believe that it is patronised by many of the people. I think that the people prefer good literature to bad, and that the days of disgusting books are drawing to a close. I hope that none of my hearers will so far degrade themselves as to peruse such immoral and licentious publications as still unhappily exist amongst us. Of all poisons, this is the most deadly. I earnestly entreat you now, as I have earnestly entreated you before, to read books of a high standard, high in intelligence, high in morals.

There is one aspect of street life, perhaps the mournfullest of all, on which much might be said, but my time

will not permit me to speak of it at any length. I refer to the unhappy class of street-walkers, and the poor infatuated and besotted blockheads who allow themselves to be ensnared by them. "I beheld (says Solomon) among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner; and he went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night: and, behold, there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart. * * Now she is without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner. * * * With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, and with the flattery of her lips she forced him. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, and a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life. Harken unto me, therefore, O ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth. Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." Inimitable picture, drawn nearly three thousand years ago, but as true to-day as it was then. The character of the victim, a simple man, a young man void of understanding; the character of the victimiser, subtle of heart, lying in wait at every corner, deceiving by her much fair speech; the results of this folly and sin; her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. "Marriage is honorable in all, * * * but whore-

mongers and adulterers God will judge." And no small judgment befalls them in this world. God thus mercifully warns them, lest heavier judgment should be their doom in the world to come.

Oh these streets, these streets, these vast towns of ours, there great centres and capitals of commerce, of enterprise, of activity, of civilization ! when will they be cleared, and how can they be cleared, of filth, of disease, of poverty, of dishonesty, of ignorance, of intemperance, of imposture, of impurity, of crime ? When will every inhabited tenement be the abode of cleanliness and health, of intelligence and plenty, of virtue and happiness ? Let us have faith in goodness, and in the Author of goodness. It is not his will that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. The devil's works shall yet be brought to nought, by Him who came into the world for the express purpose of destroying them. In this faith let all good men live ; in this faith let all good men pray ; in this faith let all good men labor ; in this faith let all good men die ; assured that every true work is a seed which, though it may long lie buried in the dust, is, by God's ordinance, imperishable, and will and must at length spring up, and bear forth wholesome and abundant fruit !

LECTURE XX.

STOP THIEF!

"THOU shalt not steal" is one of the great commandments of the law, and a commandment the righteousness of which few, if any, are prepared to dispute. Theft, whether on a large scale or a small, whether perpetrated secretly or openly and with force and violence, is almost universally regarded as in a high degree criminal; and to call a man a thief, is one of the most intolerable insults you can offer him. Yet, though the criminality of theft is so widely recognised, and though the name of thief is so generally abhorred, few crimes are so common; probably there is no commandment of the law more frequently broken and set at nought than this, "Thou shalt not steal." When we reflect upon the subject, we find that there are very many thieves in the world, and very many different ways of violating this great and most equitable law.

Of those who are thieves by profession, the burglars, the card-sharpers, the begging impostors, the swindlers, the pickpockets, and the swell-mob generally, I shall say but little. One has but a small chance of addressing to

such people a word of advice. I can only express the hope that, sooner or later, but the sooner the better, their conscience, or, if they have no conscience, their experience, may convince them that "the way of transgressors is hard," that dishonest practices are more laborious than a life of honest industry; and above all I wish that they may learn, from the example of that penitent thief who died upon the cross, that even they, suspected, watched, hunted, and hated as they are, have a friend in Him who so freely forgave that malefactor, and addressed to him those consolatory words, "Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Far be it from me to apologise for professional rogues; but in many cases they are not so heavily responsible as most men suppose. In many cases they have been trained in roguery; in many more they have been driven to it, as the only way of keeping their bodies and souls together. Such thieves, thieves almost by necessity, must be punished; but they ought to be pitied, too, and, by judicious treatment in reformatories, many of the more juvenile of them may be, and undoubtedly will be, reclaimed, and become honest men and useful citizens.

But those poor wretches commonly called thieves are not the only violators of the law, "Thou shalt not steal." This law has often been broken by the most exalted personages in the world. There have been many royal, many imperial thieves and robbers. Give conquest its right name, and you must often call it robbery; and the history of nations is in a great degree the history of colossal theft and wholesale plunder. Further, in the

waste and extravagance with which the various departments of the public service are carried on, at the expense of the people, we see this law constantly violated. The Financial Reform Association is too polite to say in the plainest terms exactly what it means; but its meaning is this, and its motto might very properly be this—"Stop thief!" Only consider how the public money is squandered, how much of it is laid out in a useless manner, and not for the benefit of the country, and then say whether governments, whatever be their politics, have not need to learn this great commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

In looking through society with a view to detecting thieves, I must admit that I find some in the clerical profession. In cunning, in audacity, and in extent, clerical knavery will stand comparison with knavery of any other sort that the world has ever seen. The artful dodges and subtle devices by means of which priests have appealed to the hopes and fears of superstitious people, and have supplied their Reverences, Right Reverences, Excellencies, and Holinesses with almost unlimited sums of money, are as numerous and ingenious as the tricks of the most accomplished members of the swell-mob; so that our Saviour's words have, in very many cases, been as applicable to the so-called Christian Church as to the Jewish Temple. "It is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

There are clerical thefts of a less culpable character than those impositions of priestcraft which have become so notorious, and which have done more than anything

else to make sceptics, and to bring the name of religion into disrepute. It seems to me little less than theft when a minister of religion takes another man's sermon and preaches it as his own, or takes parts of another man's productions without making any suitable acknowledgment. Probably enough the borrowed sermon is far better than the borrower could himself compose; it may be a great mercy to the congregation that the minister does borrow; but still, he who adopts this practice, and it is a very common one, is fairly chargeable with theft and imposture, and it would only serve him right if any member of the congregation, who happened to detect the prig in the parson, were to stand up in the hearing of the whole assembly and address the reverend drone in these brief but significant terms, "Stop thief!" The latest instance of clerical thievery that I have heard of, and the worst, is of a very curious character, and has been perpetrated with the sanction of the person who claims to be the head and chief of the Christian world. A Jewish child has been stolen from his parents; some water, I believe, was sprinkled upon his little face—he was thus manufactured into a little Christian, and his Holiness, or rather, as I should in this case say, his Wickedness, has declared that he cannot be restored to his father and mother. Such, I understand, are the facts of the case. If I am in error I shall be happy to be set right; but if the case be as reported, then I would put it to any intelligent and right-hearted member of the Church of Rome whether this is not a plain case of theft? whether there is any pickpocket, burglar, highwayman, or other vulgar rascal who is guilty of such in-

fernal scoundrelism as this? The man who steals, or sanctions the stealing of another man's child, deserves to be dealt with more severely than any common thief, and for this his Holiness deserves, at the very least, to be hooted and pelted through the streets of Rome; saluted everywhere with the enquiry, "Who stole the child?" If any one chooses to charge me with bigotry because I speak thus, he is perfectly welcome to make such a charge. If it be bigotry to defend the sacred right of parents, of all but inhuman parents, to have their children in their own keeping, I am a bigot; if it be bigotry to protest against a proselytism which dares to violate the sanctuary of a man's home, and to drag his little ones away from his parental embrace, I am a bigot; if it be bigotry to execrate, in the very strongest terms that language can supply, a system of kidnapping which hypocritically assumes the garb of religion, and pretends a concern for the salvation of the souls of those kidnapped, then I have to say, that in such bigotry I glory. If this theft had been committed by some protestant minister, and sanctioned by some protestant prelate, I should use language just as strong as that which I now employ. I do not speak as a bigoted protestant; I speak as a man, I speak as a father, I speak as a sworn enemy to theft and scoundrelism, and as one who hates theft and scoundrelism more and more when they are perpetrated in the name of religion; for, as an old proverb says, "there is no rogue like the godly rogue."

Perhaps I ought to include among the clerical thieves those lowest of all rascals, the agents of the Mormon imposture—we cannot dignify them with the name of cler-

gy; but they come in the name of religion, most self-righteously proclaim themselves "Latter-day Saints," audaciously assume the honored name of Apostles, and, unhappily, they have led captive great numbers of our countrymen. The credence that has been given to these swindlers is one of the most miserable facts of the age, and may well cause the ministers of all the Christian denominations to ask what they have been about that so much ignorance and superstition still exist amongst us. This fanatical imposture has made more dupes in England than in all the world besides. A few years ago the British saints were thirty thousand in number, and twenty-five thousand copies of the "Millennial Star" were sold every week. Here, again, we may well cry, "Stop thief;" but this thief can be stopped only by doing now what ought to have been done long ago, by educating the people of this country intellectually and religiously, in such a manner as to enable them to see through the horrible delusion, and to discern that these Latter-Day Saints are, pre-eminently, Latter-Day Sinners.

I have now to notice another large class of thieves, larger far than the clerical; I mean the mercantile thieves. In every branch of business there are very many thoroughly honest men—more honest men than rogues. I am not one of those who consider the whole commercial world rotten and untrustworthy, and believe that every man will for his own advantage cheat his customer when he can. You may talk about gigantic frauds, but those very frauds are evidences of the immense amount of confidence which men repose in each other,

and which would not exist if it were not generally justified by integrity of character. Amongst a nation of rogues there could be few gigantic frauds, because there could be but very little trust; indeed I am inclined to think that a nation consisting wholly of rogues would be in practice, though not in principle, about the most honest in the world. But though there are honest men in all trades, in all trades there are thieves too. Thievish merchants, with their wicked and nefarious schemes and speculations and dodges; thievish bank directors, sacrificing without the slightest scruple the interests of the shareholders, and reducing them to beggary; thievish schemers, marvelously ingenious in getting up the most tempting prospectuses, and demonstrating the absolute certainty of a return of cent. per cent., and proving that two and two are not four, but eight; thievish doctors, who undertake with their pills and potions and lotions to cure not only every disease that can attack the body, but also every infirmity that can afflict the mind, and who hire men to write out, at so much a dozen, authentic accounts of extraordinary instances of recovery; thievish drapers, plastering the walls with enormous sacrifices, which are enormous lies, and selling at the same time their goods, as they call them, and their customers too; thievish grocers, adulterating one article, and giving short weight in another, calling the spurious genuine and the bad superior; thievish confectioners, cheating the rising generation with plaster of Paris, and poisoning them with arsenic, and painting their lollypops with substances that are utterly hostile to human life; thievish clothes sellers, who grind their work-people to the very

bone, behave to them more cruelly than any slave owner to his slaves, and advertise at "only £1 5s., this splendid and fashionable coat!" made of rotten cloth, and sewn with rotten thread; thievish butchers, dealing in carrion. These are only a few specimens; there are many in other trades. In these, and in all other departments of business, I say again, there are men of sterling honesty, who are too conscientious, and have too much self-respect to stoop to trickery and fraud; but in these and all other departments of business there are many who pursue a regular system of fraud, and who stick at nothing that is shabby, nothing that is mean, nothing that is bad, nothing that is untrue, if by the shabby, the mean, the bad, and the untrue, they can only turn a penny. For all this the public have themselves to blame in a great measure. There is a most unwise rage for cheap things, and it is not considered that low prices mean low qualities, that cheap and nasty generally stand in intimate relationship, and that a great bargain is often a great sell. I may be in error; I may be uncharitable; but certainly when I see that a man makes great pretensions, defies all competition, and declares that his is the best and cheapest house in the trade, I am always disposed to say to such a man, "Stop thief! remember 'thou shalt not steal.'" We shall stop such thieves when, wisely considering our own interest, we cease to patronise cheap Jacks, and act on this principle, that what is good is cheap, and that what is bad is dear at any price.

Working men, mechanics, and laborers, perhaps, consider that they at all events do not steal; their employer's money is not entrusted to them; and of their mas-

ter's other property—iron, lead, copper, brass, timber, paint, bricks, mortar, stone, and implements—they appropriate not an atom to themselves. All this may be very true, and yet, if I am not much mistaken, there are few men who have more opportunities of stealing than those presented to the mechanic and the laborer, and to suppose that there are no thieves amongst them would be such a stretch of charity as facts will scarcely warrant. Granted that the workman would scorn to appropriate to himself the smallest piece of iron in the scrap heap, or the smallest chip amongst the shavings, still there is that important element of Time, which he has sold to his employer at so much a day, and unless that time be faithfully spent in the employer's service, the workman is guilty of theft. It may be the master's duty, as it certainly is his interest, to look after his men, to see to it that they are at the workshop at the proper time, and that they do not idle away their time when there; but it is to a man's disgrace if he requires this looking after. His time is no longer his own; he has made a clear and deliberate sale of it, and he is in all honor bound to spend it, not in utterly slavish toil, but in rendering such an amount of work as he would himself expect if he were the employer. There ought to be, and there must be, a measure of sociality in the workshop. Men work all the better if they have their pleasant bit of chit-chat, and relieve the monotony of labor with good-humored conversation and hearty laughter. Let them have their talk, their debate, their fun, their merriment; they will be rendered all the more active thereby, and do a better day's work than if each kept himself to

himself, like a prisoner in his cell. There is much sociality in workshops. Those who think that they are scenes of unmitigated and severe labor know nothing about them. I know of no place in which there is less suffering or less dulness than a spacious, airy workshop, with its complèment of men and boys. But still there is often much idle gossip, there is often a good deal of skulking, and this every workman knows is so much downright theft; it is cabbaging the master's time. Let it be remembered then that the command, "Thou shalt not steal," applies to time as well as to other things; that to steal an employer's time is just as criminal as to go to his cash-box and abstract from it, in the coin of the realm, the value of the time that is willfully wasted in idleness, and spent in talking or skulking, to the neglect of the work in hand.

There is a large number of persons, principally young men, who are exposed to many temptations, which tend to the violation of this law, and in many cases unhappily the temptation is yielded to. The youth has probably been first allured to some haunt of vicious indulgence, where all that can inflame and gratify his passions is to be found. His first visit was perhaps prompted by curiosity; or he went, because his companions bantered him about his scruples, laughed at his ignorance of the world, and ridiculed all his virtuous inclinations. He soon becomes entangled in the skillfully-laid meshes of vice; he finds that sensual indulgence is too expensive for his means; but he feels that he must have it, cost what it will. The result we well know. It is seen in the numerous cases of embezzlement which are recorded in the

chronicles of crime; and, there are far more numerous cases which are hushed up, to save a respectable family from public exposure and disgrace. I have been told, by men whose word is to be relied on, that at the very least £10,000 a-year are thus stolen from the merchants and other employers in Liverpool alone, in sums varying from a few shillings to several hundreds of pounds; and the unhappy youths detected in such frauds are of course in most cases ruined for life. It is very possible that there are many young men here who are exposed to this danger, who have not yet plunged deeply into vice, but are upon the verge of destruction; the seductions of vicious pleasures have begun to fascinate them; they have themselves begun to yield already. My dear friends, if you do not retrace your steps, the probability is that you will become dishonest. There are many things that are cheap; there is one thing that keeps up its price, and is expensive still, and that is vice; this is never cheap. If these licentious practices into which you are rushing were not in themselves criminal, still they must lead to crime, because you cannot afford them, and you know that you cannot afford them; in one evening they may involve you in expenses equal to half your annual salary. Suffer a word of kind remonstrance. Remember those wise words, the words of Solomon, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." If you give way, if you allow your animal passions to gain the mastery over your good sense, over your conscience, you know as well as I that those imperious passions will involve you in expenses which will betray you into dishonesty; and what a disgrace it will be to your family,

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what bitterness to your parents, what ruin to yourself, what contempt it will bring upon you, what utter disability to retrieve your position, and what guiltiness in the sight of God, if you should be branded as a thief! And don't be so foolish as to think that you can stand, where so many as strong as you, and stronger, have fallen; "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

There is another class of persons, and a very extensive class, who I dare say will consider themselves grossly insulted when they are pronounced to be thieves. I mean people who willfully run into debt, without a reasonable prospect of being able to meet their engagements fully and punctually. However, I do not hesitate for a moment to say to every such person, "Stop thief!" I do not say that all men who are in debt, or that all men who are insolvent, deserve to be stigmatised as thieves; but I do believe that a great number of them, that most of them, do most richly deserve such a designation. Debt, when contracted without a fair and certain prospect of punctual payment, is, in plain English, theft. I have spoken of thievish tradesmen; but let us deal fairly; there are thievish customers, too. There's many a man who will walk down to business to-morrow morning, who might very properly be followed along the street by his tailor, shoemaker, hatter, butcher, baker, landlord, and washerwoman, one and all exclaiming, "Stop thief!" How pleasant to have such a hue-and-cry at your heels!—"Stop thief," and pay for your coat, says one; Give me those boots, says another; That's my hat, says a third; You have been stealing my beef and mutton for six months, says a fourth; Pay for

your wife's crinoline, says a fifth. You would not like that. Well, then, don't run into debt; in other words, don't be a thief.

Thieves. Yes; there are far more thieves in society than many persons suppose. The professional swindlers are a very small proportion of the thievishly inclined, though among the professional swindlers I would class those whom I have just mentioned, viz., extravagant people, who willfully run into debt, and, assuming a tone of respectability, enter a shop and order goods, without the least intention of paying for them, or intending to stave off the payment as long as possible, thus robbing the tradesman of the use of his money. But again, let me point out another lot of thieves, who would be very angry, and would ask you what you meant, if you were boldly to accuse them of theft. I call that man a thief who spends his wages in drink, instead of devoting them to the support of his family; and that man knows that I call him by his right name; and he is of all thieves the most heartless, for he robs his wife and his children, and I hold that that is worse than even robbing a church. There is no housebreaker or highwayman more guilty in the sight of God, than he who robs his family of the food, the raiment, the education, the comfort which he is able to provide for them, and to which they have an indisputable claim. I don't accuse the publicans of the theft; perhaps they do too often tempt men to part with their money; perhaps their establishments have something of the character of traps set to catch fools; but still it is all nonsense for a sottish fellow to abuse the publican, or the keeper of the singing saloon and the hop. Such men

have their own responsibilities, but you and I are under no necessity to enter and remain in those establishments, spending our time and money there. Accuse the publican! No, my friend, accuse yourself, and think whether your wife and children would not be perfectly justified in crying to you, "Stop thief!"—"Thou shalt not steal." This commandment, I am sure, must forbid such theft as makes one's own flesh and blood the victims of our dishonesty. "Thou shalt not steal" from thy master, "thou shalt not steal" from thy neighbor; above all, "thou shalt not steal" from thine own children. This is the true light in which to regard all those costly evenings at the tavern, and all that time which is lost through intemperance, and all the domestic wretchedness arising from such dissipation; all ought to be regarded as so much downright theft—theft which the law of man cannot reach, but theft still, proved to be so by the instincts of nature and the Word of God.

I have spoken of thievish persons; I shall now speak for a few moments of thievish things, of things that have a tendency to steal from us our time, our brains, our opportunities of improvement, our consciences, our souls, our hope of eternal life.

And first, there are thievish amusements; in fact all amusements indulged in to excess become thieves; and that amusements are indulged in to excess I am very sure, for, as I have often said, a large proportion of our young people seem to think that to amusements they are at perfect liberty to devote the whole of their leisure time. And really the entertainments provided for the pleasure-loving public are often contemptibly trivial

and foolish, where they are not positively vicious. Music, poetry, and the drama are often utterly degraded, and the result is that the people's tastes are depraved, rather than improved. It is not to our credit that such miserable trumpery is in such high repute. It is not to our credit that the grimaces of a comic singer, the antics of a posture-master, the caperings of a ballet dancer, the feats of a giant, the exhibition of a dwarf, and the tricks of a magician, prove such "immense attractions," and collect such crowds of gaping spectators. Perhaps you will say that I have no taste for amusements; probably I have not; but one of my objections to such amusements is, that they are not amusing enough, that they are so senseless, so insipid, so extremely poor, so destitute of the salt of wisdom and of wit. If we are to have amusements at all, let us have such as are worthy of us as intelligent men, and not mere silliness and stupidity. But of this I am strongly persuaded, that our amusements are robbing us of our time, and have the tendency to make us weak and effeminate; and I think it would be well for some of us to stop these thieves, or, at the very least, to reduce their number, to guard against this passion for mere amusement, and to consider in how many much more reasonable ways our leisure may be spent, than in the frivolities and foolishness which so often make up a popular entertainment. That men should spend evening after evening in listening to the fooleries of comic songs, and the trash of sentimental songs, and the balderdash of patriotic songs, or in witnessing the gambols of some human ape—this, I say, says little for our intelligence, and we must not allow

such tom-fooleries to steal away our precious, our invaluable time ; even if we knew that we should live to the age of Methuselah, we could not afford such a waste.

Again, there are many books which must be pronounced thievish ; books that neither inform the understanding nor improve the heart ; books that are not simply negative in their character, but positively injurious to the reader's morals, utterly poisonous to his soul ; books full of voluptuousness, ribaldry, and filth ; books that may be pronounced the very carrion of literature—carrion which multitudes with vulturous appetites devour, in preference to intellectual food of a wholesome character. An Italian proverb teaches us that there is no worse robber than a bad book. It destroys our taste for useful reading, it steals from us our moral principles, it instils the love of vice, it inflames the passions, and leads us straight to hell. I know that I am speaking to some who feel that what I say is true, whose moral nature has suffered and is suffering still from the perusal of such works ; works which they would be ashamed to confess that they have ever read ; and I say to them, Stop these thieves, and commit them to the flames. From nasty literature a man may shrink with disgust, having no appetite for carrion and garbage, and yet he may allow light literature to come the thief over him. Novels and romances are the rage ; they constitute the main element of circulating libraries, and many minds live upon them, and upon nothing else. Do not suppose that I take upon myself to condemn such publications, although, so far as I have tried to read them, they have proved to me, for the most part, excessively dull ; they

have their use, I suppose, in the intellectual economy of our nature ; but like a friend whom you are very glad to see occasionally, but whose oft repeated visits you would regard as a robbery upon your time, so the novel and romance may be very well now and then, but their encroachments should be guarded against, lest they rob us not only of time, but also of intellectual vigor, and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, and the prosecution of that education which is to fit us for the earnest struggles of life.

Further, and finally, there is a group of thieves to which every man's attention ought to be carefully directed. There is a group of thieves who can do us far more injury than professed swindlers or knavish tradesmen, there is a group of thieves in every man's heart. For every evil passion and propensity of our nature is a thief, who would rob us of that which is of all things most precious—our soul's salvation. Envy, for example, is a thief, that steals from us all comfort and peace ; anger is a thief, that robs us of our self-possession and control ; lust is a thief, and fearful are its depredations ; it steals away all genuine love, all pity, all respect for innocence, all regard for the welfare of others, for our own character, and for the law of God. It robs a man of his health, weakens him in body, degrades him in mind, makes him an object of insufferable disgust, converts him into something worse than a beast, brings him down to the grave, and sends him to a well-merited damnation. Avarice also is a thief, that deludes its victim by heaping up stores of wealth, while it steals away his soul ; a thief that, under the plausible pretence of prudence and of thrift, induces

that hardness of heart, that love of the world, that dishonest disposition, that forgetfulness of God, that earth-bound condition of the affections, which are utterly incompatible with the Christian character and the salvation of the soul. Yes; the heart, which is pronounced by the highest authority to be "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," is often little else than a den of thieves, and of most subtle, cunning thieves—thieves within, that are in league with a thousand thievish temptations without, and open the door for their admission, and thus the soul is plundered, wounded, and destroyed. Against these let us watch, against these strive, against these pray, lest all our hopes of a glorious immortality, all our desires for a glorious immortality, and all our capability of enjoying a glorious immortality be stolen from us; and may God's almighty grace slay these thieves, otherwise they will slay us. The thief against whom it is most needful that every man should stand upon his guard is himself. And, in fact, all sin is theft, when we consider it aright; for whenever we do wrong, we rob God of that obedience which we owe to him as our Creator and our King; and when he says, "Thou shalt not steal," he means not only "Thou shalt not steal from thy neighbor, thou shalt not steal from thy master, thou shalt not steal from thy family, thou shalt not steal from thyself," but his commandment has also this further and deeper meaning, "Thou shalt not steal from ME."

LECTURE XXI.

THE DEVIL'S MEAL IS ALL BRAN.

THIS is a wise and weighty old saying, founded on the experience of ages, and confirmed by facts of every-day occurrence; true from the beginning, true now, true for evermore; true on a small scale, true on a great; nations as well as individuals bearing testimony to its correctness, and proving that the wisdom of our ancestors was never less at fault than when it delivered this homely sentence—"The devil's meal is all bran." I believe the saying is French, and there are two versions of it; "The devil's meal is all bran," and "The devil's meal is half bran." Believing the former to be much nearer the truth than the latter, I have adopted it as my motto on this occasion. Half bran! what, the other half good, satisfying, nutritious food? Not at all; to say that the devil's meal is only half bran, is to give it too good a character; it is so very nearly all bran, that I feel it right to take the stronger version of the proverb. Do you ask for illustrations?—illustrations abound. Here is one, furnished by the very earliest age of human his-

tory. When the subtle serpent tempted Eve, and Eve tempted Adam, to eat

* * * * the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world with all our woe,

to their cost, and to the cost of the whole human race, it was proved that "the devil's meal is all bran." Illustrations! here's another; when King Solomon, the wisest of mortals, turned himself into a fool, surrounding himself with seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, and revelling in all manner of voluptuous excess, he soon found that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. The devil's meal—had not *he* a lot of it?—no man ever possessed a larger stock, but it proved to be all bran. This man, whom God had fed with "the finest of the wheat," in his miserable infatuation bartered it for the devil's bran, and he lived to rue his bargain. When Judas betrayed his Master, he got somewhere about £3 10s. for the transaction; there was the money, good solid silver, but on looking at it more closely, he saw that it was in reality "the devil's meal, all bran," and he went and hanged himself. And if we seek for illustrations of this maxim on a large scale, we find one in the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, brought about in a great measure by the licentiousness of the Roman people; and another in the fact that the gold and silver which the Spaniards obtained by so much cruel extortion, instead of making Spain prosperous, seem to have had quite the opposite effect; those treasures were the devil's meal, proving to be nothing but bran,

and Spain has been starved by it, not fed. So much for historical illustrations of our motto.

That "the devil's meal is all bran," often appears in the lives of criminals, who try to live on the devil's meal, and on that only. Of course, when they are "nabbed" and sent to gaol, the penal settlement, or the gallows, every one admits that "the devil's meal" turns out to be "all bran." However, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police force, the perpetrators of crime are not all "nabbed;" and all who are "nabbed" are not convicted, and all who are convicted are not punished according to their deserts, but in our prisons have much better fare than "the devil's meal"—much better fare than many an honest poor man in his own house; for a man has only to commit a crime, and society at once sympathises with him as an unfortunate person, and begins to think how mildly he may be treated. But supposing the criminal to escape, which he often does—for neither murder or theft does always out—still our motto is true; very few thieves become rich and prosperous; the costliest plunder is very soon dissipated, and the swell-mobsmen is generally very hard up, feasting one day, and starving ten.

Looking at his trade from a mere business point of view, I should say it is not at all a profitable trade; it is objectionable upon pecuniary, as well as moral grounds. Most persons will admit, I dare say the swell-mobsmen himself will admit, that such "devil's meal" as his is "all bran;" and not only Robson, and Redpath, and other criminals who have been detected, know to their cost the truth of this saying, but those who are at large,

planning their cunning schemes, watching their opportunity, or dividing the spoil, all know that it is a poor business after all; that, considering the risks they run, the returns are contemptibly small. I am not addressing prigs now, for I don't think that many men of their order honor us with a visit here; but if ever this lecture should reach the eye of such a person, I hope he will just consider this matter. I might of course take much higher ground, and speak of the sinfulness of his conduct in the sight of God and man; but now I confine myself to this one point—the merely secular aspect of a career of dishonesty and theft. It is a life of misery, a life of shame, a life of poverty. “Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his own hands the thing that is good,” and he will find this more pleasant and more profitable too.

An expert thief has talents, which can be far more profitably invested than in dishonest practices; the men who stole the gold on the South Eastern Railway were men of no mean ability; men who, by the honest exercise of their wits, might have done well in the world, and obtained something better than the “devil's meal” to live upon. An old proverb says, “An honest man has half as much more brains as he needs, while a knave has not half enough.” The former part of this saying may not be correct, but the latter is very true; no man has brains enough to make his knavery, in the long run, successful. Of the extent to which the eighth commandment, “Thou shalt not steal,” is violated, you may not all be aware. It may be well to state, for your information, that the number of such crimes committed

in this borough, during the year ending last September, was somewhere about 6000; considerably over 100 such cases are perpetrated, or, what is morally the same thing, attempted, every week, in this town. The value of the property is undoubtedly immense. In a list of about 3500 apprehensions, I find the value of the stolen property put down at nearly £13,000, so that the 6000 cases of last year probably grossed £20,000. It would also appear that the number of women apprehended for theft is considerably greater than the number of men; a fact to be accounted for, I suppose, by the robberies so commonly committed by prostitutes. Altogether, about 3000 persons were apprehended for offences of this nature, and of the offenders, about 300 were under 18 years of age. Three thousand were apprehended, but of course large numbers escaped detection. There are not a few, then, in Liverpool, who need to have this lesson impressed upon their minds—"The devil's meal is all bran."

The gambler is another illustration of our text; whatever form his gambling may assume, cards, dice, billiards, or the turf, the proceeds are "the devil's meal, all bran." Immense sums of money change hands in gambling, yet, strange to say, no one appears to get rich by it. A bright specimen appeared before the public a little while ago, in the shape of a young man, a very young man, and very green, who on a visit to London went to a gaming house, and lost in one night £8000, and in a very short time was eased of £25,000. Here is another illustration; I quote a letter which appeared some months ago in the *Times*, with reference

to an event which took place somewhere on the Rhine. "A young man, said to be an officer in the Dutch service, who had just lost everything he possessed at play, blew out his brains while sitting at the gaming table. A momentary pause took place, but very shortly, even before the poor man's blood had been washed from the floor, gambling was resumed as madly as before. A week only previous to this event, an English officer destroyed himself under like circumstances at Hamburg." Suicide is in fact a very common occurrence in the gambling houses of the Continent. When the gambler kills himself, it is bad enough, but he sometimes puts other people quietly out of the way. The most frightful illustration which our motto ever received, perhaps, was the well-known case of Palmer. That man's fearful history let some daylight into the dark practices of the turf, and showed what betting men are, what temptations they rush into, and what ways and means they can resort to sometimes, to get out of their difficulties. The races ! Confound the races ; they are the source of mischiefs that defy all calculation ; the grand stand is the devil's throne ; there he reigns, with fraud in his right hand and desperation in his left. The two main elements of gambling, in all its forms, are scoundrelism and duplicity. If you want to have ocular demonstration of this, just go to the railway station, on the morning of a day on which some of the important "events" are to come off. Just look at that crowd ; there are only two colors, black and green ; the green, however, largely predominates. It is a throng of rascals and simpletons ; most evidently so ; foxes and geese ; wolves and sheep ; butchers and calves.

Guard! pull up at Walton; there's a number of gentlemen who don't want to be put down there (at the gates of the gaol), but who ought to be put down there; then go on with the rest of your cargo to Aintree.

I wonder that any man, who has in his composition a particle of self-respect, should attend the general assembly of knaves, idlers, boobies, and harlots, who constitute the great majority of the congregation. But you say there are noblemen there; yes, not at all improbable that, but *gentlemen* don't go to such places; and even princes are to be found there; yes, that's very possible too; there's one Prince who is never absent, "the Prince of darkness." The race course is the devil's parade ground, the place where he reviews his troops, and puts them through their exercises. The essence of gambling is, that there shall be a rascal and a fool; a rascal without money—a fool who has some. One sees plainly enough that the fool is likely to get nothing but "devil's meal," but the transaction seems to promise well for the other party; with "fast" young blockheads, prepared to lose £8,000 in one night, the gambler ought to thrive; with loaded dice, called despatches, because they so quickly despatch the dupe's fortune, the gambler ought to be always very flush of money; destitute as he is of all honorable principle, all conscientious scruples, all compassionate feeling towards his victim, pitying him as little as the tiger pities the lamb, he ought to become a man of substance. But with all his cunning, somehow or other, he does not prosper; he is generally floundering in low water, and very muddy water too. He begins to think of insuring somebody's life for a large sum, and then

helping him off with a dose of strychnine. In very few cases, let us hope in none, save the one which we too well know, does it come to this; but Palmer's case shows how hard up the gambler often is; and when a gambler is hard up, I for one would prefer giving him rather a wide berth. Of such a man, whatever be his luck, we must say, in the words of Scripture, "He hath swallowed down riches, and he shall vomit them up again." "The prosperity"—yes, "the prosperity," not the adversity—"of fools shall destroy them." Therefore if ever you have tried your hand at any form of gambling, I hope you have been a loser; don't think me uncharitable, it is the most charitable hope I can cherish. "The man who always wins, carries a halter in his pocket." If a man entering upon a gambling career loses, and loses heavily, perhaps he will be discouraged; perhaps his good sense may have a chance of remonstrating with him, and persuading him to retire from the dangerous sport; but if he wins, and wins much, he is drawn into the fatal circle; the poison has taken effect; the spell has bound him, and probably it's all over with him. To lose is to win, and to win is to lose. Depend upon it, "the best throw of the dice is to throw them away," for "the devil goes shares in gaming." Rely upon it, if money is your object, gambling is not the way to obtain it; almost every gambler, sooner or later, goes to the dogs. The greater his success, the more is he urged on to greater hazards. It's a poor business; one in which men lose fortunes, but never keep them. Moreover it is an unhappy business; there is not a gloomier set of men in the world than your betting men; they are always

standing on the edge of a precipice; they are in perpetual danger of being reduced to beggary. And further it is an immoral business. We are all of us subject to temptations numerous enough and strong enough, but the gambler rushes into a thousand temptations which he might avoid; his whole life courts temptation, and he eventually becomes the very pink and pattern of roguery. And when rogue meets rogue, then comes the tug of scoundrelism. Three robbers, or three gamblers, (the terms are as nearly as possible synonymous,) once obtained a treasure, and agreed upon an equal apportionment. One of them was sent to buy food, that they might have a "spread" upon the occasion, and as he went he determined to poison a part of it, so that he might get rid of his accomplices, and have the money all to himself; the other two, in the meanwhile, resolved to murder him on his return, and so be able to enjoy one half of the booty. They carried out their purpose, and then sat down to their victuals, ate the poisoned food, and died. Thus all three were despatched; and so it is—roguery defeats its own ends, and finds to its cost that "the devil's meal is all bran."

There is much of the "devil's meal" obtained in different departments of business. Whatever is made by means of the devil's tricks, is the "devil's meal." Now it strikes me that "salting" invoices is a devil's trick; working by means of accommodation bills has been proved to be a devil's trick; paying poor deluded shareholders a dividend out of their capital, and making away with their money bodily in dangerous speculations, these are devil's tricks; lending money on such terms as

it is often lent by loan societies is a devil's trick; to impose upon emigrants (and there are some scores of licensed ruffians in this town, in connection with still more ruffianly shopkeepers, who live by plundering emigrants and seamen, and selling them what they are pleased to call goods, at some thousands per cent. above their value), this is one of the worst of the devil's tricks. Short weights and short measures; pints of which it would take three at the very least to make a quart; spools of thread labelled to contain so many yards, whereas the purchaser is lucky if she gets as many feet off them; false representations of the quantity or quality of any article bought or sold;—I say these are devil's tricks, which every man ought to be too proud—to say nothing of higher considerations, too proud—to stoop to. But, you will say, if these things be the devil's tricks, still they produce something better than bran; men make money by them; thrive and grow rich by them. There's T. Puff, Esq., he lives in great magnificence; why he would have been as poor as a rat, if he had not got out the most screaming advertisements; if he had not sent men about the streets, having one lie on their breast, and another on their back; if he had not stuck up his name in railway stations, railway carriages, omnibuses, and plastered all the dead walls of the town with lies, at the very least six feet square. That's the way he has done it; that's the way he hooked the fools, and got on so gloriously. And there's another keen, shrewd man of business; his young men understand him; they know that if they don't effect a sale, but let customer after customer depart without the thing such customers do *not* want, their ser-

vices will be no longer required; and they will be dismissed, if not for too much honesty, for too little impudence. And there's another, who contrives to teach his apprentices how to sell something more than 112 lbs. of tea and sugar by retail out of a cwt., and gives that apprentice or assistant a premium, who can prove, by his adroitness in managing the scales, that the old tables which he learnt at school, though right enough when you buy, are all wrong when you sell; that 15 and not 16 ounces make one lb.; that $13\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and not 14 make one stone; or rather that both the pound and the stone are whatever the customer seems likely to submit to. Thus by little and little the man has got rich; for it's amazing what even half ounces will do, filched from the poor man's wife, who comes in for her half pound of sugar and her quarter of tea. It's amazing how even the paper tells in a large number of little parcels. I am far from supposing that a licensed victualler cannot keep his house honestly; I am far from supposing that there are not licensed victuallers who do act with the strictest integrity; but there are many who sell drink to a customer, when their well-experienced eye and ear tell them that that customer has had more than any sober man, though not a tee-totaller, would pronounce good for him. I see men and women reeling into public-houses, supporting themselves at the counter of the gin-palace; I hear them asking for drink, they get it, and then reel out again. No wonder money should be made under such circumstances, and that £1,000 should be asked for the incoming of a "spirit vaults, in a first-rate drinking

neighborhood, very near the police court," as an advertiser says, with admirable simplicity.

Well, fortunes are made by roguery ; I don't deny it. Men can and do make money, lots of money, by the tricks which the devil has put them up to, or which, without the devil's help, they have invented for themselves. But still, in many instances, this fortune, before it is well-built, comes tumbling about their heads, and they lie sprawling in the ruins, or are conveyed to the Bankruptcy Court, where I confess they often receive the kindest attention, especially if their fall has been severe, and if many people have suffered from the catastrophe. Smash on a small scale, and the world will kick you; smash on a grand scale, and the world will feel honored by being kicked by you.

Go down for a thousand pounds, and you will be called a rascal, and no one will trust you ; go down for a quarter of a million, ruin a hundred men by your fall, sweep away the livelihood of widows and orphans, let the poor all of the aged and bed-ridden be engulfed and lost, and you will be pronounced unfortunate, and your credit be established for life. But suppose the ill-gotten fortune is not lost, still the fortune is not the only thing the man gets. He has made money, purchased houses and lands and shares ; he is no rash speculator ; he believes that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush ;" he sticks to his money, it is all securely invested ; well, he has made something beside all this. If God's Word be true, he has made both a fortune and damnation for himself ; he is in a miserable position ; he has robbed, and yet he can make no restoration ; he does not know

whom, or how many, he has plundered; he cannot give every poor customer the quarter of an ounce of tea of which he has defrauded him. Let him give ever so munificently to public charities and religious societies, God says, "I hate robbery for a burnt offering." "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord." No! he has sold himself to do evil, and if he repent not most bitterly of his wickedness, and do not cast himself in all contrition on the mercy of his God, he will find, not here perhaps, but certainly hereafter, that "the devil's meal is all bran." The money that is unrighteously acquired seldom benefits its owner. I have been told that almost all the fortunes made by slavery were squandered and lost. A curse seemed to rest upon the price of blood. I have myself observed that many of the men who have kept public-houses in which much money was spent, much disorderly conduct permitted, do not flourish; but often themselves, by a most righteous retribution, fall victims to the very vice which, for selfish purposes, they have encouraged in others. But granted that wealth is accumulated, it is possible to buy gold too dear; and when it is bought at the cost of moral principle, no mortal man can estimate at how much above its value it is purchased.

Once more, the truth of our motto is exemplified, in the vast number of persons who indulge in habits of dissipation. Here is a man, whom I saw drunk yesterday; he had lost his reason, he had lost his speech, he had lost his balance; and his sight too was all wrong, for he saw double; he had most evidently been sick; unable to stand steady, he had fallen and cut his head open,

and torn his coat ; altogether he was in a most frightful state, a state of which every respectable beast would have been utterly ashamed ; he evidently suffered much, or, if he was insensible to physical pain, he suffered such shocking degradation, as cannot be expressed in words. I see him to-day, dull, moping, melancholy, blear-eyed, looking the very picture of wretchedness. Now, I'll ask him a question, a rather unusual question, but still in my opinion a very reasonable one. My good man, I saw you last night in that curious condition, when you were destitute of reason, of speech, of the power of standing, and of the power of seeing clearly ; how much did you get for making such an exhibition of yourself ? "How much did I get ? why you are a fool, you are adding insult to injury." No, I am not altogether a fool ; I don't mean it as an insult, I only inquire how much did you get for that display ? You ought to have been handsomely paid for it ; at the very least you ought to have had a sovereign for it ; many men would not take £10,000 as an equivalent for the disgrace ; so I ask again, how much did you get ? "Get, indeed—I spent a sovereign to enable me to make such an ass of myself !" What ! you spent a sovereign for the privilege of getting into that pleasant condition—then I think you will admit that in your case "the devil's meal is all bran," or something a good deal worse. Why you ought to be taken around in a show ; you ought to travel with a menagerie, and be displayed with the elephant and the bear. "Here's not a beast exactly, ladies and gentlemen, but a man who is in the habit of paying a large sum of money for permission to become a beast

pro tem. In fact he spent most of his money in this way; he was so dissatisfied with having been created a man, that he availed himself of every opportunity of putting his humanity off; the animal which he is most ambitious of imitating, and into which he desires most earnestly to transform himself, is the pig, for he is never easy until he wallows, and grunts, and falls asleep in the mire; such, ladies and gentlemen, are the peculiarities of this strange creature. The name by which he is known is very short, it is simply this, the Sot; a French word, which signifies a fool. And now we turn to the rhinoceros, an animal of much higher intelligence, and much less offensive habits." The intemperate man knows, better than I can tell him, that my text applies most exactly to his case; thieves may make something by their thieving, gamblers may make something by their gambling, dishonest traders may make something by their dishonest trading, but he makes nothing by his drinking; it is all loss, there is nothing to balance the account; or if he says that the merriment and joviality of the earlier hours of his debauch be a gain, he knows that for every ounce of joy, he has a hundred weight of sorrow. My friend, do be persuaded to buy no more of the devil's meal; why should you barter all your time, your work, your health, your intellect, your furniture, the comfort of your family, for such stuff as this? Talk about bad bargains, where is there a worse? You would be ashamed to be taken in and chiseled by a tradesman, or a pedlar; you expect and insist on having your "money's worth" for money; but shrewd as you are in all your other dealings, when it comes to gin, you allow

yourself to be done out of every farthing, to be robbed of your senses. For this, men sell their watches, and women pawn their wedding rings and the clothes taken off their little children's backs; for this, neither body nor soul is considered too high a price. Gracious God, have mercy on people who are so destitute of common sense, and so enslaved by a vile, disgusting, and soul-destroying habit such as this. What can it do for you? it can impoverish, but it cannot make you rich; it can weaken, but it cannot give you strength; it can make you sorrowful, but it cannot comfort you in sorrow. Will you persist in it, against reason, against religion, against everything that ought to influence you as a man? Well, I foresee that the day will come, when a haggard, penniless wretch, in rags, and filth, and misery, your health undermined, your character lost, your friends all ignoring you, with starvation and death before you, and your hungry children pining for bread, you will remember that in the Concert Hall, one Sunday afternoon, a man told you, and told you earnestly, that "the devil's meal was all bran!"

Are there any licentious persons here—persons whose intemperate excess takes other, and if possible grosser, forms, than that of intoxication? to them also I would speak for a moment, for to them this maxim most fully applies. The unhappy woman, "who has forsaken the guide of her youth, and forgotten the counsel of her God," who with artificial color tries to look healthy, and with a smile as artificial would fain appear mirthful and gay, if she did but speak the feelings of her heart, would tell how, in her bitter experience, "the devil's meal"

has proved to be "all bran." It must be so; the life she leads is one of incessant wretchedness, and it is soon worn out, and she goes down to a grave of shame. Possibly, in her last hours she repents, and finds mercy from Him who never spurned the guiltiest suppliant from His throne, and in whom all those unhappy outcasts may find mercy. For if society has shut all its doors against them, Christ has not shut his; and every promise of his gospel is addressed as freely and as unreservedly to the loosest harlot, as to the strictest moralist on the face of the earth.

If I did not know that licentiousness is a frightfully prevalent sin, I should shrink from further reference to it; for it is a subject of a very repulsive character, and one on which it is difficult to speak in a mixed assembly like this, without offending against delicacy. But still, if it be, as I think it is, a public duty to refer to this subject, when occasion offers, I hope that I may be excused. I rejoice much in the measure of success which has crowned the efforts to hold this vice in check, but I am sorry that men have not sufficient good sense, sufficient moral principle, sufficient self-control, to abstain from all such abominable impurities. I am sorry that the streets are infested by harlots, but astonished that people who call themselves men should be at once so immoral and so weak, should have hearts so depraved and heads so empty, as to be in the slightest degree tempted by their solicitations. Whenever I see a man stopping to talk with a street walker, I say to myself, Now there goes a fool. Is it not a shocking thing, exclaim a thousand virtuous and indignant fathers, that our sons should

be exposed to such dangers? Well, perhaps it is, but I would also ask—Is it not a shocking thing that your sons should be such blockheads, that you have not driven more common sense into their heads, and instilled more morality into their hearts! Your sons, poor innocents! oh yes, shield them by all means from every temptation; clear the streets, that these dear young gentlemen may be safe. But let “Pater-familias” do his duty as his sons grow up; let him try to overcome that reluctance which he very naturally feels to speak to them on such a subject; let him faithfully warn them, appeal to their self-respect, to their strength of mind; encourage them always to make passion succumb to reason, and the instincts of appetite to obey the precepts of morality. Why should not our young men, like a certain noble young man of ancient times, learn to reason thus, and with this reason to overcome the temptation, “How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?” The scenes which are witnessed in casinos, dancing rooms, and other places of licentious resort, are too indecent to be described; and those places are frequented not merely by the young, but by men that have grown old and hardened in their beastly propensities. Nor are they visited by the poor, nor in great numbers by the working men; they are, for the most part, too expensive for them; working men can’t stand sherry and champagne. But tradesmen and merchants, tradesmen’s assistants and merchant’s clerks, mainly support those glittering establishments.

What the physical effects of such debauchery are, may easily be inferred, if from nothing else, from the columns

of our newspapers, and from the fact that it pays to distribute in mercantile offices, and distribute *gratis*, books addressed to the diseased votaries of licentiousness, while thousands of disgusting handbills are distributed in the streets; one of such bills is probably the very first thing the traveler meets with on emerging from the railway station. And how are these productions headed? "To the afflicted"—"To the unhappy"—"To the melancholy"—"Lowness of spirits, languor, nervousness, affection of mind and memory, premature decline, fearful dreams." What, all these miseries? The men to whom all this advice is to be given, profess to be men of pleasure. This is a goodly list of their enjoyments, truly! So you men of pleasure are "afflicted," and "unhappy," and "melancholy," and "nervous," are you? You are not then the jovial lot you profess to be, but a poor creachy set of broken down hypochondriacs, old before your time! Tell me, my fine fellows, is not "the devil's meal all bran?" With your lips, perhaps, you say No; with your hearts, I tell you, that I know you are saying Yes, every one of you! These vices cannot be indulged without money; harlotry is insatiable as hell; you must have money, and how are you to get it—you young man, at a salary of £60 or £100 a year? How are you to get the portrait of your favorite strumpet, and one of your worthy self, to present to her—for you are very sentimental in the midst of your revelry? And the wine, and the finery, and all the rest of it? How? There's the till, there's the cash-box, and there, in your heart, there's a fire burning like the fire of hell. You don't intend to steal; no, honor bright, you won't do that; you

will borrow, without the knowledge of your employer, and trust to the chapter of accidents for the ability to replace the amount. But the chapter of accidents offers no such chance, and you borrow again and again, until restitution is impossible, and you are discovered, prosecuted, and made a scoundrel of for life. Such cases have occurred, and are indeed of rather common occurrence, and they loudly proclaim the truth of this old saying, "The devil's meal is all bran!"

The pleasures of sin, of all sin, are at the best only for a season, and that a very short one! They are not worth the money that they cost; to put the matter on the lowest footing, as a mere question of economy, it is a man's wisdom to abstain from them; as a question of physical health, it is a man's wisdom to shun them; as a question of reputation, it is a man's wisdom to avoid them; as a question of morality and religion, it is a man's wisdom to hate them. Let us be advised, and advised in time, by what our reason can so clearly see—by what our conscience can so distinctly feel—by what our observation so abundantly confirms; lest a terrible and lacerating experience, chastising us as with scorpions, torturing us with pain, plunging us into poverty, covering us with disgrace, involving us in crime, and at last hurling us into hell, teach us, to our endless sorrow and unspeakable despair, that "THE DEVIL'S MEAL IS ALL BRAN."











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